

...and New Start-
Trip to New York,
from the South,

Allegation that He
Consulted About
Foreign Affairs.

Austrians on Offensive with
Crack Regiments Against
the Italians.

Breathing Spell Follows the
Heavy Engagements on
Western Front.

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF
THE TIMES, June 18.—De-
spite assertions of the State
Department to the contrary, the be-
lieved that armed intervention in Mex-
ico on the part of the United States
will soon be the only course for this
government to pursue is daily becom-
ing stronger. Discussion of the ad-
mittedly grave situation in the south-
ern republic occupied the most con-
spicuous place in the deliberations of

JUDGE LANDSEY'S TRIAL.

Court Today Will Hear of Con-
tempt Against the Juvenile Jurist

Gov. Jose Maytorena,

Villa commander in Sonora, who has
been for some time in the Yagui
country to protect the border from

does not see, does not wish to
see, in the substance of the de-
clarations made by His Excellen-
cy, President Wilson, anything
more than an advice, a friendly
suggestion to induce the contend-
ing groups to wipe out their dif-
ferences and lead them into the
path to the end pursued by the
revolution. Coming to the de-
claration that if we Mexicans can-
not settle our differences within
a very short time the govern-
ment of the American Union Yagui
find itself constrained to decide

Secretary McCadoc, accused his daughter, Miss Wilson, as called.

The sherriff Mr. Heyran has announced denying recent rumors circulated since he had been elected President Wilson while she was still in office. He said there were no material differences on policy between himself and her.

THE TILMAN AT COLON.
BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND P. M.
COLON, June 18.—Senator B. R. Tilman of South Carolina, accompanied by his family, arrived here today from New York. All the papers are well, although they had rough weather for two days on the way from New York.

LIKE REAL FANS.
The town of Tarnograd, just inside the Russian territory to the north of Sienlawa and the heights of Kresow to the northeast of Tarnograd, are occupied by the troops of the Teutonic allies, while to the southeast in that sector of Galicia lying between the Lower San and the Vistula the Russian forces at several points have been

Villa Commander Suddenly Dispatches Well-armed Detachment to District Where Admiral Howard is Bound to Protect Americans with Bluejackets from Fleet.

Keen Interest is Taken by Patients in Diamond Battle and Next Week Physicians will Play to Study the

(BY A. P. NEWY WIRE.)
NOGALES (Sonora, Mex.) June 18.—Gov. Maytorena dispatched 850

American colonists in the Yaqui Valley, caused a flurry of excitement throughout official circles. The Cabinet, which met at the White House shortly after the Chazaro pronouncement was received, had the document before it during a session practically devoted to consideration of the Mexican situation. Also before the Cabinet were the responses of Villa and Carranza to President Wilson's warning of June 3, that from Villa informing this government that he had already proposed a peace con-

"If contrary to the interpretation which, in the most friendly sense, the Conventionalist governments puts upon President Wilson's declarations, this closing part should signify a denial of the

By Miriam Dunn.

By Eleanor Sickler.

By Arthur J. Menier.

INDEX.

Johnnie O'Connell Worries Wilson.
Clemens Clashes with Roosevelt.
Hobbes Is Paralyzed.
Roosevelt Along Pacific Slope.
Roosevelt Wins the Series.
Roosevelt Wins Golf Championship.

died yesterday after an illness of ten months.

GENERAL EASTERN. Editor Metcalle of Nebraska in a letter printed in a newspaper has confirmed the fact that he has had a break with Bryan.

Seventeen lives were reported lost in the big storm which has visited Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma.

ITALIAN FRONT. Dispatches from the Italian front indicate that the Austrians along all their fronts have thrown their crack regiments to take the place of customs guards and soldiers of the Landsturm. On the Tyrol front the Austrians in the vicinity of Trento, Rovereto have taken the offensive against the Italians and a battle in

Shouting for "hits" and "home runs," the spectators maintained a keen interest in every phase of the diamond battle until the last man was called "out."

Dr. J. A. Riley, superintendent of the hospital, announced after the game that work would be started at once on the erection of a grand stand and a series of games would be played.

A game has been arranged for next week.

TURNED DOWN BY MATTORENA.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
DOUGLAS (Ariz.) June 18—Gov. Jose Mattoarena, has refused an offer of his services made by Gen. Uribe Irujo, a Yaqui chief commanding the Villa forces encamped fourteen miles from the border.

ALLIES IN DARDANELLES SUFFER TREMENDOUSLY.

Cruiser North Carolina Officers, Who Have Returned from Mediterranean, Declare One-third of Expeditionary Force was Destroyed Before it Landed — Turks Make Good Soldiers. They See

Scale.

By M. M. Stearns

Southern California.

By M. V. Hartnuff

By Ross L. Elbera

El Paso.

DIPLOMACY.

DENIES PEACE WITH AUSTRIA.

RESENT BLANDISHMENTS, SAYS SERBIAN MINISTER.

OUT OF PARTY.

METCALFE CONFIRMS BREAK WITH COMMONER.

GIRL PIANIST STRANGELY GONE.

PROFESSOR MRS. GEORGE M. FULMAN BEING SOUGHT BY THE POLICE.

REFUGE FOR THE FLIGHT.

CONSTANTINOPLE (June 17,

...War Pictures
 California Scenic View
 ...Pacific Fair View
 ...California Fair View

...R back by
 ...County Fair broke
 ...the first letter he
 ...in thirty years.

...CALIFORNIA. Bankers
 ...Valley have demanded
 ...of the water districts

...read campaign at Re-
 ...winner.
 ...entire promoters
 ...for the National Day

...the Mexican factionists who have thus
 far spoken on the subject amount to
 anything. Meanwhile armed interven-
 tion by the United States is indicated.

SIEGE JEWELS STOLEN.

Wife of President of Moving Picture
 Company Reports Loss to the
 Chicago Police.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

CHICAGO, June 18.—Mrs. William
 M. Selig, wife of the president of a
 moving picture manufacturing com-
 pany, reported the loss of jewelry
 valued at \$10,000, which she had been
 wearing, to the Chicago police.

...the intrigues of the Turks and
 the Austrians. We occupied Durrazzo,
 from which we later retired at the de-
 sire of Europe. We maintained, how-
 ever, a few strategic points, but
 these also we abandoned on receipt of
 an ultimatum from Austria.

"The present is the fourth time we
 have been obliged to operate against
 Albania. It would appear that Aus-
 tria and Turkey are now preparing
 in Albania a movement against the
 order to compel us to withdraw a large
 contingent of the troops now operating
 against Austria. Consequently it has
 been necessary for us to occupy cer-

...of the party.
 Metcalfe, who sends the letter from
 Washington to the Nebraska, of
 which he is the editor, says Bryan
 probably does not realize he has se-
 vered himself from the party but that
 it will dawn upon him in a very short
 time. The letter is not an attack on
 Bryan, and speaks of him in a kindly
 way, but differing with France-
 Wilson came about because of the
 President's independent way of
 doing things.

...Mr. Bryan is practically out of the Demo-
 cratic party.

...the process were informed.
HONEST ADVERTISING.

Missouri Law Prohibiting Misstate-
 ments of Any Kind in Newspapers
 or Otherwise is Now in Effect.
 [BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

KANSAS CITY, June 18.—Missouri's
 honest advertising law, enacted by the
 last Legislature, became effective to-
 day. The measure applies to all forms
 of business. It prohibits misstate-
 ments of fact in any form of adver-
 tising, including posters, circulars

**GERMANS KILLING BRITISH
 WITH THEIR OWN LEAD.**

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, June 18.—"Why this
 advance notice giving American
 speculators an opportunity to
 corner the spelter supplies?" asks a
 writer in the London Globe, com-

amount of barbed wire used at the
 front is not so great as the
 waste of spelter but makes the alloy
 wire more easily seen by the hostile
 eye. It is urged that neither wire
 nor spelter is needed for the

Los Angeles Daily Times

Follow

Follow the crowds to San Fernando Mission Lands—see these wonderful 1-acre, 21-2, 5, 10 and 20-acre garden-homesites in the most fertile section of the famous picture-valley of San Fernando, at the mouth of the great \$30,000,000 aqueduct.

The

—sales of these lands have reached beyond the \$250,000 mark within the last three months. Isn't this conclusive evidence that people want these lands—that they realize that these suburban homesites at these prices offer an opportunity that in all probability will not come again? Prices have not yet been advanced, although prominent authorities have stated that the annexation of San Fernando Valley to Los Angeles and the coming of cheap aqueduct water has increased the value of these lands \$200 to \$400 an acre.

Crowds!

to

San Fernando Mission Lands

Single Acres \$495 to \$550
an Acre—\$50
Down, \$10 a Month

Parcels of 5 Acres or More
\$300 an Acre and up

These fertile, view-commanding suburban home places are right on wide electric lighted Sherman Way and the San Fernando line of the Pacific Electric—close to good schools, churches, stores, theaters, etc.—within sight of the old Mission—in a highly developed district.

Free Auto Excursion
Sunday, June 20th

Come with us Sunday—or Thursday if more convenient—and you'll know why these lands are responsible for a sales record that has not been surpassed in the Southwest within the last two years. Call at our office or phone for free reservations.

Free Belgian Hare Lecture
Tuesday Evening, June 22d

F. P. Caldwell will deliver a free illustrated lecture Tuesday evening, June 22nd, in our large ground floor lecture hall at 433 South Hill Street. The lecturer is well known as one of the most successful breeders of Belgian hares in Southern California. His lecture will be extensively illustrated by views taken on his famous Royal Red Rabbit Ranch. Mr. Caldwell will talk on the practical, money-making side of Belgian hare raising, taking as his subject, "Making Belgian Hares Pay Profits." The lecture begins promptly at 7:45 p.m.

ANGELES MESA LAND CO.
433 South Hill Street, Ground Floor.
Home 60151. Main 988.

Says Adieu to Bryan.
(Continued from First Page.)

and the President until the foreign submarine controversy arose. "I am glad to make reparation," said Mr. Bryan, "and to say that the President has done me the honor to confer with me about everything done in connection with the State Department. Not a single statement has been issued by the President, or prepared by him, on which I have not had the privilege of conferring with him beforehand and the opportunity to offer suggestions after it was prepared. I may add that we have never had any material differences on any question of policy until the submarine controversy arose, and our notes—my note of resignation, and his note to me accepting it—have clearly and distinctly set forth the only difference that existed on this matter."

Tomorrow Mr. Bryan goes to New York to deliver a peace address in Carnegie Hall. He will return here Sunday morning and in the evening will leave with Mrs. Bryan for Asheville, N. C.

Mr. Bryan spent today in preparation for his first public speech since his resignation. He said tonight he expected to discuss subjects about which he could not talk while serving in the Cabinet.

BRYAN'S PLAN FOR PEACE.
(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Former Secretary of State William J. Bryan in the third and concluding section of his statement on "The Causeless War" issued today suggests mediation as "the way out." As a preventive of war Mr. Bryan proposes universal extension of his investigation commission peace treaty plan.

"Mediation," the former Secretary says, "is the means provided by international agreement through which the belligerent nations can be brought into conference; time for investigation of all disputes to the means by which future wars can be averted and the cultivation of international friendship is the means by which the desire for war can be rooted out."

In elaborating his plan for restoration of peace Mr. Bryan argues:

"That neutral nations crystallize sentiment in favor of peace into a coercive force and offer mediation jointly or severally; that the warring nations join in a treaty to provide for investigation by a permanent international commission of every dispute that may arise; no matter what its character or nature, and that a worldwide educational movement to cultivate a spirit of brotherhood among the nations be undertaken as the final task of the advocates of peace."

"Great nations cannot be exterminated," says Mr. Bryan. "Predictions made at the beginning of the war have not been fulfilled. The British did not destroy the German fleet in a month; Germany did not exterminate the British in two months, and the Russian army did not eat Christmas dinner at Berlin. But even if extermination were possible it would be crime against civilization which no nation or group of nations could afford to commit."

COULD RESTORE PEACE NOW.
Mr. Bryan continues:

"When can peace be restored? Any time now, if the participants are really weary of this war and ready for it to end. If any nation is not ready let its ruler state in clear, distinct and definite terms the conditions upon which it is willing to agree to peace; then if an agreement is not reached blame for continuance of the war will be upon those who make unusual demands."

In proposing mediation the former Secretary points out that the Hague convention expressly declares on offer of mediation shall not be considered an unfriendly act and adds:

"The duty of offering mediation may seem to rest primarily upon the United States, the largest of the neutral nations and the one most intimately bound by tie of blood to all the belligerents. The United States did make an offer immediately after the war began but why not again and again until our offer or some other offer is accepted. But our action or failure to act need not deter any other neutral nation from acting. This is not a time to stand on ceremony; if any other country for any reason—no matter what the reason may be—is in a better position than we to tender its good offices it should not delay a moment."

To assure permanent peace Mr. Bryan urges that his plan of investigation treaties be adopted by the warring nations.

"A treaty such as those which protect the peace of the United States," he says, "would give a year's time for investigation and report and who doubts that a year's time would be sufficient to reach an amicable solution of almost every difficulty. Does any one suppose that the present war would have been begun if a year's time had been taken to investigate the dispute between Austria and Serbia?"

LANSING CHOICE OF THE CABINET.
(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, June 18.—President Wilson has no intention of going outside his official family to find a Secretary of State and those close to the White House said today his principal reason was his wish to appoint a man already in touch with the foreign questions before the administration. Today the President discussed the subject informally with members of the Cabinet. He does not expect to make a decision until after he returns from his visit to the summer White House at Cornish, N. H.

Mr. Wilson said today that Robert Lansing, Secretary of State, was foremost among those under consideration and that Cabinet members were much in favor of his appointment.

STORMS IN EAST KILL NINETEEN.
Damage Quarter of Million in Kansas and Missouri.

Heavy Rains Turn Creeks into Turbulent Streams.

Several Houses Demolished by Terrible Tornado.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

KANSAS CITY (Mo.), June 18.—Nineteen lives were lost and property damage estimated at a quarter of a million dollars was done by a terrific wind, hail and electrical storm which centered in Missouri and Kansas last night, and early today.

The heavy fall of rain, ranging from two to five inches, turned many small creeks in the affected district into turbulent streams, which extended their waters over lowlands and sent the rivers to which they are tributaries on rapid upward spurts. Tonight all points in the Kansas River Valley and along the Missouri River from Kansas City to Jefferson City are in a session of government warnings of impending floods.

A list of deaths from the storm follows:

Richmond, Mo.—Mrs. Arthur Covey and small child killed when their home was demolished by a tornado; Mrs. Mary Bell, 60 years old, struck by lightning.

Westmoreland, Kan.—Charles Morris, his son and John Gopher drowned when a gasoline motor car was swept into a creek by a sudden rush of water.

Onaga, Kan.—Five members, family John Burges, farmer, killed when a tornado demolished the Burges home.

Gottly, Okla.—Mrs. Carrie Ford killed in tornado that demolished her home.

Joplin, Mo.—Two-year-old daughter of Frank Doss drowned in swollen creek near Doss's home.

Nevada, Mo.—Mrs. Gertrude Knaus, 38 years old, lost life when house demolished by a tornado.

La Tour, Mo.—Mrs. Alma Allman killed when wind swept her home away.

Montrose, Mo.—Unidentified infant killed in windstorm.

Wamego, Kan.—Gene Nichols, farmer, struck by lightning.

Waterville, Kan.—Frank Reboull drowned early today when a railroad bridge went down during a section men with it. All escaped except Reboull.

Downs, Kan.—Louis Vanderhoof, a farmer, drowned while crossing the Solomon River.

CARS BLOWN FROM TRACK.
Sixty-five cars were blown from the "Price" tracks in the yards at Fort Scott, Kan. One was a work train in which track laborers were living. Three were injured.

Local Weather Observer Conner said tonight flood conditions in the Blue, Republican and Solomon Rivers in Kansas were serious, although he was hopeful that the tremendous volume of water from the rains. The situation is most dangerous at Clay Center, where the Republican is hurling a great mass of water against the dikes that protect the lower section of the city.

BISHOP DISPOSES OF TEN MILLIONS.
WILL OF HAWAIIAN SUGAR MAN IS FILED FOR PROBATE IN OAKLAND.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

OAKLAND, June 18.—The will of Charles R. Bishop, Hawaiian sugar magnate, who died at Berkeley on June 7, was filed for probate here today. The estate is valued at between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000. Miss Emma B. Dunham, a niece, is named one-fifth of the entire estate, and an additional bequest of \$25,000. To a nephew, George L. Bishop, is left the remainder of the residue and \$15,000. The remainder is left to distant relatives and charitable organizations.

Oahu College at Honolulu, Bishop College at Honolulu, the late Princess Bernice Pauahi Paki, and his will directs that his body be cremated three days after death and the ashes placed beside those of his wife in a Honolulu vault.

RUSSIAN GIRL IN THE RANKS.
Von Mackensen Takes Her Prisoner in Fighting in Galicia.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P. BERLIN (via London), June 18.—Among the prisoners taken by Gen. von Mackensen's army during the fighting in Galicia was the daughter of a Russian colonel. She was dressed in the uniform of a one-year volunteer and had been fighting in the ranks.

WOMAN DRUGGED AND ATTACKED.
MRS. EDNA DAVIS TELLS POLICE OF HER EXPERIENCES WITH DETECTIVE.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, June 18.—Lured to San Jose, drugged, attacked, thrown into an alley, according to her assertions, Mrs. Edna Davis, wife of a prosperous dry goods merchant, is in a hospital here today, seriously injured.

Mrs. Davis in a statement through her attorneys said she was induced to go to San Jose in an automobile in company with a detective and was drugged on the way. Thereafter she affirms she was taken to a hotel and attacked, recovering consciousness in an alley.

On May 15 Mrs. Davis was placed in the detention hospital here in order that her sanity might be investigated. She declared this move a plot against her freedom and regained her liberty.

May 29 she filed suit for separate maintenance, asking \$250 per month.

KILLS THREE. IS SHOT DOWN.
SLAYS FATHER, STEPMOTHER AND POLICEMAN BEFORE HIS DEATH.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

JAMESTOWN (N. Y.), June 18.—Fred Shaver of this city, late today shot and killed his father, his stepmother and a policeman, and was himself killed by other officers. The weapons used were rifles, and Shaver's act is attributed to drink and a quarrel with his father. The latter, Hudson Shaver, 67 years old and well-to-do, was married June 7 to Ruth Campbell, 37.

This afternoon the son went to his father's apartments where, after a dispute the older man fled to the hall. There he fell dead from a rifle ball. The sound of the shot attracted Officer Kendall, who ran up the stairway.

Young Shaver shot the policeman in the chest and hip. The wounds proved fatal an hour later. The murderer barricaded himself in the apartment and the slaying of his stepmother probably occurred soon after that.

Later Shaver appeared in the window and several policemen across the street fired in quick succession and he fell. The officers broke open the door and found him dead.

AD CLUB MEN IN WINDY CITY.
Los Angeles Delegation is Out for the Cup.

Jack Wilson a Candidate for the Executive Board.

Eighteen Members Make Trip in a Private Car.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, June 18.—Eighteen members of the Los Angeles Advertising Club arrived today for the big convention next week. The Coast men were the first delegation to arrive and made the trip in a private car. They registered at the Congress hotel. Last year at the Toronto convention the Los Angeles club won the Printer's Ink Cup for doing the best work of any club in America. The cup was won for the best representation at the convention, for getting the greatest number of new members and for having placed on the statute books the best laws in behalf of truthful advertising. The California Governor has just signed a new state law drafted by the Advertising Club of Los Angeles, making it a felony for any one to knowingly insert an untruthful statement.

The Los Angeles delegation expects to carry off the Printer's Ink cup again this year because of the work it has accomplished.

The Los Angeles club came to Chicago determined to do two things, said C. K. Gentry. "We want to carry back the Printer's Ink cup and elect one of our members—Jack Wilson—to the national executive board."

WHO'S WHO.
The Los Angeles delegation consists of: P. J. Wadley, Jr., C. E. Gentry, Jack Lindsey, E. K. Hoak, J. H. Mansfield, R. H. Thomas, G. Herb Plain, W. J. Reynolds, A. Corvino, C. Hively, Jack Wilson, James P. Rogan, Joseph New, J. G. Sprecher, G. C. Shaffer, E. C. Leacock, E. W. Gillett and W. T. Cressler.

William Woodhead of California, President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the world, also arrived during the day. He will confer with Mayor Thompson on plans for cooperative advertising results from Chicago day at the San Francisco exposition.

"Everything east and west indicates business development as a result of the war in Europe," said Mr. Woodhead. "The commercial adjustment now in progress gives American manufacturers the opportunity to seize markets. Advertiser American goods can win in every field. The Chicago convention is certain to be the most important convocation of advertising men in history. Its effect for the betterment of business will be equally as decisive as for the mighty sales industry it represents."

Navy League in Oregon.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

PORTLAND, June 18.—Dr. James B. Blunt, field secretary of the Navy League, announced today the appointment of a State committee for Oregon to promote the interests of the league in this State in conformity with the general plan adopted for State organizations in California, Washington, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona.

The Times Free Information Bureau 619 South Spring Street

THE TIMES FREE INFORMATION BUREAU is for the accommodation and benefit of persons seeking interesting travel, desirable hotels and rest, recreation and vacation at the seashore or in the mountains. Particulars are furnished by competent attendants and by correspondence to the general public regarding rates and attractions of railroad and steamship lines, hotels and resorts, and health resorts. Photographs, descriptive circulars and transportation literature are kept on hand for inspection and distribution. Times readers can obtain here in a few minutes without the delay incident to writing for it, all the information necessary for a safe and enjoyable journey or vacation. This service is absolutely free. Literature also may be obtained at the New Times Building, Broadway at First street. PERSONS CONTEMPLATING VISITING LOS ANGELES ARE PRIVILEGED TO HAVE THEIR MAIL ADDRESSED TO THE BUREAU.

Reports

The Maryland Hotel and Bungalows PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



THE MARYLAND is a Hotel of HOMES. BUNGALOWLAND is a little world of its own, a retreat set in the heart of a tropical garden. With in easy distance of four Country Clubs where guests may indulge in a game of Golf. Tennis Courts. Excellent Cuisine.

Reservations may be made by addressing D. M. Linnard, Manager, Pasadena, California, or Thos. Cook & Sons, Los Angeles representatives, 515 South Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal.

American and European Plan

THE HOTEL HUNTINGTON, Under the same management.



Spacious 1, 2, 3 and 4 Room Apartment Suites. Elegant Hotel Suites, Steam He t, Hot Water, Elevator Service, Perfect Bathing Beach, Dancing and other Entertainment Under Direction of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Beek.

Largest and Finest Apartments on the Beach

JUST OPENED—CARL J. SCHADER, Mgr. Home 1837. Corner Ocean Front and Seaside Terrace St., Santa Monica, California.



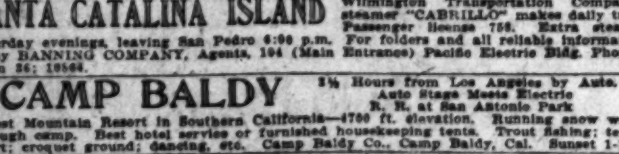
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA. 3 KINDS OF GOLF. KINE-HOLE LINKS ON HOPE RANCH. TWELVE-HOLE LINKS ON HOTEL GROUNDS. An absolutely superb hotel—all outside rooms, affording plenty of light and air—headquarters for tourists from all parts of the world. Private lavatories in connection with all rooms. Ideal climate the year round. S. P. Dunn, Lessee. Full particulars from D. P. Hernandez, Steamship Agency, California Savings Bank, Spring and 4th Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.



MERRITT JONES HOTEL, Ocean Park. Absolutely fireproof. Rates \$1.00 and up per Day. Special Weekly and Monthly Rates. Refuse to be out of the Merritt Jones. MAKE SUMMER RESERVATIONS NOW. Cafe in Connection. Popular Prices. Excellent Cuisine. Splendid Service. Under Management of J. E. Davidson, Mgr.



Hotel Green OPEN ALL YEAR 1915 PASADENA. EUROPEAN PLAN Splendid Cuisine Special Summer Rates



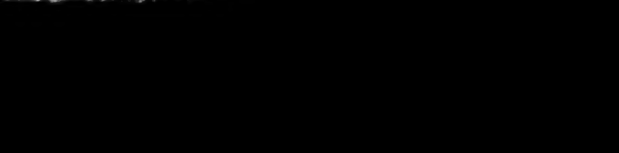
Hotel Virginia LONG BEACH. Center of all winter social events. Absolutely fireproof. American Plan. Golf, Tennis, and many other diversions. No raise in rates during 1915.



SANTA CATALINA ISLAND. 5 1/2 Hours from Los Angeles by Auto. Auto Stage Meets Electric. Finest Mountain Resort in Southern California—4700 ft. elevation. Running snow water through camp. Best hotel service or furnished house—pleasant surroundings. Tennis court, croquet ground, dancing, etc. Camp Baldy Co., Camp Baldy, Cal. Sunset 1-7-4. SPEND YOUR VACATION AT SKYLAND HEIGHTS. 1100 feet elevation in San Bernardino Mountains. Easily reached by auto stage from San Bernardino. For further information address A. ROXBOROUGH, Skyland Heights, Cal. Phone Pacific 1-7-4.



Forest Home A "REAL" Mountain Resort. PERFECT ROADS—MODERN ACCOMMODATIONS—A GOOD TIME. TIMES—SECURITY BANK—JEWELRY INFORMATION BUREAU.



SEVEN OAKS. 1000 Creek—Barren View Road open; every accommodation for guests and auto parties. Good trout fishing. Address at phone Manager Seven Oaks, Redlands, Cal.

Steamships.

THE EXPOSITION FLYERS

YALE and HARVARD

AMERICA'S FASTEST and MOST PALATIAL STEAMSHIPS

Passenger Licenses

\$8.35 SAN FRANCISCO \$15.70

One Way Every Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Round Trip

Increased Service to

\$2.35 SAN DIEGO \$4.00

ONE WAY For Visitors to the PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION. ROUND TRIP

SUNDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY

Daylight Excursions Both Ways

THROUGH TICKETS TO PORTLAND, SEATTLE, TACOMA, ALL PUGET

PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.

611 SOUTH SPRING ST. Broadway 1838.

Go On Tuesday

THE STEAMSHIP WAY

SAN FRANCISCO - \$7.35

PORTLAND - \$20.35

SEATTLE - \$22.35

FIRST CLASS

BIRTH and MEALS INCLUDED

'Roanoke'—Steamships—'Geo. W. Elder'

License 248.

NORTH PACIFIC STEAMSHIP CO.

604 South Spring St. Phone Main 5118.

S. S. BEAR

SAILS TUESDAY, JUNE 22

Low One-Way and Round Trip Rates. All Fares Include Birth and Meals.

San Francisco, Astoria, Portland and ALL PORTS EAST.

Sailings June 22, 27, July 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27.

C. G. KRUGER, Dist. Pass. Agt., 517 S. SPRING ST. Phone: Home 4781; Main 1284.

VACATION TRIPS on the LARGEST SHIPS

S. S. CONGRESS S. S. GOVERNOR

(License 478) (License 482)

S. S. PRESIDENT S. S. QUEEN

5217 5218

Sail Sunday at 5 p.m.; Monday at 1 p.m.; Thursday, 12:30 a.m.; Friday, 12:30 a.m.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO AND SEATTLE. Daylight Trips to San Diego in Both Directions. WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. Our low one-way Round Trip Rates include Births and Meals.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

624 South Spring Street Home 4128; Main 41

MEXICO

Superb Routes of Travel

The Road That Made Travelling a Pleasure

UNION DOUBLE TRACK PACIFIC

Main 5232—Office 120 West Sixth St.—Home 6884.

Los Angeles Limited—1:25 p.m.

Pacific Limited—9:00 a.m.

FOR CHICAGO AND EASTERN PORTS.

Direct Line to Yellowstone Park

TRAINS LEAVE FROM SALT LAKE DEPOT DAILY.

W. J. DORAN, General Agent. A. T. JACKSON, District Passenger Agent.

IT COSTS NO MORE To Go East

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK This Summer

Get illustrated booklets and full information from J. W. PHALON, T. P. & F. AGT. 606 S. SPRING ST. Telephone Broadway 1214; Home 11244.

Orange Empire Trolley Trip \$3.50

TO RIVERSIDE AND REDLANDS THROUGH ORANGE AND AT 9 A. M. DAILY FROM MAIN STREET STATION, LOS ANGELES

Happenings on the Pacific

Mexican Situation.

(Continued from First Page.)

which would be for the greatest good of the country. The government is ready to bring about by all means consistent with its tendency to the fusion of all the economic, political and social reforms aimed at by the revolution and to establish a strong stable government with which all tendencies and all legitimate interests will find the fullest favor and enjoy the guarantees which our fundamental law provides.

GRAVE SITUATION.

Altogether President Wilson and his advisers at today's meeting had reason to regard the Mexican situation as one of extreme gravity, transcending, for the time being at least, the crisis abroad. Profound anxiety is manifest in official circles here over the outcome of the expedition sent to Guaymas. Not only is it felt that the action indicates a radical change of policy on the part of the administration with respect to Mexico, but despite questions of the State Department to the contrary, Latin-American diplomats here fear that it may lead ultimately to general armed intervention on the part of the United States. Administration officials assert, however, that even if the force under Admiral Howard is compelled to land and invade the Yaqui Valley, it will be made plain that its only purpose is to bring the Americans to a place of safety and that this government has no intention of occupying any territory.

Admiral Howard, in compliance with his orders, will endeavor, before landing his forces, to get in touch with the chief of the Indians and seek to persuade him of the danger of attacking the Americans. The navy department admitted today that it was entirely possible that the two other cruisers would join the Colorado now on its way to Toluca. The three cruisers have available for landing purposes 1,100 of food and men besides the Marines, who number about 300.

The only hope of the officials that landing of an expeditionary force may be avoided is based on assurance from Gen. Villa that his troops would fight the Yaquis and protect foreigners. Despite these assurances, given through Gen. Martorena, Villista general of Sonora state, this government will not modify instructions with wide discretionary authority, given Admiral Howard to use his forces if necessary. Martorena, according to one report, is rushing troops to the Yaqui valley, but other reports are to the effect that the Mexican soldiers

have retired before the Indians are. That some of the soldiers under Martorena are disaffected, and in some cases have refused to fire upon the Yaquis was another report here today. During the last uprising two companies of Martorena's troops openly rebelled and left the valley. The latest report of casualties resulting from the uprising is that three persons were killed and eleven wounded in an attack upon the Mexican Southern Pacific work train at Mapoli, Sonora, last Saturday.

A DIT-GEN. FORBES PASSES AWAY.

HEAD OF NATIONAL GUARD DEAD AT HIS HOME.

Had been Active in Development of California and of State Militia and had Distinguished Record in Eighty Volunteers in the Spanish American War.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10.—Brig. Gen. Edwin A. Forbes, adjutant-general of the National Guard of California died here today after an illness of ten months. He came here three months ago from his home at Marysville to be under the care of specialists.

The funeral will be held Sunday. Gen. Forbes is survived by a widow and two children, Hazel and Floyd, the latter a student at the University of California. He was 55 years old. Gen. Forbes had been active in the development of the National Guard since his appointment as adjutant-general in January, 1911, and had devoted much time to the development of the service and increased efficiency by multiplying rifle ranges, effecting reorganizations, and through personal contact with officers and men.

He began service with the militia as lieutenant-colonel of the Second Infantry, served as major in the Eighth California Volunteers in the Spanish American War and reached his last command by successive promotions. Gen. Forbes was District Attorney of Tuva county for several terms. His illness began in August, 1916, in condition varied but became dangerous early in the year when it was decided to bring him here for treatment.

GOV. JOHNSON'S TRIBUTE.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

SACRAMENTO, June 10.—Gov. Johnson today issued the following statement on the death of Gen. Forbes:

All of us who have been intimately associated with Gen. Forbes are shocked and grieved at his death. We had learned to have a great respect and affection for him. He was a loyal friend; a man of attainments, and the highest character, and a personality that won all whom he met.

"Our sorrow is for a great dear friend. The State has suffered, however, an irreparable loss. Gen. Forbes was the best and most competent adjutant-general California ever had. He took command of the California guard at a time when it was disorganized and the highest efficiency and a citizen soldier in California second to that of no other State.

"The loss of Gen. Forbes is not alone to all of us who knew and loved him, but is a loss as well to the people of the State of California."

Representations.

BERLIN, June 10 (via Sayville).—The Overseas News Agency today sent out the following statement:

"In spite of repeated representations through American and Spanish diplomats the German government refuses to mitigate the brutal treatment of prisoners of war in Dahomey, and they are subjected to the worst indignities by the negroes.

"Therefore the German government has concluded to retaliate by committing French prisoners of war to cultivate swamps in different parts of the country. The government will not, however, neglect anything necessary for the well being and health of these prisoners."

Resorts

SAN DIEGO. Stop at the Hotel St. James.

11 Stories. Steel and Concrete. Center of the Business District. Best Location. Between 5 and 7. Rates: 1 person, \$1.00 up; 2 persons, \$1.50 up; 3 persons, \$2.00 up; 4 persons, \$2.50 up. Fine cuisine. Make reservations at Ames Travel Bureau, 643 S. Spring St.

GLEN ALPINE SPRINGS. Lake Tahoe—California's scenic wonderland. 10 Lakes and Mountain Peaks. Trailing distance: fishing, boating, dancing; excellent table; guide, saddle, horse, auto stages. Folders at Park-Judah and S. P. Office. W. J. WRIGHT, Mgr., 617 Market St., San Francisco.

MANY W... ARE...

Trench Life in... Considered...

Hundred Million... Cost United States...

Foreign Battles... Remedy for...

U. S. A. ... SAN FRANCISCO, June 10.—The introduction of the new convention...

Paris during the conflict. Dr. Benjamin Franklin said that the introduction of the new convention...

Rate of the new convention is 100 cents a year in the form of a statement made in a proceeding as an example presented by H. J. ...

TUBERCULAR ... The new method of diagnosis by immunization...

Dr. Charles A. ... the necessity of doing the part in political...

"Formerly known ... looked to the ... of it might be ... not padded, ...

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The Times

Smith's

Credits of 10 to 1 on the Following Goods

Pineapple Juice—small bottles 25c; medium (regular price 35c) 20c; large (regular price 45c) 35c.

White Laundry Soap—makes washing easy. Large bars 7 for 25c.

Walter E. Smith Co., Grocers, 518 South Spring Street, Los Angeles. BRING YELLOW SLIPS.

Five Credits for Each

Waffles served at Clow's Waffle Parlor, 202 Mercantile Place, 430 W. 112 W. 7th St. Clow's waffle parlor is at all grocers.

Golden Cow Creamery, 205 S. Broadway. Pure Washing Powder—at a special price. Schalk Chemical Co., 405 E. 3rd St. Baker's and Delicatessen, Third St.

MURRAY BAKING CO. 10 credits to each cent. GOLDEN BREAD, 2 LOAVES. M. B. BREAD, 1 LOAF. GERMAN TOAST, 1 LOAF FOR SPECIAL, 1 LOAF.

New Method Laundry. Lists Have a Credit of Five Credits for Each Cent.

Wash Sales Slips For

Urban Co-operating Retailers

ALHAMBRA. 83 W. Main St. Main and Garfield. 100 E. Main and 100 E. Main St.

ANAHIM. Groceries, Meats, Drugs, Kodaks and Candy. 100 E. Main and 100 E. Main St.

AZUBA. Groceries, Meats, Drugs, Kodaks and Candy. 100 E. Main and 100 E. Main St.

CLAREMONT. 217 W. First St. Book and Drug Store.

COVINA. Groceries, Meats, Drugs, Kodaks and Candy. 100 E. Main and 100 E. Main St.

COMPTON. Groceries, Meats, Drugs, Kodaks and Candy. 100 E. Main and 100 E. Main St.

FULLERTON. Groceries, Meats, Drugs, Kodaks and Candy. 100 E. Main and 100 E. Main St.

AMERICAN HELD BY RUSSIANS.

RUSSIAN NAME COUNTED MORE

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MOTOR CAR DEALERS ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

BEARDSLEY ELECTRIC—Beardsley Electric Co., 1250-1260 W. 7th. Home phone 53018; Pac. Wil. 788.

BUICK—HOWARD AUTO CO., 1323 S. Flower St. Home 60009; Main 9040.

CHANDLER—Chandler Motor Car Co. of Cal., 1144 So. Hope St. Main 3459, F5047.

FRANKLIN AND R. & L. ELECTRICS—R. C. Hamlin, 1040-1044 S. Flower. M. 7877. Home 60249.

HUPMOBILE—Greer-Robbins Co., Twelfth and Flower Sts. Bldg. 5410; A1187.

OVERLAND CAR—WILLIS UTILITY TRUCK—J. W. Leavitt & Co., 1235 S. Olive. Home 60537; Main 4531.

TIMES DIRECTORY of Automobiles

Metz touring model 985 fully equipped F.O.B. Los Angeles. Now on exhibition. Standard equipment throughout. **\$685**

Metz COMPANY
118 West Pine Home 25482

Moon and Lexington Lynn C. Buxton, Pico at 577—F6851.

Simplex New Models Now on Exhibition. 1057 South Olive. Main 7963.

Times Directory of Automobile Tires

SAVAGE TIRES MADE IN CALIFORNIA. 1123 SOUTH OLIVE STREET. Bldg. 522—Phone 7198.

Times Directory of Motor Trucks

Moreland DISTILLATE MOTOR TRUCKS. Manufactured in Los Angeles by Moreland Motor Truck Co., North Main and Willard.

The Most Fitting Graduation Gift

A few dollars deposited to the account of the boy or girl about to graduate from school or college is a gift of far more than its monetary value. It is an incentive to continue the account that has been started, and is an important lesson in life's school of character building.

See our New Account Department today about opening a savings account in the name of the graduate.

Banking hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Bank of Italy
Assets over Eighteen Millions
(Los Angeles Branch)
"Safest Growing Bank"

New Location: Broadway at Seventh

First Branch: 200 North Spring
Five Branch: Five & 21st Streets

Ways to 3 days to CHICAGO

LOS ANGELES LIMITED—DAILY 1:25 a.m.
PACIFIC LIMITED—DAILY 9:00 a.m.
BURLINGTON LIMITED—DAILY 9:00 a.m.

LUXURIOUS SERVICE
NO EXCESS FARE

Eastern Excursions at reduced round trip fares June 23, 24; July 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and later. Information and Tickets at 601 So. Spring St. and 120 West Sixth St.

SALT LAKE ROUTE—UNION PACIFIC

ANGELS EVEN UP THE SERIES.

Defeat the Seals with Sharp Rally in the Eighth.

Four Runs Scored on One Measly Hit.

Demonstration Fusses Jack Killaly.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

For some time Dillon has been brooding over the fact that the Angels were wasting most of their hits. It was nothing for them to punch the pill ten or fifteen times, and still get killed.

Pa feels better now, however, for yesterday the Angels reformed and made four runs on one hit. They performed this unique stunt in the eighth, and these added to a brace of tallies picked up in the earlier rounds enabled them to triumph over the hated foe by a score of 6 to 4.

The Seals were going along with their chests stuck out and their noses turned up. They had driven Seaguy to the shower in the fifth, and were impressively holding down the majesty end of a 4 to 2 score. Then all of a sudden, the proud Seals became palmed, their knees knocked together and their splendid defense cracked wide open in the middle. Briefly, they fell down on the job. Killaly was routed, and J. Bugs Reigel went and began suffering where Jack quit. Two costly errors, three walks, one frail little single and a crowning indignity in the shape of a double steal sent the Seals back to the cyclone cellar with their lower lips doing duty as chest protectors.

They were too thoroughly flattened to make much of a protest in the ninth, and the Angels quit the park even up on the series.

When the eighth blossomed, the crowd seemed to have a hunch that something was about to happen, and the ladies and gents began pounding the floor with their feet.

Killaly picked up his ears in surprise at these strange sounds and walked Walter. Never before had Jack heard a demonstration made on behalf of the home team in this town. It not only amazed him, but took his mind off his work. Koerner drove a hard chance to Leard, who fumbled, and because of this Leard was not all in. However, he surprised his friends and admirers by dumping down a perfect sacrifice, Jones to Helman. This put Walter on third and Koerner at second. Zeb backed Leard onto the grass with a tough one. It was a clean infield hit and scored Walter. It being impossible to make any play on Zeb at first or Walter at the plate, Bill tossed to Jones, and the latter came dinged near tagging Koerner, who had over-run the bag in sheer excess of joy. Beef, however, dropped down on his face and scrambled back to the bag just in the nick of time.

RELIEF.

J. Bugs Reigel, who had been out in the bull pen warming up for quite a spell, relieved Killaly at this important point. J. Bugs was glad of the opportunity. Having learned that the club trainer intended to chop off his toe, he was eager to go in and pitch, and in that way save his toe. He figured that this would leave the trainer with no excuse for chopping off J. Bugs' desired toe, and he retained the toe on his foot for future use. The swelling had gone down perceptibly, and yesterday it did not appear to be any larger than a purple fig.

Boles was the first to face J. Bugs. He swung, but did not meet the ball solidly. The result was a slow grounder that Helman tried to scoop about half way between first and home. Harry over-ran the ball and, being come across with the tying run. By this time Zeb was at third, and it was important that he be brought home. Dillon decided to make the responsibility for this, and instructed himself to bat for Metzger. Pa placed an ideal bunt down the first base line. Helman fielded the ball perfectly and whizzed it to Block. Zeb, traveling the last half of the distance on the beam of his bloomers, beat the throw by a whisker. This put the Angels one run in front, but they kept on striving, just the same. Ryan forced Pa. Boles advancing to third. The Los Angeles battery then pulled off a double steal. Boles scoring when Block made a wide throw to Leard that prevented a return home. J. Bugs then walked, the full and, McCullen, filling the bases again. Walter, up for a second helping, forced McCullen.

CORHAN.

Block singled with two gone in the ninth, and stole second. Despite the cold in his arm, Corhan went in to bat for J. Bugs. He fouled to Boles, who made the catch with his glove snuggled against the wire netting.

In its earlier stages, the game ran largely to three-base hits. Helman tore off one of these in the first, and the second and scored on an infield hit by Downs.

Koerner tied up the score with a

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MORLEY'S

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New Policy

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Dance Like You Used To!

From now on the policy of MORLEY'S is to cater to those who DANCE FOR THE PLEASURE OF DANCING—not for PROFESSIONALS or those who wish to give EXHIBITIONS—NO TANGOS or other FANCY DANCES.

LUCKY DANCES—MOON-LIGHT DANCES—BUT NO FANCY DANCES—MORLEY'S

409 S. Hill St. Admission 10c.

CARD CREW ON HUDSON.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

POUGHKEEPSIE (N. Y.)

June 18.—All the college crews entered in the intercollegiate regatta to be held here June 23 are now on the Hudson, the rowing camps being completed by the arrival this afternoon of the Leland Stanford oarsmen who are entered in the varsity race. The Pacific Coast crew will be the heaviest crew in the contest, averaging over 175 pounds.

There are ten oarsmen in the party in charge of Coach F. L. Guernsey. Their shells arrived too late to permit a practice row tonight, but the men will be on the water in the morning. After tomorrow Coach Guernsey said, the crew will row only once a day.

three-bagger over Schaller in the home half. Schaller, in backing up, caught his spikes in the turf and suddenly sat down. His legs flew up in the air, and it looked for all the world like he was trying to catch the ball with his feet. Rube scored. Defeat was a sacrifice fly to Biff, who was thoroughly rested by this time and did not sit down.

Killaly walked in the third, and was followed by McCullen. Schaller counted Paul with a double to right. Rube acted against the advice of his friends, and made a triple in the fourth. No one was out at the time, and yet it was impossible to get him home. Zeb grounded to Jones. Boles was out trying to bunt the third strike and Metzger filed to Melton in the fifth. Leard adopted the prevailing fashion and tripled in the fifth. He started at third until Block and Killaly had disposed of, and then he scored on McCullen's juggle of Melton's grounder. Schaller singled Melton to third, and Ryan relieved Seaguy. Jack didn't get to do much pitching in this inning as Melton and Schaller immediately tried to pull off a double steal that proved fatal.

The Angels picked up their second run in the fifth. Maggart walked, went to third on Killaly's wide throw to catch him off first and scored on Leard and Block singled in the seventh, and stole second and third with one movement. Bill then scored on Killaly's fly to Biff, who was not all in.

FLATTENED.

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409 S. Hill St. Admission 10c.

ALLIE LOU WINS TROT.

Three-year-olds Step at San Francisco Exposition.

McCloskey Takes Every Heat in the 2:30 Class.

Fleeta Dillon Distances Seven Starters.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, June 18.—Allie Lou, the brown filly from the Hemet Stock Farm, won today the feature event of the exposition summer meet by taking the three-year-old trot and the lion's share of the \$5000 purse offered for this event.

Nicola B., with W. Durfee up, and Carl, with C. A. Durfee up, placed second and third respectively.

All of the heats were closely contested. Allie Lou failed to make it three straight wins by the margin of a nose in the first heat, when Nicola B. crossed the finishing line in the lead. In the last two heats the winner never was headed. This was the first appearance of this trio of performers, and they made a good impression.

McCloskey, a McDonald's brown gelding, driven by his owner, won three straight heats in the 2:14 class trot. McCloskey has shown well in previous races, having won first money last week in the 2:30 class trot. Second and third honors were bitterly contested by Bonnie Ansel, with Spencer up, and Lee Blossom, with F. Childs up. Bonnie Ansel managed to step into second place. This was Lee Blossom's second day on the track, and her efforts yesterday when she placed second in the 2:10 trot seemed to have taken some of the life out of her.

Fleeta Dillon had no trouble in distancing a field of seven starters in the 2:19 class racing, and took the event in three straight heats. Direct Line and Miss Harris M. closely contested her for the honors, but proved unequal to the occasion. Shuler's horse stepped in splendid form and kept close to the pole in all the heats, usually leading the field for the entire distance. The feature event for tomorrow's racing programme will be the 2:08 class pacing for a purse of \$2500. Dr. Burns, Jr., who was an overwhelming favorite in this race, has been withdrawn, owing to an injury sustained during last week. O. C. is the present favorite.

SUMMARY.

Three-year-old trotting, two in three heats: pure gelding, driven by his owner, won three straight heats in the 2:14 class trot. McCloskey has shown well in previous races, having won first money last week in the 2:30 class trot. Second and third honors were bitterly contested by Bonnie Ansel, with Spencer up, and Lee Blossom, with F. Childs up. Bonnie Ansel managed to step into second place. This was Lee Blossom's second day on the track, and her efforts yesterday when she placed second in the 2:10 trot seemed to have taken some of the life out of her.

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DETROIT RUNS WILD ON BATS

Defeat Senators in Game of Errors.
Ty Cobb Figures in Double Steals.

Henry Spiked by Gump and Retires.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—The Detroit Tigers ran wild on the bases at St. Louis today, defeating the Senators 10 to 3, making it two straight wins for the Tigers. Cobb made a double steal, and Ty Cobb and Harry Heuser each scored two runs, making up for the error in the first inning. Henry was spiked by Gump and retired. The game was played at St. Louis.

DETROIT TIGERS WIN IN NINTH.
BOSTON, June 10.—The Detroit Tigers won the ninth inning of their game with the Boston Red Sox, 3 to 2. The game was played at Boston.

RED SOX WIN FROM BROWNS.
BOSTON, June 10.—The Boston Red Sox won from the Cleveland Browns, 3 to 2. The game was played at Boston.

FELCH WALLOPS ATHLETICS.
PHILADELPHIA, June 10.—Felch Wallops Athletics played a game at Philadelphia.

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Putting Sherman Indians on the football map. Joe Porter of Sherman Institute (left), Coach Ralph Glaze of U.S.C., and Coach Kelly of Carlsie, discussing plans for a summer school at Riverside. Glaze will coach the Indians for two months this year.

SHERMAN INDIANS ACCEPT GLAZE'S COACHING OFFER.

THE SHERMAN INDIANS have accepted Ralph Glaze's offer to coach them in the rudiments of football this summer. Joe Porter of Sherman came down from Riverside yesterday and was in conference with the U.S.C. coach most of the day. They both had a long talk with Coach Kelly of Carlsie, who is desirous of seeing Sherman play the old game. He consented to go to Riverside and look over the material and give the Braves a few pointers. Kelly and Porter were chums at Carlsie. They met for the first time in eight years, yesterday. The husky Indians who are now on the reservations and out working for the summer will be recalled to Sherman. Glaze will have the regular material and not merely those who are at the Indian school during the summer. Coach Ralph Glaze will go up to Riverside Monday to talk matters over with the superintendent and see if he can interest the business men of that city in giving the Sherman Indians the necessary equipment. The government makes no appropriations for athletics. All that the Indians have had so far has been what the boys have raised themselves. It has been hard pulling for them, for they have little in their pockets. If there are no hitches, now unforeseen, Glaze will spend two months coaching the Braves. He will probably take charge of the football material the middle of July. "I will drill the fundamentals into them," said Glaze. "That's what they need. I will give them enough real football to whet their appetite, but the rest of the instruction will be in tackling, blocking, dodging, running, interfering, handling punts and regular team formations. These are the things that win games. If any of the Riverside High school boys want to learn the game, I will gladly give them instruction. The more the merrier."

TOM MORRIS TROPHY IS AWARDED TO L.A.C.C.

AFTER all the heartburns and tantalizing miscalculations the Los Angeles team is finally awarded the triumph of the supreme win of the year. They are the permanent owners of the superb Tom Morris Memorial trophy and it will adorn the walls of their clubhouse forever. That Sioux City Golf Club, which gave us such a stitch in the side with its 11 down, was actually 11 down to par in the corrected computation. Sad to relate that although this is an exclusively masculine event, competed for by scattered clubs all over the country, with the very cream of each club composing the team, not 25 per cent. of them even send in their scores correctly or grasp the plain meaning of the rules of the competition. Many clubs who sent in their scores as a hundred and something down had counted every stroke down to par on every hole. Others persisted in reckoning their handicaps, although the event is adamantly scratch. So the task of the judges is no sinecure. And Sioux City, while doubtless enjoying quite an average masculine head amongst its golfers, was among the semi-intelligent 75 per cent. But we freely forgive them. Los Angeles is winner. And that without its star player, Norman Macbeth, who had to go to Arizona a few days before. Naturally from Capt. John Wilson down, there is an urgent desire to devise some fitting celebration. When that trophy arrives it will form a sort of altar for perpetual worship. And, of course, there will be a party. Some great souls are soaring to great heights of suggestion. They think that nothing less than a 500-foot monument of some kind in the middle of the links would be a fitting commemoration. Grand and gorgeous as the idea for a fitting celebration, so something is going to happen. Now comes the question of a future trophy. There is no longer a Tom Morris Trophy to contend for. Yet the event cannot be allowed to lapse. There is talk of a large contributory scheme for creating another trophy of the kind, which will doubtless materialize before next June. The club championship for the Los Angeles Country Club will be played tomorrow, the 20th—26 holes medal play. And the return match between the Midwick and Los Angeles baseball teams will be played at the Los Angeles Country Club today, beginning at 3:30 p.m. The Midwick line-up will include Wigton, second base and captain; Topp, third base; E. S. Armstrong, shortstop or left field; McNeil, left field or shortstop; McIlvray, center field; Ted Miller, catcher or center field; Hal Cook, right field; Stuart O'Melveny, catcher and first base; D. Meyers, first base; Bob Neustadt, catcher; Wallace, catcher; Rodman, pitcher; Dewey, pitcher, and Carlton.

WHITTIER GETS COACH WHITE.

WHITTIER, June 10.—Herbert E. White has been selected by the board of trustees of the Whittier Union High School to coach the Quaker football team next season. White, who has been the athletic director for South Pasadena High for a couple of years, is well known here, having been similarly employed in Whittier College previously. The dopsters are already predicting a successful season for Whittier High. From present prospects quite a number of rather well-seasoned men will form the nucleus of the team this fall. White will have three coaches for the coming year. John H. Wilson, whose basketball boys have gotten the winning habit down pat, will again lead the Whittier five. Benton, star for several years and considered unequalled in the south in the game till he broke his arm, was graduated this week, but much of last year's material remains in the school. This is augmented by the fact that Whittier keeps several second team men in good training. Basketball material for the coming season is already well prepared. In track work L. C. Nanney will remain with the school and will be on the job in field and track athletic work. The year's prospects are not well known in this line at this time.

CARPENTERS CALL OFF RACE STRIKE.

MEN GO BACK TO WORK ON CHICAGO SPEEDWAY GRAND STAND.
CHICAGO, June 10.—Quarrels among union workmen and State militiamen, who undertook to stop the drinking of beer at the new automobile speedway this afternoon, were patched up tonight and the 1300 laborers who quit work will resume their tasks tomorrow. The men quit when members of the militia, who are on guard as individuals, attempted to enforce a rule against drinking and one of the workmen was injured by a bayonet. The walk-out of the men prevented practice races during the day, as there was no one to remove the wooden tracks that had been laid across the speedway.

TRAVERS OPEN GOLF CHAMPION.

Remarkable Play Gives Him Title Once More.

Clever Strokes Make up for Few Mistakes.

Other Amateurs Fail to Live up to Reps.

Amateur Again.
SHORT HILLS (N. J.) June 10.—For the second time in the history of the United States Golf Association the national open championship was won by an amateur today. After a long and arduous test of 72 holes medal play, which began yesterday and ended late today, Jerome D. Travers of Upper Montclair, N. J., won the title with a splendid score of 297 strokes. Travers has won four national amateur and five metropolitan as well as several other important golf championships, but his heart's desire was gratified when he added the "open" to his long list of victories. NO FLUKE. There was no fluke or flaw in the quality of golf which the winner displayed during the week. He won his honors cleverly from a field of 140 of the best professionals and leading amateur golfers in this country. The competition was international in character, although the European war had prevented Vardon, Ray and seven other English and Scotch experts from coming to take part in it. Louis Teller, a former French open champion, and A. J. Sanders of Bonlogne, France; Ben Jagers of North Berwick, Scotland; and Dan Knapp of Hamilton, Ont., were among the contestants and one of them—Teller—was a prominent factor up to the final stage of the contest, as he finished with a score of 301 in a tie for the fourth and fifth cash prizes with the western open champion, James M. Barnes of White Marsh Valley, Pa. Travers played steadily all through the two-day test and while he made mistakes at times, they were in great part quickly rectified by clever recoveries. In the final round today Travers knew he had a hard task to beat White, who had made up the Boston home-bred professional, Tom McNamara. He had taken 39 strokes going out and was forced to equal par, 37, for the last nine holes in order to win by a single stroke. On the tenth tee he lost a stroke by slicing out of bounds. Then he sent his next into the rough but a fine recovery put him on the green in three and he held out in a par four. At the eleventh green he had to sink a ten-foot putt for the necessary four, and did it. After this Travers went right along to the home green without any mistakes or requiring extra putts and his 74 gave him the desired result, a total of 297 and the championship by the smallest possible margin. McNamara also played a great game and so did the third man, Robert G. MacDonald, always a prominent contender, while Walter C. Hagen of Rochester, who won last year, was unable to keep up with the leaders and finished in a tie with seven other professionals. These eight, with scores of 304 each, divided the ninth and tenth money prizes, while Travers won the honor, a trophy specially donated by the association. FALL DOWN. None of the other prominent amateurs lived up to his reputation during the closing rounds. Francis Ouimet, the amateur champion who won the open event two years ago, after playing off a brilliant tie with Hagen and Ray at Brookline, Mass., could not control his clubs today and finished with a total of 317. Chick Evans, the young Chicagoan who holds the western amateur title, also played disappointingly, although he finished ten strokes ahead of Ouimet. Max R. Marston, the State champion of New Jersey, had a total of 303. Following are the scores of the new champion and the sixteen professionals who won cash prizes:

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.
San Francisco	40	30	.571
Salt Lake	37	34	.521
Los Angeles	41	39	.513
Portland	32	35	.478
Oakland	27	41	.474
Venice	32	41	.440

Yesterday's Results.
Los Angeles, 8; San Francisco, 4.
Venice, 5; Salt Lake, 2.
Portland, 10; Oakland, 5.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.
Chicago	28	21	.571
Philadelphia	27	22	.553
St. Louis	29	27	.518
Boston	25	25	.500
Pittsburgh	24	25	.490
Brooklyn	24	26	.480
New York	21	25	.457
Cincinnati	19	26	.422

Yesterday's Results.
St. Louis, 3; Boston, 2 (twelve innings).
Pittsburgh, 7; New York, 5.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.
Chicago	34	20	.630
Boston	28	18	.609
Detroit	24	22	.522
New York	26	25	.511
Washington	23	24	.489
Cleveland	20	28	.417
Philadelphia	19	32	.365
St. Louis	19	34	.358

Yesterday's Results.
Detroit, 3; Washington, 3.
Chicago, 11; Philadelphia, 4.
Boston, 3; St. Louis, 1.

FEDERAL LEAGUE.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.
Kansas City	28	19	.597
St. Louis	28	22	.560
Pittsburgh	28	22	.560
Brooklyn	28	26	.519
Newark	27	26	.509
Baltimore	22	28	.438
Buffalo	20	28	.415

Yesterday's Results.
St. Louis, 12; Newark, 2.
Baltimore, 10; Kansas City, 10.
Pittsburgh, 9; Brooklyn, 4.
Chicago, 9; Buffalo, 9.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.
Indianapolis	28	19	.595
Louisville	30	24	.556
Kansas City	28	25	.528
St. Paul	25	27	.481
Cleveland	21	29	.420
Minneapolis	21	30	.412
Columbus	21	31	.404

Yesterday's Results.
Minneapolis, 9; Kansas City, 2.
Louisville, 1; Cleveland, 2.
Chicago, 1; Milwaukee game postponed; rain.

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.
Des Moines	24	19	.558
Denver	24	19	.558
Topeka	27	21	.563
Lincoln	24	22	.522
St. Joseph	19	28	.422
Wichita	17	25	.405
Sioux City	18	28	.391

Yesterday's Results.
Des Moines, 6; St. Joseph, 3.
Sioux City, 5; Lincoln, 3.
Wichita, 7; Topeka, 4.

NORTHWESTERN LEAGUE.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.
Spokane	33	24	.579
Tacoma	32	27	.542
Victoria	29	27	.518
Aberdeen	28	30	.483
Vancouver	27	30	.474
Seattle	24	34	.414

Yesterday's Results.
Aberdeen, 5; Seattle, 2.
Tacoma, 3; Spokane, 1.

VICTORIA BALL CLUB TO GO HOME.

VICTORIA (B. C.) June 10.—President Robert Blewett of the Northwest League announced today that the Victoria baseball club will return to Victoria next Monday and that the franchise will continue to be held by Victoria. President Blewett would not give out any particulars concerning the arrangement by which the club will return to Victoria, but it is understood that he has induced Joshua Kingham, who disbanded the team two days ago, to reconsider and again take charge of the club. Another report is that Copas and Cadd, two local men, will take the franchise.

Today's Candy Special

PECAN WAFERS.—A delicious butterscotch wafer with pecan nuts through it. Not a jaw-breaker, but very thin and has a flavor all its own that pleases old and young. Per lb. 25c

Christopher's Famous Sunday Evening
Chicken Dinner .50c
Served from 5 to 8 p.m. at both stores.

MENU
Chicken Soup, Southern Style
Olives Radishes
CHICKEN WITH DUMPLINGS, COUNTRY STYLE
Roast Prime Beef au Jus
Creamed New Potatoes Garden Peas
Ice Cream and Cake or Pie
Coffee, Tea or Milk

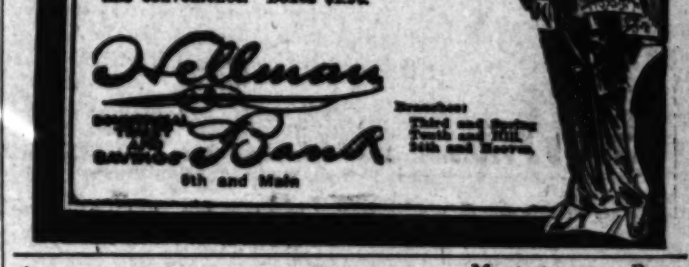
HAVE YOU SEEN OUR NEW STORE?
TAKE HOME A BRICK OF ICE CREAM
Four flavors. Neapolitan, Strawberry, Delmonico and Chocolate. Full quart packed to take home. 50c
Delivered at your home, 85c.



"Every Woman"

Who Shops Down Town
Needs an account at this Safe and Convenient Bank—because it is always open when you want the money—24 hours every week day.

OUR BIG SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT will take care of your jewels—you can get them Night or Day. No extra charge for this convenience. Boxes \$1.50.



\$10 Watches

GOODYEAR'S RUBBERIZED SLIP-ON RAINCOATS \$7.50
324 South Broadway

BROWN HURLS SHUTOUT BALL.

ONLY THIRTY-ONE BUFFED FACES HIM.
Dalton Makes Only Hit Off Old Mordecai—Twenty-two of Whales' Putouts are Made by Infield, While Former Cub Strikes Out Three Men and Has Same Number of Assists.

BUFFALO, June 10.—Mordecai Brown shut out Buffalo today, 8 to 0. Only thirty-one men faced him in the nine innings and Dalton made the only hit. Brown struck out three men, had three assists to his credit and twenty-two of Chicago's putouts were made by the infield. Score: Chicago, 8; hits, 13; errors, 2. Brown and Fletcher, Krapp, Ehmske, Marshall and Blair.

FIVE PACKERS ARE POUNDED, 17 TO 10.

BALTIMORE, June 10.—All five Kansas City pitchers were hit hard and the fourth inning was a netted seven runs before there was a putout. Score: Kansas City, 10; hits, 11; errors, 2. Johnson, Main, Packard, Blackman and Brown; Blair, Conley and Jacklitsch.

REBELS WIN FROM TIPTOPS, 9 TO 4.

BROOKLYN, June 10.—Pittsburgh took today's game from Brooklyn, 9 to 4, by bunching hits with errors in the fourth inning. Rebels won seven runs. Upham was knocked out of the box and replaced by Finneran, who held the visitors scoreless in the last five innings. Heuser was hit hard, but remarkable catches by Oakes and Wickland saved him at critical periods. Score: Pittsburgh, 9; hits, 10; errors, 0. Brooklyn, 4; hits, 13; errors, 2. Hearn and Berry; Upham, Finneran and Pratt, Simon.

SLOUFUSES TAKE ENTIRE SERIES.

NEWARK (N. J.) June 10.—St. Louis won the entire series by taking the fourth straight game from Newark today, 12 to 2. Score: St. Louis, 12; hits, 12; errors, 0. Newark, 2; hits, 5; errors, 2. Davenport and Hertley, Chapman; Mosley, Brandon, Whitehouse and Baridan.

Builders, Attention!

Our third annual clearance sale on lighting fixtures affords unprecedented opportunities. One-third off on everything. Wagner-Woodruff Company 830 South Olive St.

TO LET—

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BUSINESS CHANCES— Of Many Kinds For Sale IN EASTERN MANUFACTURERS OF LUMBER	Classified Liners.	MONEY WANTED— Real Estate and Collaterals. WANTED	THINGS ON WHEELS— All Sorts	THINGS ON WHEELS— All Sorts	POULTRY—POULTRY SUPPLIES— For Sale, Exchange, Wanted.	PATENTS— And Patent Attorneys.	at 10 o'clock the following programmes will be given: Organ voluntary, Miss
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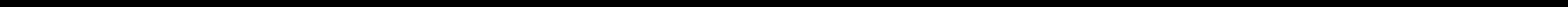
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WANTED - BUTCHER'S PLASTER
 All kinds of plaster, putty, and
 all kinds of cement and lime.
 Write to J. C. BROWN, 100
 Main St., Lowell, Mass.

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 Write to J. C. BROWN, 100
 Main St., Lowell, Mass.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

Ventura County Picnic.
Ventura county people, former and present, will hold a picnic today in Sprengle Park. Dinner will be served at 1 p.m.

Swiss Society's Picnic.
The Swiss Society, Helvetia, will hold a picnic for members and their families at Griffith Park tomorrow. Pacific Electric will leave the Main and Sixth-street station at 10 a.m. Games and prizes for the young folk.

Girl is Exonerated.
Miss Margaret Maury, the San Francisco girl who was charged with the killing of Miss Hanna Johnson, a domestic, Tuesday afternoon, was exonerated of all blame for the tragedy by the coroner's jury yesterday. Witnesses testified Miss Maury's handling of the motor car was not at fault, and each had observed the rules of the crossing.

Earth Trembles.
A slight earthquake shock was felt in the city and environs about 7 o'clock yesterday morning. It was sharp enough to rattle windows and doors and give a tremor to very poor nerves. From the harbor district it was reported the shock was felt at 7:10 o'clock. The disturbance is supposed to have been purely local as it was not reported elsewhere.

To Repeat "L'Angelus."
The notable success attending the first performance in this city of the allegorical piece, "The Angelus," after Millet, has encouraged its director, Mme. Clarice de la Fontaine, to arrange for its repetition in several nearby cities and later here again. The piece was given Friday evening, the 11th inst., at Ebell Clubhouse before an appreciative audience.

Last Rowanburg Solace.
Mayor of Rowanburg, Frank M. Hauser, entertained his friends at the last dinner-dance of the season yesterday evening. The gymnasium of the Los Angeles Athletic Club was prettily decorated in green and white and about 300 persons tripped the musical phantasies, including Ted Egan and his wife, Ruth St. Denis, who were guests of honor at the dinner table of Manager Paul Pelpera.

Taft May Come Here.
Former President William Howard Taft hopes to visit this city in September, according to a letter received from him yesterday to President Bulla of the Chamber of Commerce. The letter was in response to a telegram sent the distinguished statesman last week by President Bulla, proffering the courtesy of the chamber in case he should visit the Pacific Coast this year. The former President graciously accepts.

Another Pioneer Crossed.
Another Los Angeles pioneer crossed the great divide when William Kelso passed away at his home, No. 1234 Magnolia avenue, yesterday morning. Mr. Kelso lived here for many years. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having served four years in the field. He leaves two daughters, Miss Lillie Kelso and Mrs. J. D. Clark, and three sons, George A., Arthur P. and Fred C. Kelso. The funeral will be at the Pierce chapel at 9 o'clock this morning. The G.A.R. will participate.

OLD HOSPITALITY VANISHES.
Ancient custom of Free Food and Shelter at Miller & Lux Ranches is finally abolished.
(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)
LOS ANGELES (Cal.) June 18.—Food and shelter and a place in the evening story-telling group for every stranger, a relic of ancient Spanish hospitality, has vanished from its last stronghold in California, the Miller & Lux ranches.

Signs posted on the firm's ranch houses here set forth today that the custom was at an end after having been perpetuated more than twenty years by this concern, and indicated civilization had replaced primitive hospitality.

Forty sets of harness recently were put to bits at this ranch and the act was attributed to discharged employees who, after the custom of the place, were at liberty to remain. Adobe shacks in Arizona and New Mexico where impoverished Mexicans still insist on sharing their beans and corn cakes, if they have any, now are sole custodians of the unquestioning welcome, in the southwest.

HONOR SWEDISH SINGERS.
Ceremonies at Panama-Pacific Exposition Conclude Week's Session of the Organization Here.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
SAN FRANCISCO, June 18.—Ceremonies honoring the United Swedish singers of the Pacific Coast were held today at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, concluding a week's session of the organization here. The Columbia Singers' Society of Portland, Ore., Svea Male Choir of Seattle and prominent Swedish musicians were on the programme.

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TAFT'S BATH STARTS FLOOD.

OVERFLOW FROM TUB DESCENDS INTO DINING-ROOM.

Former President Taft came to Cape May yesterday as the guest of the Pennsylvania Bankers' Association and took a bath in his apartments in the Hotel Cape May. He failed to properly consider the size of the average sea-shore bath-tub, however, with the result that when he climbed in the water overflowed and trickled down upon the heads of the guests in the dining-room.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)
CAPE MAY (N. J.) June 18.—Former President Taft came to Cape May yesterday as the guest of the Pennsylvania Bankers' Association and took a bath in his apartments in the Hotel Cape May. He failed to properly consider the size of the average sea-shore bath-tub, however, with the result that when he climbed in the water overflowed and trickled down upon the heads of the guests in the dining-room.

The former President was tired out after attending the sessions of the peace league in Philadelphia and immediately went to his room, which the hotel manager had chosen especially on account of the good-sized bath-tub, to rest and bathe. The bankers assembled in the dining-room waited patiently for Mr. Taft to appear and they began to grow restless when half an hour passed.

Suddenly their attention was attracted to a wet spot in the ceiling, which gradually grew until water finally came trickling down on their heads. The management was called upon to ascertain the cause of the leak and stop it and the hotel plumber who led the investigation went straight to Mr. Taft's room. There it was found that the porty former President had stepped into the tub without realizing the consequences of the sudden rise in the tide and had stepped out again without noticing the resulting deluge on the floor. He was napping when the plumber knocked at his door.

As Mr. Taft boarded his train this morning he glanced at the ocean and said: "I'll get a piece of that fenced in some day and then I venture to say there won't be any overflow."

Morbid.
"PERFECT BRIDE"
A SUICIDE.
DROWNING OF MRS. DANA SAID TO BE PREMEDITATED.

(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)
BOSTON, June 18.—Mrs. Jessie Holaday Dana, the "perfect bride" of Edmund Townbridge Dana, grandson of the poet Longfellow, was a suicide in the surf of Nantucket and not a victim of accidental drowning, as first reported, according to Medical Examiner John S. Grouard of Nantucket.

Richard H. Dana of Cambridge, Mass., in-law, when told of the physician's verdict, said:
"A word of no reason to believe that the suicide report is true. I don't see what the medical examiner based his conclusion on. Mrs. Dana had been suffering for some time past from nervous prostration and went down there with her husband to rest up, but she was not so depressed at any time as to lead me to believe that she committed suicide."

Mrs. Dana was regarded by her friends as moving in a rarified atmosphere of thought and as being utterly independent of common opinions and ways of doing. She strove for an ideal life. That she should be so obsessed by melancholy as to go out into the Nantucket surf and commit suicide by drowning, leaving her young husband and baby boy, comes as a sad climax to a life that was planned so carefully.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.
(Advertisements.)
For quick action drop answers to Times "liners" in Times' liner boxes in downtown office buildings. The locations of the boxes are printed in the first column of the Times "liners" section.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street, advertisements and subscription taken.
City Mothers' Municipal Dance, 940 S. Figueroa. Admission 25c.

NOTICE!
On account of illness the auction that was to be held at 705 1/2 East 7th St., Saturday, June 15, at 10 a.m., will be postponed indefinitely.
REED & HAMMOND, Auctioneers.

AUCTION
MONDAY, JUNE 21ST, 10 A.M.
Parcels of real estate of 10 rooms of furniture removed from No. 1012 South Hill St. to our Auction Mart, 812-814 Broadway, Cal. CALIFORNIA AUCTION CO., CO.

AUCTION
E. S. SUGARMAN, Auction and Commission Room, General Auctioneers.
Furniture, Merchandise, Pictures, Office and Salesrooms, 112-114-116 Court St. (Between Spring and Main)
Main 2114 —PRONOUNCED— 7411

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AUCTION
We will sell and collect for sale of auction: Antiques and furniture, oil paintings, etc. We guarantee full retail value for same.
California Auction Co., Inc., Under No. 2408 Court St. of Cal.
Phone 4267; Main 4125. Offices 812-814 S. Main.

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We Refer You to Cured People. Let us explain our new method. Open Evenings and Sunday Mornings.
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Sherman Hotel Bldg., 404-4, 11th.

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Before accepting treatment from others, consult me. Free Examination and Advice.
414 S. Broadway, Room 403-4.
Call 5 to 10 a.m.
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\$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, etc.

Attractive models that are suitable for beach wear, made of the newest novelty summer materials, daintily trimmed and in popular shades. All sizes for women, small women and misses.

Coats \$10.50 up

Our line is very extensive, therefore making selection a very easy matter. Up-to-date models, of latest fabrics, and colors. The values are extraordinary, come in and see for yourself.

Silk Hosiery

Special for Saturday

Women's Embroidered Silk Stockings, in black and white. Extra good quality. Special at 95c

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Gowns of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices
The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel

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Cooked Meats
Roasted Chicken
Salads, Sausage
Meat Loaf
Bakery Goods
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Beefing Meat.....10c
Hamburg.....12c

FISH & POULTRY SPECIALS
Broilers.....30c
Hens.....25c
All Kinds Fresh Fish.

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Regular auctions at our store every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Household goods. Consignments solicited.
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THE WEATHER.

(Official Report.)

LOCAL OFFICE, U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, June 18.—(Received by Post & Courier, Local Forecaster.) At 5 o'clock a.m. the barometer registered 30.06; at 5 p.m., 29.93. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 59 deg. and 75 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 80 per cent.; 5 p.m., 65 per cent. Wind, 5 a.m., east, velocity 4 miles; 5 p.m., southwest, velocity 12 miles. Highest temperature, 78 deg.; lowest, 58 deg. Rainfall for season, 17.05 inches. Barometer reduced to sea level.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.—The most notable feature of the weather is the prevalence of a strong, moderate breeze from the northwest, which is accompanied by a light shower of rain. The weather is generally clear, with a few light clouds in the morning. The temperature is moderate, with a maximum of 75 deg. and a minimum of 58 deg. The wind is from the northwest, with a velocity of 12 miles. The barometer is 30.06 at 5 a.m. and 29.93 at 5 p.m. The relative humidity is 80 per cent. at 5 a.m. and 65 per cent. at 5 p.m. The wind is from the northwest, with a velocity of 4 miles at 5 a.m. and 12 miles at 5 p.m. The highest temperature is 78 deg. and the lowest is 58 deg. The rainfall for the season is 17.05 inches.

LOCAL FORECAST.—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Fair Saturday; for Southern California: Fair Saturday; for Northern California: Fair Saturday; for the Pacific Coast: Fair Saturday; for the Rocky Mountains: Fair Saturday; for the Great Plains: Fair Saturday; for the Mississippi Valley: Fair Saturday; for the Ohio Valley: Fair Saturday; for the New England States: Fair Saturday; for the Canadian Provinces: Fair Saturday; for the British Isles: Fair Saturday; for the Continent of Europe: Fair Saturday; for the Empire of Russia: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Italy: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Greece: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Turkey: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Persia: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of India: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of China: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Japan: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Korea: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Siam: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Laos: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Cambodia: Fair Saturday; for the Kingdom of Vietnam: Fair Saturday; 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The Times
LOS ANGELES

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1915.—EDITORIAL SECTION. POPULATION 1,234,567

Advancing Southern Metropolis

VITAL RECORD

MARRIAGE LICENSES

DEATHS

Funeral Notices

White Stockings

Neckwear Newness 50c

Smart, New Surf Suits

Faultless Fitting Knitwear

White Hosiery

White Stockings

Neckwear Newness 50c

Smart, New Surf Suits

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GREAT DAY AT NORMAL.

Presentations of New Buildings to Precede the Senior Exercises.

The combination of senior class day with that upon which the splendid new group of buildings is to be formally presented to the board of trustees will make this an important day in the history of the State Normal School, at Vermont avenue and Monroe street.

The exercises will begin with regular school sessions at 8 o'clock a.m., to which visitors are invited. In the assembly period at 10:45 o'clock the girls' glee club will give a recital. Luncheon will be served in the cafeteria from 11 to 1 o'clock. The presentation programme will begin at 2:30 o'clock in Millsap Hall with an address by President James A. B. Scherer of Throop College. J. C. Allison, senior architect of the new Normal group, will then make the formal tender of the completed buildings and the master key to them will be accepted by President Jesse F. Millsap on behalf of the board of trustees. Music will be supplied by the school orchestra.

The seniors' part in the celebration will begin at 3:30 o'clock with the formal procession and presentation of emblems. The class tree will be planted and the class day exercises held in front of the bleachers. This will be followed by an inspection of the new buildings and the alumni supper in the cafeteria at 6 o'clock.

The faculty reception to the alumni and graduating class will be held in the new library at 8 o'clock.

The testimony of the book-keeper it appears that an appreciation was made and charged to profits of the corporation, ultimately appearing as a part of the surplus.

Considerable interest in a mysterious book, supposed to be in the possession of E. L. Mowder, and kept by the head book-keeper for his information and that of former President Elder, was aroused. In this book was entered the surplus, the capital stock outstanding each month; the number of stockholders, the amount and number of shares of stock sold each month.

(Continued on Tenth Page.)

MEANS DOOM OF SPOILS SYSTEM.

Phelan Lays Civil Service Effects in Politics.

Names Wilson Great Before Audience of Experts.

Angeleno Made President of National Organization.

United States Senator James D. Phelan, the principal speaker at a banquet given last night at the Alexandria in honor of the National Assembly of Civil Service Commissioners, praised President Wilson as the great leader who stands ready to extend the spirit of co-operation and goodwill to all nations, who is not seeking to take anything from any country as spoils, his one ideal being fairness to all.

The speaker made no specific reference to this country's policy in relation to war-torn Europe. "We have a great President, whose actions have commended him to all people without regard to party or politics," he said.

Senator Phelan dealt particularly with civil service as it affects politics of the State and nation. With civil service universally in vogue it could only be a question of time when there will be no more political machines, which today, he said, are the bane of the republic. "These machines are operated upon the principle of the victor grabbing all the spoils, he declared, and referred to former days in California.

"There is broadcast in this State a nonpartisan feeling," the speaker said. "The feeling pervades every city and county in California, and it is working to the best interests of the people. I might cite the result of the last State election to show its fairness, for did not the voters elect a Democratic Senator and a 'Progressive' Governor. The Republicans got the registration."

PRIMARY LAW.

While he is not totally opposed to the workings of the primary law in California, Senator Phelan pointed out some of its glaring faults. "One of the chief objections to the law is that a man often nominated at the primary is left with no organization behind him, and unless he is very well known or has a barrel of money to back him his chances are slim at the final election," he said. "He is compelled to go it alone on his own power. In fact, it would seem to bar the men of little means."

Senator Phelan said the civil service system has worked wonders in San Francisco, declaring it to have proved a notable triumph. "Civil service is a great protection to the appointing power, and also to the man who would be appointed," he said. "When we have both protected there is little more to ask. The United States should adopt a plan to provide civil service in all departments. I am a party man, but there is no one who can make a logical protest against the principles of civil service."

"Politics has improved because there has been a weakening of party spirit. Due to the widespread education."

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

Only Woman Delegate Outside the State.



Miss May Upshaw, Assistant chief examiner of the New York City Civil Service Commission, having held that responsible position for the past thirteen years. She is attending the National Civil Service convention here.

San Francisco, declaring it to have proved a notable triumph. "Civil service is a great protection to the appointing power, and also to the man who would be appointed," he said. "When we have both protected there is little more to ask. The United States should adopt a plan to provide civil service in all departments. I am a party man, but there is no one who can make a logical protest against the principles of civil service."

"Politics has improved because there has been a weakening of party spirit. Due to the widespread education."

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

DARDLEY GIRL ON THE STAND.

To Tell Own Story of New Year's Day Tragedy.

Witnesses Describe Brutal Treatment of Her.

First Loved, then Feared, Finally Killed Him.

Gabrielle Dardley, the pretty Italian girl charged with murdering Leonard Topp on New Year's Day, will go on the stand before a jury in Judge Willis's court this morning and tell the tragic, sordid story of her life.

The dark-eyed Campanian girl was pictured by a dozen witnesses yesterday as an unfortunate creature who fell under the powerful spell of the man she at first loved, later feared and finally killed.

Topp found her at Prescott, Ariz., when he was a soldier in the regular army. He promised to marry her and take her away from her surroundings, and she clung to him in the hope that he would help her on a brighter road. As her love grew stronger for him her fascination began to dim for him. His visits to her became more frequent, but he always wanted money. If she didn't give him her earnings he beat her. With the money she gave him he bought fine clothes, diamonds and lived well. He kept the army.

TERRIBLE BRUTALITY.

Mrs. H. C. Anderson, a chambermaid in a hotel where they lived after they came to Los Angeles, testified that a month before the murder Topp struck her to the floor and then kicked her. She crawled beneath a sofa to escape him, and he dragged her out by her hair and kicked her into unconsciousness. His revolver fell to the floor, and only then did he quit.

A month later the Dardley woman shot him.

Ellen Beach Yaw, who has taken a keen interest in the Dardley woman, sat at her side when the trial opened yesterday morning. The great singer has visited her often in the jail, and is hopeful that she will be cleared of the charge, and hopeful, too, that she will abandon her past life. She has decided to provide a home for the woman if she is liberated.

Earl Rogers and Frank Dominguez led a number of witnesses through stories of extenuating circumstances yesterday, after Deputy District Attorney Doran had presented the case by a group of witnesses for the State. J. P. Dominguez, proprietor of the wholesale liquor store on West Street.

(Continued on Tenth Page.)

A PPEARS AND DISAPPEARS.

Question: Does He Forget Bond by Running Away from Courtroom?

Ross Moss, charged with theft, appeared in Judge Craig's court yesterday with his attorney, Frank Allender. Then he disappeared. He was under \$500 bond.

When Moss caught a glimpse of the courtroom, the judge, the jurors and others he turned to his attorney nervously. "I'll be back in a minute," he said.

He stepped into the hall. Then he stepped down the steps and out into the street. The distance between him and the Hall of Justice widened steadily and swiftly. He melted away in the warm summer sunshine.

When his case was called Attorney Allender turned to speak to his client. Then a search was started. Technically, Moss was under bond to appear in court on yesterday morning. Actually, he appeared there. Does he forget the bond?

Judge Craig issued a bench warrant for Moss and deputy sheriffs are on the lookout for him.

enth street where the tragedy occurred, re-enacted the shooting before the jury. He testified that Topp entered the store, followed shortly by the woman. He turned his back. He says he didn't hear a report. It was more like a metallic click. Then he heard a terrific pounding on the floor. "You got me," I heard Topp say. The man had her by the throat and hair and was pounding her head on the floor. I started for them to interfere and he fell back dead."

On cross-examination Attorney Rogers attempted to show that Topp attacked the woman when he found that she had followed him into the liquor store. That the gun was discharged through the girl's muff and that it was either discharged accidentally or in self-defense was the contention of the defense.

FORSAKEN FOR ANOTHER.

Deputy Doran asserted that the woman deliberately shot Topp when she learned that he was about to forsake her for another woman.

Miss Dardley will tell on the stand today the story of the tragedy, what led up to her following Topp into the store and what happened when they met.

(Continued on Tenth Page.)

M. B. Blackstone Co.

Blouses of Newest Style

Our specialty shops can show the assortment of Blouses that we have. None surely will show the carefully selected, correct and exclusive models to be seen here.

White Blouses, \$3.75

Lace Blouses, \$3.75

White Blouses, \$6.50

Lace Blouses, \$5.00

White Blouses, \$3.75

Lace Blouses, \$3.75

White Blouses, \$6.50

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White Blouses, \$6.50

Lace Blouses, \$5.00

MANY RESIGNATIONS TO BE HANDED NEW MAYOR.

Ex-Mayor McAlister is appointed and then make Mr. Hamlin's removal unnecessary.

Mayor-elect Sebastian declined to state who will be appointed to the undersecretary, will ask to be relieved when the new Mayor takes hold.

The only name that has so far been mentioned in connection with a place on the Park Board is that of Mrs. Hester T. Griffith.

Mayor-elect Sebastian's private secretary will be Dr. Glenn MacWilliams, a Presbyterian preacher. It is likely that there is no other Mayor in the Harbor Commission in place of President Woodman, who is a hold-over appointee. It was rumored that C. E. Snively was to be given that plum, but some weeks ago The Times printed the exclusive announcement that he was to be the Chief of Police.

There is no disguising the fact that the friends of the Mayor-elect were surprised at the action of Mayor Rose in reappointing Dr. J. T. Gilmer to the Harbor Commission on the eve of his retirement from office.

The members of the Board of Park Commissioners will also be among the first to hand in their resignations. President J. B. Lippincott, Henry W. O'Melveny and Henry Keeler, it is

(Continued on Ninth Page.)

GIVEN BACK CLAIM THAT SALTON SEA JUMPED.

AN IMPORTANT decision involving the rights of desert irrigators on public land that was in 1905 covered by the waters of the Salton Sea, making it impossible for them to complete their proof as to cultivation and reclamation, was rendered yesterday by Register Roche and Receiver Mitchell of the local land office.

It is the first time in the history of the Los Angeles office that the question has been decided and holds that in failing to make the necessary proof, the settlers are not at fault. The opinion will be of the greatest interest to many settlers in the Imperial Valley.

In November, 1904, Merton W. Dutcher made a desert land entry of a quarter section of land in the Imperial Valley. He expended about \$1500 in the work of reclamation and had cleared about ninety of the 160 acres. In 1905 the overflow waters of the Colorado River broke through the irrigation canal of the California Development Company and dug a channel down to the Alamo and New Rivers, and through the bed of these streams emptied in the basin of the Salton Sink, forming what is now known as the Salton Sea.

The land in this controversy was submerged by that overflow. Since the break in the canal of the California Development Company has been closed the waters of the Salton Sea have been gradually receding, and at this time only about thirty acres are under water.

When the water covered the land, Dutcher applied for and received an extension of time until November, 1911, when the law not being complied with, his entry was cancelled. In November, 1913, Marguerite De Long filed on the land alleging that it had been abandoned by Dutcher, and in that same month Minnie D. Seville also filed on forty acres of the quarter section. Then Dutcher applied for a reinstatement of his entry. It was on this question that the local land officials decided he should be allowed to renew his efforts to reclaim the land, the entries of Marguerite De Long and Minnie D. Seville being ordered cancelled.

It was shown that all the time Dutcher was covering his land, he claimed an interest in it, but was unable to prosecute the work. The land officers are of the opinion that when Dutcher's extension of time expired, he should have applied for a renewal of that period but the fact that he did not will not, in the opinion of the officers, deny him the right to the desert land entry.

The opinion will affect all similar desert land entries of which there are scores. Some of these entries are entirely covered with water, but the General Land Office is on record as deciding that desert land, once it is desert land always, no matter what happens to it.

William Wade Hinshaw

who will appear in Horatio Parker's \$10,000 Prize Opera "Fairland"

William Wade Hinshaw, the celebrated baritone, has been specially engaged to create the leading baritone role, Corvain, in Horatio Parker's \$10,000 prize opera, "Fairland," which is to be given at Clune's Auditorium July 1st, July 2nd, July 3rd. Mr. Hinshaw has won great success in the Metropolitan and Boston Opera Houses and is considered as one of the best artists in the country today.

Mr. Hinshaw very kindly consented to give us an expression regarding the Chickering Piano, which has been selected as the Official Piano by the American Opera Association. Read Mr. Hinshaw's letter.

Southern California Music Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Gentlemen:—

I am glad to recommend the Chickering piano because I know it is worthy of recommendation.

There are qualities in the Chickering tone that please the most exacting musician, and I find it ideally suited for voice accompaniment.

Sincerely yours,

William Wade Hinshaw

We invite your inspection of our complete line of Chickering Pianos

Beautiful Art Catalog on Request.

Frank J. Hart, President

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC CO.

SAN DIEGO—RIVERSIDE—PASADENA—LOS ANGELES

MOUNT LADDER RUNG BY RUNG.

Thirteen Hundred Children
Leave Eighth Grade.

Graduation Exercises Held at
Manual Arts.

Ninety Per Cent. of Them to
Go on Higher.

Los Angeles stands almost in a class by itself, said Superintendent of Schools Francis to 1300 of the year's 2500 eighth-grade graduates at their concluding exercises in the auditorium of Manual Arts High School yesterday.

"The percentage of eighth-grade graduates that have gone on to high school," he continued, "has ranged from 85 to 92 per cent. in Los Angeles. This has been the highest in the country, in spite of the fact that the geographical lines in the assignment of pupils to schools have had to be rigidly drawn here."

"Next year we will have more high schools," he said, "and an accompanying increase of hands to handle the new Garvanza High School, the city high school in the southwestern part of the city, the new Los Angeles High School and others. We want to give every child in this city a chance to fit himself, right here at home, for any and every vocation."

Detailing what has been done to put the Los Angeles city schools in the educational forefront of the country and many plans that lie in the mind, Supt. Francis' informal talk made a fitting close to the eighth grade's simple concluding exercises.

"Some of you will not be able to continue school," he said. "I wish that it was otherwise, and believe it will be some time. To you I wish to say this one thing: success in life depends on concentration and application. You may not believe it now, but the world will mark you about and did your teacher. You will find that the world's rewards are given, as in the schools, for concentration and application."

Though it was boys and girls in their "teens" who participated in the exercises, the programme showed that they are thinkers on national and other issues. In fact, there was none of the groundless chatter of the sentimental. All was simplicity, even to the absence of flowers.

The official grammar grade orchestra opened the programme with "Songs of the Nations." An oration, "The Conservation of Childhood," followed. In this, Julia E. Ward made a plea for the elimination of child labor as a loss both to the individual and the nation. Two songs by the eighth-grade chorus, "Snowflake" and "Spring," followed.

"Science never opens one door that does not knock at another," said Berrell Rice in his oration, "Our Progress in Science and Invention." A beautifully worded oration by Ethel Johnson followed, entitled "Missions of California." Then Mary Hogan, an eighth-grade pupil, played the arrangement of "The Star-Spangled Banner" on the harp.

Three pertinent orations were "Our Army and Navy," Robert E. Banks; "Our Opportunity," Lucile Calkins; and "Old Glory," Gibson Berry. A song, "June," and two pieces by the orchestra immediately preceded Supt. Francis' address.

The exercises yesterday were for eighth-grade graduates of the grammar schools. The other 1200 eighth-grade graduates will have their concluding exercises in connection with those of the intermediate schools.

PUPILS' RECITAL.
Mrs. Dobinson's Special Students will present Pleading Programme Next Monday Evening.

Mrs. George A. Dobinson has issued invitations for a recital by her special students, to be given next Monday evening, beginning at 8:15 o'clock, in the music-room of the corner of Seventh and Coronado streets. The place is reached directly by the Western-avenue cars.

The programme to be presented will give some fine musical selections and will also show the work of the special students. It will include scenes from Shakespearean plays, as well as presentation of lighter veins of literature, and will give the students opportunity to demonstrate their development in the art of dramatic expression.

The programme is to include the following numbers:
Piano solo, selected. Evangelina Carroll; "Photographing the Baby," Deborah Lustig; "Mrs. Dick," Juliette Courtelle; scene from "Ingomar," Miss Eble and Mrs. E. Neubauer; "Father Shaving" and "Little Brown Baby," Ruth Mahoe; piano solo, selected. Miss Fanning; "The Burglar," Jean Price and Robert Ashton; song, selected, Lucille Pennock; piano of Harriette de Mont Packard; scene from "Hamlet," Ursula Cheshire; scene, "Merchant of Venice," Elizabeth Everhardt; and Celia Rubenstein; "Dance of the Flowers," May Wild; the trial scene from "Henry VIII," Deborah Lustig; scene, "Romeo and Juliet," Celia Rubenstein; and Bertha Gugenheim; scene from "Leah," Juliette Courtelle and Robert Ashton; song, selected, Raymond Elliott; classic dance, Elizabeth Everhardt; comedy sketch, May Eble, Mrs. E. Neubauer and Oakley Ashton.

FOR TWO MORE YEARS.
Such as mentioned by Allies' War Orders for Copper, According to Local Business Men.

H. W. Cowles, local representative of a number of eastern business firms whose trading puts them to some extent on the "inside" of the European war situation, is authority for the statement that several of the belligerent nations have recently placed in America orders of such magnitude as to indicate their belief that the present war will last at least two more years.

These orders are for the most part for copper, spelter and allied metals used in gunnery and the manufacture of shells. Orders running into millions of pounds, frequently repeated, have forced the price of these metals to a figure unprecedented in their history.

Cowles, who has recently returned from the East, says that business conditions in general are rapidly improving, partly owing to a much greater supply of ready money and correspondingly lower interest rates. The large war orders received from the allied nations is in a considerable measure responsible for this.

The San Francisco Fair.
Reservations are now being taken for the Third World's Fair Exposition. For date of departure and price of ticket, call at address The Times Bureau, Department, corner First and Broadway.

"THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY."

Irving Cummings makes a spectacular leap from a grand stand on horseback in the seventh chapter of "The Diamond from the Sky," the \$500,000 "Flying A" photoplay that is appearing at leading theaters in this city. It is a real thrill, and finds you completely astonished at the daring. The thrill is a logical one. It is his escape after being recognized as the man wanted for the murder of Dr. Lee.

There is a fox hunt, with the field in full cry. The hunters take jump after jump—some of them fall. The Sheriff is close on the track of Arthur Stanley. Coming through a large field near the west of the Montecito Hunt Club, Arthur discovers the body of a dethroned rider. Hastily changing attire, he dons the uniform of the rider and rides away on the other horse.

Supposed to be the body of Arthur Stanley, it is borne back to Stanley Hall by the Sheriff's posse. The Sheriff is convinced that his pursuit of the gypsy chameleon has been ended by a mighty hand. But Esther (Lottie Pickford) and Hagar (Eugenie Forde) seem immediately to not Arthur, but, to enable him to make good his escape, they do not bar his way.

Arthur Stanley is now a hunted man, but meantime a net is being woven for Blair Stanley's capture. Miss Eble, as Hagar, obtains orders from the Sheriff's office to take money his mother had secreted behind a chimney. While hiding in the room, Blair overhears Hagar's offer to give up the proof she has of Blair's guilt.

Blair emerges, strikes down Hagar, leaving her for dead. It was the necessity of the moment and liberty seemed too sweet to this big hulk of a youth to let any obstacle be put in his way that might shut this sweetness out.

Hagar falls, striking her head against the chimney base. Blair draws her in, secures chamber behind the chimney, secures her hands in manacles and then departs, the second known Stanley to be a fugitive from justice.

Miss Buckingham, Blair's mother, returns to discover that Hagar has disappeared. Naturally, the Gypsy woman is accused of desertion and treachery, and Miss Buckingham registers quite clearly the mother's feelings that have been outraged.

In Stanley Hall the presence of Hagar is noted. Esther is discovered on the veranda of the big place awaiting her guardian's friend's return. Meanwhile the meandering ownership career of "The Diamond from the Sky" is made bit more tortuous by the appearance of a sky-gem was dropped in an owl's nest by Quabba's monkey, startled at the hurried return home of Mrs. Owl.

Fallen feathers at the base of the tree give to a little negro pig tender the clue to the owl nest. He hurriedly and with much glee shine up the tree, and he expected, there was the owl's nest—and the diamond from the sky.

The diamond becomes the boy's toy. In various hands has been this diamond, and, once in the long ago, was placed by a dying mother around the delicate neck of her girl child to be a charm against evil.

The fate of Hagar is the suspense-ending characteristic of this pictured novel, and the suspense is kept from the box office end for anyone who has seen this chapter will want to know how the mysterious, tangled ends of the story are to be united, or perhaps, made more complex as subsequent releases unfold this most absorbing photoplay.

Synopsis.—The fight, though uneven, is superb. It seems going against Arthur when at break-neck speed he rides his horse to the highest tier of the grand stand, jumps and escapes. Arthur comes upon a dead fox hunter, changes clothes with the body, and eludes the pursuers. Meanwhile, Hagar's detective discovers that the finger prints on the throat of the murdered Dr. Lee are not Arthur's, but those of Blair Stanley. Hagar rushes to Mrs. Stanley with the evidence, and Blair strikes her into unconsciousness. Then he hides her hand-dressed-form in the Stanley secret chamber and flees madly with the incriminating photographs of his own finger prints.

Not far away is a small colored boy driving a pig. He sees an owl's nest, clambers aloft after it and finds the gleaming diamond from the sky.

CORPSE IS VALUELESS.
Classified as Merchandise, It Presented Puzzle to Customs Collectors—Came From Mexico.

J. L. Westland, acting deputy collector at Andrade, had a difficult question to solve yesterday, and appealed to the local Collector of Customs for the answer to a tariff issue that, as Gen. Hancock once put it, was local in its operation.

A corpse was presented, en route from Mexico to Yuma, and the question was what rate of duty should be assessed. Under the provisions of the tariff law the value of goods in transit must be determined by the wholesale market price; another section is to the effect that if a shipment is abandoned, it must be kept by the collector for twelve hours.

The collector decided that the corpse was worthless unless the value was to be expressed in Mexican money, in which case it might be of some value; the casket was, of course, free of duty as it was the envelope in which the worthless goods was contained, and covered by the tariff rulings, but in order to get the corpse in free it was necessary to claim that it was merchandise.

There is a duty on caskets, as such, for the protection of American coffin-makers against the cheap peon labor of Mexico, but in this instance it was a casket, or a covering for merchandise.

'ATTORNEY-TRADER' BROKE.
R. A. Moore of No. 819 Fair Oaks avenue, Pasadena, who bills himself as an "attorney and trader," filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court yesterday. His debts, consisting of judgments against him in the Nichols court, notes, etc., are scheduled at \$14,959.89, all unsecured. The assets are valued at \$1846, all claimed to be exempt, consisting of his law library, notary seal, typewriter, two suits of clothes, eight pairs of shoes, one overcoat and two hats.

SHORTER SATURDAYS.
Regular summer vacation hours will prevail at the local land office, beginning with today, the office closing every Saturday at 1 o'clock until September 15.

PREPARE FOR FRENCH FETE.

ARMIES TO CELEBRATE FALL OF
THE BASTILLE.

Forty Societies of the Various Nationalities Involved with France in the War Announce Big Affair to be Given at Shrine Auditorium—Is 126th Anniversary.

The one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille will be celebrated this year at the Shrine Auditorium on July 14 by the French colony of Los Angeles and Southern California.

This celebration will be amplified by the co-operation of all the representatives of the allies and will surpass in splendor all similar fetes previously given in this city.

The fete will start at 2 p. m. sharp, and the programme will include speeches, music and patriotic exercises. On of the features will be an allegorical group representing the French and Belgian flags. These flags will be represented by 150 young girls in costumes, the red, white and blue for France and black, yellow and red for Belgium. The flag-staff will be represented by a girl in national costume. Each province of France will be represented by debutantes and Young matrons of the colony in its national dress.

The orchestra of the allies, which includes 100 musicians, recently organized in this city by Charles Winsel and directed by Nicolas Donatelli, will play the national hymns of the allies who are giving their concert for the allies.

In the evening at 8 o'clock a grand ball will take place, starting with the grand march, where all the allies participating will be dressed in the national costumes.

The proceeds will be given to the Red Cross, the price being 25 cents admission for the afternoon programme and 25 cents for the grand ball.

The Executive Committee of the French colony comprises Louis Sentou, French Consul, honorary president; Leon Curlet, president; Dr. Hector Alliot, vice-president; G. Bouvaron, treasurer; Maurice Fog, secretary; L. N. Brunswig, J. Castoro, J. Viole, L. Pedy and M. Bertrand, Jr., representing the nine French societies of Los Angeles.

The other societies participating are the Dames de France and de Belgique with Mrs. L. Sentous, Jr., as president, who are giving their concert for the allies. The American and Belgian Ambulance Society, recently established by the late Mme. de Page with Mrs. Rex Smith, has promised its support. Altogether forty societies will participate and the attendance will be a large one.

The estimation of the French colony of Southern California is over 20,000.

and a delegation will be sent from every part of the State to assist in this fete.

A Hungarian society of this city, sympathizers of the allies, has offered to assist and attend the fete.

**TOUGH PLACE FOR
ANY TENDERFOOT.**

A feature of next week's big national really convention that promises to be something of a sensation for the visitors from beyond the Rockies is the so-called "smoker" to be held at the Shrine Auditorium Monday night. The elaborate preparations for this event have been shrouded in mystery for some time, but yesterday Harry H. Culver, chairman of the committee which has the affair in charge, told enough to give an insight into the abandoned character of the entertainment to be provided.

The interior of the auditorium is to be transformed into a typical California mining town of the days of '48, and to carry out the illusion still further, all the members of the Los Angeles Realty Board will attend made up as miners, cowboys, Mexicans, Indians, Sheriffs, gamblers and desperadoes. The convention delegates, minus disguises, are to fit into the scheme as tenderfeet.

Every conceivable form of entertainment indulged in during the pioneer days of the Golden State will be represented. Faro dealers will entice the unwary into gambling halls. Roubert wheels in spin. Wild, unruly music will blare forth from the yawning doors of dancing saloons. It is even rumored that there will be a shooting-up of the town, and possibly a hanging. Polish in the way of realism will be given the proceedings by the presence in the "cast" of a number of well known motion-picture actors of the Wild West stamp.

BEDBUGS HIGH-PRICED.
Cost Life of Boy, Hands of Man, and Twelve Thousand Dollars Damages to Steamship Owners.

Just how expensive a visitation of bedbugs has been to the owners of the steamer St. Denis, controlled by the Lower California Development Company, a British corporation, is indicated in a decision rendered by the District Court of Appeal yesterday, in affirming the judgment of Superior Judge Guy in favor of Jose Faras in \$12,000 for injuries suffered by the plaintiff, a sailorman, while the ship was lying in the harbor at San Diego in March, 1907. The St. Denis plies in the San Diego and Ensenada trade.

On that occasion Faras and a boy were ordered by the captain to fumigate the forecabin, where the men slept, suffering from a visitation of bedbugs with either steam or gasoline. They used the latter and the evaporation of the liquid brought an explosion that caused the death of the boy and the loss of both hands on the part of Faras.

The jury awarded Faras \$12,000, which judgment the court reduced to \$12,000.

Special \$5 Coats



This assortment of broken lines is by far the most comprehensive we have offered in many years at this price. Even little one-year tots may be fitted, and all the way up to girls of fourteen. Tailored and fancy models, in the latest styles and colors—values range as high as \$12.50.

Trimmed Hats at Half Price

Charming little Models, trimmed in the best of taste. Panamas for Children also reduced. New assortments of Tams, White Corduroys, Balmacaans and the popular little Duck Hats with colored bands.

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Try a cup today at the Ghirardelli Pavilion at the entrance to the Zone.

Buy a can at your grocer's.

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\$5

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Imported Silk Mixed Crepe de Chine Shirts; newest cut, French cuffs.....	\$1.65	50c	Silk Hosi, reinforced, Black, tan, white and gray.....	32c
High Grade Madras and Pique Shirts; French cuffs, in all the newest patterns.....	\$1.35	35c	Silk and Linen mixed.....	24c
Madras and Cheviot Shirts, all fast color patterns, with French cuffs.....	\$1.15	50c	B. V. D. Shirts or Drawers.....	38c
Silk Mixed Solessees Pajamas in white and tan, with silk frogs.....	\$1.15	\$1.00	B. V. D. Union Suits.....	76c
Silk Mixed Solessees Pajamas, Best of newest designs and colors.....	\$1.35	\$2.00	Lisle Union Suits.....	\$1.15
		\$1.00	View 4 1/2-in-hand, great variety of newest designs and colors.....	65c

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Get Free Tickets at Our Office Today

If you cannot call, phone for them before 9 p.m. this evening. Excursion leaves our office promptly at 11 a.m. for GARDEN ACRES and the big Rabbit Barbecue.

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**MARY REPORT
IS PRESENTED.**

Back at Critics.

Suggests How to Trim Budget Effectively.

Around Three Millions Shortage are Many.

Woman Whitten of the Budget Commission received yesterday the full report of the Efficiency Commission classification, which President of the City Council said should be obtained. This report, however, was not obtained. Whitten announced that the report was not obtained as a reason for abolishing the Commission, covers a service from Mayor to the city. There are seventy-five different classifications and the report is supplemented by a list of the new paid in each classification.

In presentation to the Budget Commission, Chairman Whitten announced its adoption. It is not to be made "because of the report," but because of the investigation of the Efficiency Commission, which is a special committee of the City Council, scheduled for yesterday morning, was postponed a day because of the absence of Commissioner.

Mayor Burks of the Efficiency Commission also gave the Budget Commission a comprehensive analysis of the city's financial problem—an estimate of \$1,217,992 in requirements for the fiscal year. The report is a list of suggestions whereby the city's financial problem—estimated at \$1,217,992—may be trimmed \$1,000,000. The report is a list of suggestions whereby the city's financial problem—estimated at \$1,217,992—may be trimmed \$1,000,000. The report is a list of suggestions whereby the city's financial problem—estimated at \$1,217,992—may be trimmed \$1,000,000.

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Los Angeles Times

EVERY MORNING IN THE YEAR.
 Daily Sunday, Illustrated Weekly and Semi-Weekly.
 Founded Dec. 1881.
 Member, Class A, of the Associated Press. Transmits all news received. Day, 25,000; Night, 20,000; words transmitted, 6,000,000.

OFFICE:
 New Times Building, First and Broadway.
LOS ANGELES (Loco Ahmo-hay-ah)
 Entered at the Postoffice as mail matter of Class II.

TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.
CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.
 (At Home.) Industrial expansion continues on the upgrade, despite severe weather in many sections which hinders distribution. In the South a rosier future is predicted because of crop diversification. More money is being demanded by business centers, and especially for moving crops. Bank clearings showed a healthy increase over last week and last year as well. (For details see financial pages.)

GIVING EVEN.
 It is estimated that 100,000 young Canadians have come into the United States to evade war duty abroad. We hope they stay. They make fine citizens. Besides, it will let America get even for the numbers of good farmers which the Northwest has loaned to Canada.

THEY POSSIBLY COULD.
 The Chamber of Commerce suggests to the President, the Secretary of War and Gen. Scott that a second West Point be established somewhere west of the Mississippi River. Now we wonder if the same body could not suggest a good city where such an institution might be established.

MILES OF WELCOME.
 Delegates to the big real estate convention and to the federation of music clubs are arriving in trainloads. Los Angeles is all dressed up and has plenty to show. With half the world ready to turn us into melody and the other half putting its appreciation upon our real estate the city is not likely to be sold for a song.

EMPEY LIVES.
 The hunger of lives is always pathetic. The other day in New York a convicted man asked for eighteen months at Sing Sing, instead of ten months at a State Penitentiary, because in the former prison he would see a baseball game once a week and a moving picture show two or three times a year. The world is brimful of interest, but to find it people must bring it to the lavish richness within themselves.

INEFFECTUAL REGULATION?
 It has been discovered that two young women who were engaged in the illicit peddling of morphine were receiving 40 cents a grain for the drug. This is a double crime. Those who are entitled to an opiate under a doctor's prescription should not be forced to pay blood money in order to get it. Those who have no business with it should not be allowed to buy at any price. Possibly the government or the State could manage this by conducting its own dispensary.

BYRAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA OF FIFTY.

Poor President Wilson. The Times is so sorry for him. His newspaper heart bleeds for him. He thought that by a bit of strategy he had rid himself of the self-seeking and self-esteemed Pacificist of the Platte. He hugged himself with the delusion that no more would the raucous roaring of the grape-juice Chautauquan make life a burden to him.

Alas and alas for the vanity of human expectations. Bryan is at the White House door quoting Emerson to the distracted President—

"If the red slayer thinks he is slain,
 And if it is slain thinks he is slain,
 You little know my subtle ways.
 I turn and twist and come again."

On Tuesday next the windy and tireless one will make another endeavor—so reads the press dispatch—"to convert President Wilson to his views on mediation, arbitration and investigation." This, had as it is, is not the worst of it. "He will be accompanied by fifty of the most prominent labor-union leaders, who will endorse his schemes and present resolutions to that effect."

Among the prominent labor-union leaders Caplan and Schmidt will not be found. They are unavoidably detained in Los Angeles awaiting trial for what a Progressive contemporary courteously calls "the dynamiting of a newspaper office." It is doubtful also whether Gompers will be one of the fifty, for, since Sam watched on the Daburri hatters, he has not been so welcome at the White House.

But the fifty labor-union leaders—who will accompany Bryan and mix their mouthings with his—will be on hand. They will probably not pursue their customary methods. They will not call President Wilson a scab and a parasite, or even a tool of loathsome capitalism, if he declines to turn an attentive ear to their demands, and they will not slug him, for he will probably have a force of Capitol policemen in attendance. Besides, they will be in a pleasant frame of mind. At a cost of \$1000 or \$2000 to the plane pushers and hod carriers and seamstresses of New York City these fifty "labor-union leaders" will have enjoyed a trip to Washington, and a supply of terrapin and—grape juice, and a chance to rear up on their hind legs and empty into the Presidential ear a repetition of the Bryan refrain and a full exposition of what each one of the fifty does not know about the writings of Grothius and Vattel and Wharton and Hall.

And what good will they do? What good is Bryan doing to the cause of peace by his poignings and putterings? As Tom Marshall of Kentucky once said at a dinner at the Burnet House in Cincinnati when the guests called for green peas and the green peas were "out"—"Gentlemen may repeat the language of Patrick Henry and cry, 'Peace, peace, but there is no peace.'"

THE CIVIL SERVICE IDEA.

The Civil Service Convention held in Los Angeles this week has emphasized the slow but sure growth of the idea that public service should be governed by the same principles of efficiency and proficiency as private business. The civil service, as it has developed, is but a method of substituting merit for "pull" in the administration of public business affairs.

No system can take the place of the human and personal equation between the worker and his work; no scholastic examination or "practical test" can determine the real fitness of a given man for a given place. Yet the development and extension of civil service methods in our Federal government have worked a revolution in the administration of governmental business since the first measure was adopted in 1883. At the present time more than two-thirds of the more than 300,000 employees of the United States come under civil service rules and hold office by reason of service rendered to the government rather than of service paid to party or to individuals. The curtailment and the ultimate destruction of the "spoils" system has not only greatly increased the efficiency of service; it has also gone far toward eliminating graft and corruption in our politics. By reason of this change the President of the United States and the members of Congress may now devote their attention to public affairs rather than to the dispensation of private favors.

The extension of civil service principles to all branches of public service is but a question of time. Our larger cities have many of them already adopted some form of merit system as a means of salvation. While it has naturally met with strong opposition and is still far from general in its application, civil service has suppressed Tammany in New York City and "Pete" Barzen, the czar of Chicago, and the people of those cities are not likely to permit the re-establishment of the old misgovernment.

A number of States have already established civil service for State employees. New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Wisconsin, Colorado and California have led the way in this respect. A large number of counties are also putting their employees under civil service rules, either individually or under the State administration.

That civil service examinations and requirements may degenerate into a mechanical and lifeless form, in the hands of an injudicious management, has been demonstrated. At best, the scholastic and scientific tests are but methods of eliminating the unfit. The capacity and efficiency of an applicant can only be determined by the actual results in service. The high-school boy who passes the test with high standing may prove an utter failure when it comes to auditing accounts; while the veteran who fails to answer the questions or to come up to the set standard may be an invaluable public servant. The woman who cannot classify food values or give the chemical constituents of milk may have the genuine mother instinct which is the real qualification for an institutional worker. Still, the chances are large that, under the old system, the successful candidate might have no qualifications at all for the position except a relationship to somebody with a pull.

In an interesting article on "Civil Service and Common Sense" Francis Leupp declares that the civil service reform has now reached a stage where even an applicant for a consular position realizes that "he is expected to know something before he starts for his post and to do something after he arrives." There can be no question that a higher average of intelligence and efficiency is maintained among public employees and officials through the merit system of administration than was possible of attainment under the former methods of distribution as rewards for personal or party service.

MELON CUTTING BY EMPLOYERS.

All employers are not the predatory wealth owners and loathsome capitalists that union-labor delegates represent them to be.

The Ford Motor Company of Detroit devised a plan to share \$10,000,000 of its 1914 profits with its employees.

The Beecham Packing Company of Cambridge, N. Y., provides a protection fund for its sick and injured workmen and on the day before Christmas each year each employee finds in his pay envelope a slip showing his share of the cash distribution of the year's profits.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, N. H., gives to any employee who has worked for it for five years a building lot free and loans him, without interest, the money to build a house thereon. It takes a first and second mortgage on the house and lot for this loan. At the end of five years, if the occupant is still in the employ of the company, the second mortgage is canceled for a consideration of one dollar, and at the end of another five years, the first mortgage is canceled for the same consideration. If the employee dies during this time the house and lot become the property of his heirs clear of all encumbrances. The company also maintains parks, playgrounds, gymnasiums, skating ponds and swimming pools for the use of its employees.

The National Cash Register Company in Dayton, O., earns \$10,000,000 per annum and employs 15,000 workers. It plants and cares for flower gardens in its workmen's homes, builds schools for them and gives them free luncheons. It has also shortened their hours and increased their wages.

The United States Steel Corporation expends \$5,000,000 a year in bettering the condition of its 200,000 employees, increasing their safety and awarding them pensions for disability and old age. It also expends \$1,250,000 every year for sanitation, home care, general hygiene, schools, playgrounds, gardens, flowers and swimming pools. The minimum pension given an employee is \$12 a month, the maximum is \$100 and the average \$20 a month.

Henry J. Heinz of Pittsburgh gives pensions and pensions to his workmen.

The Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company of Yonkers, N. Y., shares its profits twice a year with 3500 workmen who have been in its employ for five years. Every man who has been employed more than five years gets a bonus of 5 per cent. of his earnings, and if he has worked more than ten years he gets 10 per cent.

The International Nickel Company, a \$82,000,000 concern, with mines in Canada

Perpetual Motion.



and a plant at Constable Hook, N. J., sells to its 4500 employees stock in the company, to be paid in installments, without interest. The stock pays 10 per cent. dividends. The dividends go to the purchasers as soon as the first installment is paid. The installments to be paid equal only half the amount of the dividends.

The Pullman Company of Chicago has 33,000 employees in its operating and manufacturing departments who draw pensions of 20 per cent. of their annual salaries and are retired when 70 years of age.

The International Harvester Company gives half pay for a year to sick or disabled employees. A year's wages to the family of an employee who dies in their service and two years' wages if he dies as the result of an accident, either on or off duty.

The Robert Gair Paper Manufacturing Company of Brooklyn, N. Y., gives every employee a life insurance policy just before Christmas each year. The company also maintains a hospital for sick and aged employees, and a lunch counter where coffee is free and lunch costs only one-half of what they would have to pay elsewhere.

There are hundreds of concerns throughout the country which share profits with their workmen.

How much of his \$7500 salary does the cockney anarchist Sam Gompers give to those who work for him? How much of his \$5000 salary does Eugene V. Debs give up?

What portion of his \$200,000 fee did Clarence Darrow yield to the families of the "poor boys" who are serving sentences for murder? Would anybody, with the aid of the most powerful microscope, be able to discover the donation to the sacred cause of labor made by Job Harrigan out of the \$15,000 he got?

WHO WILL PAY? AND WHEN?

On the 19th the British Parliament voted an additional war credit of \$1,250,000,000. This sum, added to those previously appropriated, makes a total of \$4,310,000,000 voted in Great Britain for war purposes during the last ten months. As her national debt previous to the war was \$3,537,000,000, Great Britain now owes \$737,000,000, nearly eight times as much as the United States, and as our population is more than double that of the United Kingdom, her debt is relatively nearly seventeen times as much per capita as ours. We owe about \$50 and Great Britain owes about \$550 per adult male. If the war lasts another year her debt will be \$1,400 per adult male, or twenty-eight times as much as the United States. Before the war the national debt of Austria-Hungary was equal to that of Great Britain, that of Russia was 30 per cent. greater, of Germany 40 per cent. greater, and that of France 70 per cent. greater. If, as is possible, the war expenses have increased the indebtedness of the other warring nations in like proportion to that of Great Britain, Austria now owes seventy times as much as the United States, Germany nine times as much, Russia eight times as much, and France more than ten times as much, and the debts are increasing at the rate of about \$2,000,000,000 per month.

Passimists ask, "How will this enormous indebtedness be paid? and when? and by whom?" Macaulay answered this question when he said that there is no analogy between the case of an individual who is in debt to another individual and the case of a society which is in debt to a part of itself. Those who predicted a hundred years ago that national bankruptcy must come to England because of her national debt made no allowance for the effect produced by the incessant progress of every experimental science and by the incessant efforts of every man to get on in life. They saw that the debt grew, and they forgot that other things grew as well as the debt.

England started her national debt in 1693 by providing for a loan of \$5,000,000 with a rate of 10 per cent. interest, which was to be reduced to 7 per cent. after 1700. After the contest with Louis XIV the debt was increased to \$250,000,000; after the war of the Austrian succession the debt rose to

\$400,000,000. William Pitt swelled the debt to \$700,000,000.

George Grenville, Minister of Finance, insisted that Great Britain must sink under this debt unless a portion of the load should be borne by the American colonies. The effort to tax the colonies resulted in increasing the debt to \$1,200,000,000 and without the colonies, whose help had been represented as indispensable.

Then came a series of wars which sprang from the French revolution, and in 1815 England owed \$4,000,000,000.

In ninety-nine years since then the debt of Great Britain was not increased until the outbreak of the present war, which in ten months has doubled it.

Macaulay, writing more than half a century ago, says, "A long experience justifies us in believing that England may in the twentieth century be better able to pay a debt of \$5,000,000,000 than she is at the present time to bear her load of \$4,000,000,000."

Well, she has the debt of \$2,000,000,000 and it is to be hoped that the great historian is right, and that all the warring nations will be able by some means to meet their national obligations and preserve their national credit, for it has been well said that "repudiation is the most oppressive form of taxation."

WHAT THEY THINK.

The German press in Germany are becoming almost as bitterly anti-American as some of the German papers in the United States.—(Boston Transcript.)

In view of the Japanese again demonstrated their unfitness to rank with the civilized powers by signing a treaty that assures peace in the Far East.—(New York World.)

Venice never will know what war is until a German submarine bobs up right in the middle of the main street and sinks a few gondolas.—(Philadelphia North American.)

The Kaiser's dependence on the Milwaukee vote looks like the biggest piece of political sagacity since Spain in '98 thought that the South wouldn't fight.—(Boston Transcript.)

In declining to be sunk by a mine or torpedo, the Nebraska was following the precedent set by another well-known Nebraska, who has been sailing in the political war zone for a number of years.—(Chicago Herald.)

The Kaiser's dependence on the Milwaukee vote looks like the biggest piece of political sagacity since Spain in '98 thought that the South wouldn't fight.—(Boston Transcript.)

In view of the Austrians' assertions, made when they lost Przemyel, that the city was of little importance, anyway, the Teutons seem to have gone to undue trouble to get it back again.—(Philadelphia North American.)

The captain of the United States navy on the active list just published are: Augustus Fechter, John Hooper, Gustav Kaasmeier, Emil Thelma, George Kline, Joseph Straus, E. W. Eberle, loyal Americans, all.—(Syracuse Post-Standard.)

The Office Boy's Chances.

[Leslie's.] Boys! "We are most particular about our office boys because they generally become heads of our departments." So testified that noted captain of industry, J. Ogden Armour, before the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, at Chicago. Let the office boy find in this his inspiration. He will be the future captain of industry, railroad or bank president, if he proves by his industry and integrity that he is worthy of promotion. The newspapers told the story recently of William B. Joyce, president of the National Surety Company of New York, who boasted that thirty-seven years ago he was a newsboy on the streets of Grand Rapids, Mich., getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning to shout his papers. He said: "I wouldn't wipe out that experience for thousands of dollars." There was no bar then limiting hours of service of boys and girls. There were no obstructions in the pathway of progress. There were no faddists, such as we have now, who believe that everyone's labor can be measured by precisely the same standard and that the law must fix the hours of service and minimum wage. It remains to be seen whether under these new-fangled notions, we will have the same sturdy independence, tireless industry and strong ambition that gave the office boy of other days the foundation for rapid advancement.

National Editorial Service.

TRUSTEES OF HUMANITY'S RIGHTS.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES BY GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY,

Kent Professor of Law, Columbia University.

THE publication of the President's third note to Germany, coming on the heels of Mr. Bryan's dramatic surrender of his portfolio, creates a tense and puzzling situation. The first emotion, on reading the note, is one of surprise at Mr. Bryan's course. The paper is courteous, even friendly, in expression and studiously moderate in tone. The worst that can be said of it is that it leaves the situation unchanged; the best, that it leaves the door open for further diplomatic negotiation.

Perhaps it is this very fact—that there is no difference between the worst and the best that can be said of it—that it makes no progress toward either a peaceful or a warlike settlement of the controversy with Germany—that makes it such an unsatisfactory performance.

The note will be disappointing to those who looked to the President, after many days of incubation, to produce some solution, or at least some suggestion, of a constructive character. They will argue that we cannot be kept hanging indefinitely between peace and war; that the mere reiteration of our position is a policy fraught with danger, inasmuch as it leaves the grave issue of peace or war for the people of the United States to the determination of the German General Staff; that it risks the rights of the neutral world and the sacred interests of humanity on the chance of Germany receding from the position she has taken in the face of our implied threat to compel her to do so.

This is, of course, the open secret of the mystery of Mr. Bryan's resignation. He sees, or thinks he sees, that the President's persistence in his present policy, so far from leading to a peaceful solution of the difficulty with Germany, is likely to lead us into war with that country, and he has at length become convinced that, unless constrained by public opinion, the President will adhere to that policy. So he resigns from the Cabinet in order to make his appeal to public opinion.

Now, whatever one may think of Mr. Bryan, this is an important public service. For this is, after all, a government of the people, and it is a monstrous perversion of the principles of popular government to leave the most vital issues of a nation's life—more vital than the tariff or equal suffrage or anything else that has come before the American people since the Civil War—to the uncontrolled determination of the President and his Cabinet. So I say that, in putting the issue between him and the President squarely before the American people, Mr. Bryan has rendered the greatest service of his whole public career. The issue is plain enough when once stated. It is simply this—Do we want a strenuous, a vigorous, an aggressive foreign policy, or one that seeks the accommodation of differences by friendly adjustment and conciliation. It is not a question of the sacrifice of national honor—except in the duellist's conception of the term; nor of the surrender of the rights of our citizens or of neutral rights generally or of the rights of humanity; it is the question merely of the method by which those rights shall be secured.

For there is another way, none the worse for the fact that Germany has more than once called our attention to it. We are, in a real sense, the trustees of neutral rights and of the sacred rights of humanity the world over. Can we not, for the moment and in the interests of that trust, forget our particular grievance, or, rather, merge it in the larger grievance of a public right wounded unto death, and take up the whole question of neutral and human rights as affected by the war?

Suppose, then, that the President, while retaining our position and expressing our confident expectation that Germany would desist from her illegal practices, had further invited her to a conference of the powers, belligerent and neutral, to see if some general agreement could not be reached as to the manner in which maritime warfare should hereafter be conducted during the present war and in future wars. That would at once have raised the question from the issue of a personal quarrel between the two nations to the higher plane of a world-wide issue involving consequences of vital importance to the whole human race. If, as a result of such a conference, the whole system of blockade, war zones and war by starvation should go by the board, along with the German submarine warfare on innocent commerce, humanity would have cause to mourn the loss. The mere effort to accomplish such a result would be an achievement worthy of a great and pacific people.

On the subject of the editorial, Hughes refusing to be so easily swayed by the date for the election, the President it is recalled that he had been of that court ever since Both Chief Justice Chase and Chief Justice Field invited the political bar to the White House were disappointed.

The English idea of humanity union question seems to be a heavier tax upon the imagination. Whenever anybody mentions the other regulation there the point to the evils of the system. When it comes to my sit up and take notice of it, but what there are worse than the German system.

RIPLING RHYMES.

THE GIRL GRADUATE.

In school, academy and college stands forth the modern cultured girl, her lovely head so stuffed with knowledge it fairly makes her tresses curl. We all lean back in admiration when she stands up to make her speech, the finest product of the nation, the one serene, unblemished peach. Behold her in her snowy garments, the pride, the honor of her class! A malediction on the varnishes who say her learning cuts no grass! "She hasn't learned to fry the mutton, she's not equipped to be a wife; she couldn't fasten on a button to save her sweet angelic life! With all her many fund of learning she's ignorant of useful chores; she cannot keep an oil stove burning so it won't smoke us out of doors. The man she weds will know disaster, his dreams of home and love will wither; she cannot make a mustard plaster, or put a poultice on a boil." Avarice, ye croakers, skip and caper, or we'll upset your apple-cart! The damsel rises with her paper on "Old Greek Gods and Modern Arts." So plods her in a grapejuice dagon! Who cares if she can sew or bake? She's pretty as a new red wagon, and sweeter than an old plum-cake.

WALT MASON.

Resignations of Cabinet Officers.

[Philadelphia Press:] There have been a great many resignations from Cabinets in the past, and Cabinet officials have had differences of opinion with the President on questions of domestic policy, but it has remained for Mr. Bryan to break with the President on a question of international controversy. It is the first time in the history of the country that a Cabinet officer has left his post because he could not approve the administration's foreign policy, which pretty much all the rest of the country has approved.

Ready for Him.

[Penny/Punch Bowl:] "Tomorrow, gentlemen," said the professor in a lecture on taking notes, "I will bring in my cards and show you my card system." Voice: O.K., Doc. Fetch some chips and we'll have a regular party.

Pen Points: By

The belligerents are now in a state of

bombs and the reports of the

have blown out the gas and

Why don't the allies

enemies by filling their

cuffs? Help, help!

The universal demand for

do away with some of the

That would help a lot.

The oak that Gov. Whitman

San Francisco will be a big

it has time to grow.

The war is costing England

day, not counting, of course, the

commodity, human life.

Some day a cook will

name for himself by refusing to

ward roof on a rhabarbar

Kind husbands whose wives

the shore for the summer and

watering the rubber plants.

Thomas A. Edison is now

attending baseball games, and

what is known as an electric

For a nation that can be

incessantly and still come back

still at the head of the parade

The nearer we get to World

more manifest the improvement

is sure to become. There is a

The English fleet in the

minds one very much of "Coney

It will be recalled that Coney

The average fat man does not

or his life is insured or not

lean individual to look out for

dividends.

The Waterbury Clock Com

thing double time to keep up

There must be a lot of people

to pass the time away.

The jury trial of the case

Thaw will be held next Tues

may be sure, but everybody

over the celebrated case.

Kansas claims that she will

wheat than ever before in her

has always been claimed that

won't grow in dry territory.

History and poetry are being

war. Gains of the Philanthro

barred by the Turkey. Wreath

were replaced after being

from their foundations!

Twenty-seven million men

just been sent to China by a

of manufacturers. No wonder

an easy time entering the

people addicted to the

haven't the nerve to fight.

The next thing on the

gramme will be the conven

tional Editorial Association

delegate will have his

old-fashioned editor who

"tripped" will also be in

Illinois will abolish the

which employers share the

by patrons to employees.

law. A man hates to give a

Coulter's Annual June Sale

Watch for New and Even More Tempting Bargains in Monday Morning Papers

\$1.50 Chiffon, Yard 75c

Chiffon in all colors, but short lengths; regularly \$1.50, 75c. 42 inches wide; in pink, sky, navy, green, flesh, white, orange and black; reg. \$2.25. **Embroidery Edges**—4 to 6-inch widths; for collars and cuffs; on sale Saturday only; reg. 20c, yard.10c (Embroideries: Main Floor)

—Home of Ostermoor Mattresses— —McCall Patterns—
Coulter Dry Goods Co.
(Founded in 1878.)
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

50c Ribbons, Special, Yard 20c

Values here to and including fifty cents yard; beautiful all-silk warp prints and stripe ribbons, from 1/2 to 6 inches wide; a splendid opportunity to secure really fine ribbons at an inconsequent price; on sale Saturday for, yard20c (Ribbons: Main Floor)

The Finest Lingerie in the June Sale at Remarkably Attractive Reductions

The finest combinations, boudoir caps, women's pajamas and French hand-embroidered combinations that it has been our good fortune to offer you in a long while, are ours now to at such enticingly low prices as the following:

Combinations		Boudoir Caps		Women's Pajamas	
Now.	Were.	Now.	Were.	Now.	Were.
Hand-embroidered combinations.	\$1.00	75c	35c	2.00	\$1.25
Hand-embroidered combinations.	\$1.25	1.00	65c	2.50	\$1.75
Hand-embroidered combinations.	\$1.75	\$1.75 to \$2.50	\$1.25	In Crepe	\$1.50
Hand-embroidered combinations.	\$2.50	\$5.00	\$3.50	Outing Flannel	\$1.25
Hand-embroidered combinations.	\$3.50			Eden Cloth	\$1.75
Gowns		Messaline Slips		Princess Slips	
75c	50c	Pink, blue and yellow.	\$3.50	3.50	\$2.00
1.00	75c			3.75	\$2.25
1.50 and 1.75.	1.00			4.00	\$2.50
2.25	1.50			6.00	\$3.00
3.00	2.00			8.75	\$5.00
3.75	2.50				
5.00	3.50				



Thousands of Yards Colored Wash Goods Are on Sale Today at One-Half Price

A remnant sale of colored wash goods; not mill ends or seconds, but odd pieces from our own regular stocks, that have been selling at 25c to \$8.50 a yard; here in lengths from 1 1/2 to 8 yards, at half and less than half:

Ginghams	Ratines	Crepes
Dimities	Linens	Fancy Suitings
Batiste	Lawns	Poplins

Any piece in the collection, which is a remnant length, will be out on special sale Saturday for exactly half usual marked prices.

(Wash Goods: Rear South Aisle)

Bedding Specials for Today and Monday

\$7.50 Felt Mattresses, \$4.95 —full size; full thickness; art tick and roll edge; not a \$15 Ostermoor Mattress, but a splendid value at \$7.50; today and Monday..... \$4.95	\$5 Fancy Blankets, \$3.95 —all colors; pretty designs; fast colors; to be used like a cotton comforter; the \$5.00 grade, each \$3.95 —the \$3.50 grade, each..... \$2.95
\$2.50 Bungalow Blankets, \$1.95 Pr. —white, tan or gray; single ones at \$1 each; or by the pair \$1.95 (Bedding: Rear South Aisle)	\$5 Plaid Blankets, \$3.90 —wool mixed; full size. \$5 Indian Blankets, \$3.90 —typical designs; splendid quality.

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—white, tan or gray; single ones at \$1 each; or by the pair \$1.95 (Bedding: Rear South Aisle)

Dollar Sale of Dress Goods

offer the following much under-

staple dress goods for Saturday's

Black Gabardine Suiting; regularly

Black Bedford Cord Suiting; regu-

Black Satin Stripe Suiting; regu-

Black Navy French Serge; regu-

Black Check Suiting; regularly \$2.00.

At a dollar a yard these goods represent

of from 50 cents to a dollar on every

you purchase, and money could not be

upon dress goods to better advantage.

(Dress Goods: Broadway Annex)

\$1.75 Silk Hose, \$1.50

Woman's pure thread silk hose; four-inch garter

with stay welt; guaranteed not to run from

the best of makers; shown in black and white only;

including \$1.75 quality, special Saturday, pair

(Hosiery: Main Floor)

Decided Reductions in Spring Suits

Now Marked \$13.75 and \$16.75

It would seem that no fashionable material is missing from this collection of

styles in late spring tailored suits—poplins, gabardines in navy, Belgian,

black, black-and-white checks, gray and white, black and white stripes; in

a wide diversity of styles that selection simmers down to choosing the most

style for your particular needs—

Suits formerly \$20.00 to \$25.00, now \$13.75

Suits formerly \$25.00 to \$32.50, now \$16.75

Suits at \$21.75—a wonderfully wide selection, such as gabardines, poplins

and waxes in the popular colors—black and white, checks, gray mixtures and

in tan; a few pongees, too; values \$35 to \$40 in this lot—and some spe-

cial purchases are included which would ordinarily sell for as high as \$42.50 and

all at \$21.75 (Garments: Second Floor)

Big Bargains in Fine Handkerchiefs

Handkerchiefs good for graduating gifts or for

of 20c sheer embroidered handkerchiefs. 3 for 25c

of 35c handkerchiefs, on special sale now 25c

of 50c handkerchiefs, on special sale now 25c

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Black and Colored Dress Goods, Silk Remnants at Half

Another of those popular sales of short lengths of the silks, dress goods, corduroys and velvets which have found greatest sale during the time since we held our last remnant sale. These offerings come so frequently that it is impos-

Limited Quantity' Extra Special Saturday Combinations

Upon which, because of the radical reductions in price, we can fill no mail or telephone orders—and can sell but one combination to a customer—

With any purchase of a 10c bar of Toilet, Bath or Laundry Soap, we will give without extra charge a 5c Turkish Knit Wash Cloth.

With every purchase of a 35c box of Java Rice Powder we will give free a 10c wool powder puff; powder comes in assorted shades.

A white Ivory Hair Brush, regularly \$2.50; and a white ivory comb, all coarse or coarse and fine teeth; regularly 75c; total value of \$3.25 \$1.85

Plate Glass Shelves complete with brackets, 5x24, value \$1.25; glass towel bar, complete with posts, 3/4x18, value 75c; the \$2 combination \$1.00

Six spools Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton; regular 5c spools; any size or color; one paper of Millwards' or Roberts' 5c Sewing Needles, any size; and one 5c nickel-plated Thimble; total value 40c; special 25c.

Automobile Restaurants — ranging in price from \$8 to \$25, fitted for 3, 4 and 6 people; with any purchase of one of these we will include without extra charge all icy Hot Vacuum Bottles to completely fit the case purchased.

With every purchase of a 50c can of O-So-Easy Cedar Oil Polish we will sell our 75c Easy-Slip-On Polishing Mop, fully treated, for 50c

A set of six Knives and six Forks, 16 dwt., every set carrying a Coulter guarantee—with every set sold at \$8.50 to \$10.75 a set we will give without extra charge a set of six of our very best teaspoons to match, regularly \$4 a dozen; four patterns to choose from—Jefferson, Shirley, Vintage and Queen Helena.

With every purchase of 25c or more at our Notions Section Saturday we will give without extra charge, while they last, one 10c package of Yeiser Hooks and Eyes.

With every purchase of \$1 or more in our Toy Section we will give without extra charge Saturday a 25c Kewpie doll.

Carden Vegetable Soup
Baked Barracuda, Italian Sauce
or
Creamed Turkey with Sweet Peppers.
Baked Potatoes New String Beans
Combination Salad
Ice Cream Demi Tasse
(Fourth Floor)

Today's 50c Luncheon

Served in our spacious Fourth Floor Cafe, away from dust and noise; prompt, efficient, intelligent service—first-class food, properly prepared for summer requirements—

Trimmed Hats on Sale \$2.50 in Values to \$12.50, for

From a less reliable store than Coulter's such a reduction would lead you to fancy we were misrepresenting the values concerned. When it comes time to reduce stock here we take no half-hearted measures—instead, we offer the choicest spring and summer models in ready-to-wear hats at such a price that no woman in search of a new piece of headgear can longer hesitate.

Look for black, navy, brown, sand, Belgian blue—trimmed daintily with fancies, flowers, ribbon, fruits, etc., choice \$2.50 (Millinery: Main Floor)

Ribbon Remnants 1/2 Values 5c to \$5 a Yard

These ribbon remnants are fully as good bargains in their way as are the frequent clearances of silk remnants which this house offers.

They serve to keep stocks clean and fresh, and assortments varied—lengths here from 1/2 to 8 yards, and values from 5c to \$5.00—gorgeous embossed velvets, brocaded velvets, Ottoman and Dresden designs; warp prints, Jacquards and in fact all kinds of ribbons will be represented—taken from our own stocks; at Half (Ribbons: Main Floor)

\$2.50 to \$3.50 Shopping Bags \$1.95

Not a lot of left-overs or undesirable shapes, leathers and sizes; on the contrary, the newest and most popular—real pin seal, morocco and India goat leathers.

The assortment came to us from a manufacturer who had just this little lot of which to dispose at a loss, hence the reductions we can offer to today's fortunate purchasers; special \$1.95 (Leather Goods: Main Floor)

Coulter Special 18c Pillow Cases 13 1/2c

Pillow Cases—torn size 42x36; soft finish; regularly 18c, special today, each. 13 1/2c

Bed Sheets — torn size 72x90; finished with one and three-inch hems; soft finish; no seam in center; made of Coulter's Special muslin; regularly 70c, each 49c

Bed Sheets—torn size 81x90; regularly 75c, on special sale today, at, each. 59c

During the June Sale, all sheets, cases, sheeting, casing and pillow case tubing are offered at radical reductions; the sale closes Monday night—will you make your selections today or Monday, and save accordingly?

(Domestic: Rear South Aisle)

Neckwear 15c; 2 for 25c

Pretty, stylish rolling collars, collar and cuff sets, flat collars, turnovers, stocks, Ascots, Windsor ties, maline and lace neck frills, jabots and similar articles of neckwear; to be closed out at just 15c; two for 25c.

(Neckwear: Main Floor)

Very Special Reductions in Fine Housekeeping Linens for Today

The linens needed for every-day practical uses; if your requirement is for more decorative pieces we have them in stock at similar reductions—

Bed Spreads—in Marseilles patterns; 81x90; heavy crocheted hemmed spreads; regularly \$1.75, for \$1.15

Crash Toweling—2000 yards of all-white, very soft glass or hand toweling; will not shed lint; cut into 5-yard lengths; Saturday 37 1/2c

Huck Towels—100 dozen, all white; very soft and absorbent; perfect towels; no seconds; per dozen 79c

Bath Towels — extra heavy double thread bath towels; with fancy red and blue stripe borders; regularly 20c, ea., 18c

Table Linens—200 yards of 64-inch fine mercerized damask; a real value at 50c; on Saturday, yard 37 1/2c

Other specials by the score, equally as good as the ones detailed here.

(Linens: Rear South Aisle)

Valley and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top—Los Angeles County News.

the body was removed to the morgue, in Hollywood. The body was found in a blue serge suit, a soft hat, low shoes and a gray shirt with a silver cufflink. It weighed about 125 pounds. The upper teeth were of gold.

Inside the husband was found a "Please do not make any public statements" that the man intended to go away with all means of identification. It was shown by the fact that the man had been tied off the hands of the revolver. His clothes had been cleared of all papers and distinguished marks.

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Valley's Prosperity
Harmony.

Recommended as a Solution.

COLLEGE WEDDING
CEMENTS ROMANCE.

POMONA PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER MARRIES DAKOTA MAN AT CLAREMONT.

CLAREMONT, June 18.—Miss Gertrude Bacon, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. F. A. Bacon of Claremont, was united in marriage with Harold Lawrence Chaffee, son of the late H. F. Chaffee, a wealthy financier of Minneapolis, Minn., tonight at the Claremont Congregational Church.

The wedding was the culmination of a college romance which began about four years ago, when they were both students at Oberlin College. It is quite a romantic coincidence that Mr. Chaffee's father and mother also met at Oberlin for the same reason. There was also a college romance.

Dr. Henry Kingman, pastor in Claremont for many years and an old friend of the family, officiated at the inspiring ceremony and was assisted by President James A. Blaisdell.

Immediately after the service the bride and groom received the congratulations and best wishes of a few of their most intimate friends at the reception held at the lovely Bacon home on Harvard avenue.

Shortly afterwards they left on their wedding journey, first going north to St. Paul, Minn., and then to the west coast to visit the exposition. From there they go East stopping on the way at the Glacier National Park for a week. The couple will make their home in Amelia, North Dakota.

The groom's father, H. F. Chaffee, was a prominent financier of the Northwest and was at the head of a large land company, controlling vast tracts of wheat land in North Dakota. After his death the estate was divided because of the large land interests involved, but instead was incorporated into the Amelia and Sharon Companies. For the past three years the son has been fitting himself to succeed his father in control of the company, and to that end has been active as secretary for the company. He is now prepared to take over the management and will do so immediately upon his return to the East.

Enjoy a dip in the surf or bay at Coronado Beach.—[Advertisement.]

WINKS AN EYE, GETS CENSURE.

Brotsky up Against Recall at Redondo Beach.

Fight Waxen Warm as Election Day Approaches.

Minister's Letters Boomerang from Cleveland.

Redondo Beach.

Redondo Beach, June 18.—As a result of a sermon by Rev. W. P. Hardy recently to the effect that the recall of City Trustee Harry Brotsky was a moral issue for the city that should be settled by the elimination of politics, were forcibly brought to the minister's mind tonight by Mr. Brotsky, who read letters of Mr. Rev. Hardy in a political meeting. The letters purported to admit that the latter knew nothing of the recall of Brotsky.

Mr. Brotsky preceded the reading of the letters by an explanation of how they came into his possession. They were written to A. S. Gregg, head of the American Civic Union Association of Cleveland, O. Mr. Gregg is an old-time acquaintance of Mr. Brotsky, and wrote to Mr. Hardy asking about the assertion coming from the minister that the City Trustee's recall was a moral issue.

According to Mr. Brotsky's statement tonight in the meeting in the pavilion, Rev. Mr. Hardy said in one of his letters to Mr. Gregg: "I do not know that he has opposed State or national prohibition. I do not think he was active in the State campaign. I do not know of his drinking or being immoral. I do not know of his directly opposing the church or doing anything against me personally."

CLUBS HIS LETTERS.

Mr. Brotsky said also that, after receiving the bundle of correspondence, he called upon Rev. Mr. Hardy and confronted him with the letters. He said that Mr. Hardy asserted that he said about Mr. Brotsky was hearsay.

It is rumored here that Mr. Hardy will reply to Mr. Brotsky's statements regarding the correspondence from the pulpit Sunday.

The feature of the recall election so far has been the publication of the "Booster's Club" of a political poster entitled the "Recall Ring-tailed Tipster." Gems and heart-strings of literature and humor, some paraphrased from Shakespeare and some written by the name of plume, "Lemon Ade, cousin to George," in a fair aping of the famous humorist's style.

Another burst of humor is to be found in a column of make-believe "want ads" in which pick at the follies of Mr. Brotsky's opposition without mentioning names.

NAUGHTY WINK.

One of the charges brought against Mr. Brotsky in a political meeting held last night in the pavilion was that he used his office for political purposes. Dr. Palmer, one of the three candidates against the Trustee, said that, "while in the meeting of the Board of Trustees Mr. Brotsky sat in his chair, winking at his followers for the sole purpose of showing the people that he was on the job, while he should be meeting with members of the Finance Committee to aid in auditing accounts. According to Dr. Palmer, Mr. Brotsky would then say that the meeting was a 'star chamber' session, to which he was not admitted."

Dr. Palmer also said that Mr. Brotsky had an irritating habit of "picking at the Trustees and other people that he did not agree with him or his opponents." This, said Dr. Palmer, was the Trustee's method of creating

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Long Beach.

SWISS LANDERS SAILING SOUTH.

Going to Test Magdalena Bay's Farming Soil.

Guatemala Swarming with Locust Clouds.

Cruiser Chattanooga Going to Long Beach.

ZANJERO INJURED IN AUTO WRECK.

DANGEROUS CROSSING CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM NEAR COVINA.

COVINA, June 18.—Edward Matney, zanjero for the Anual Irrigation Company, lower Covina district, was struck by a Pacific Electric car at Irwindale avenue at 8 o'clock this morning and lies seriously injured at the Good Samaritan hospital. At 4 o'clock this afternoon he was operated upon as a result of a fracture of the spine. The accident occurred when Matney attempted to cross the car line in a machine which he had purchased the day before. The machine was demolished, and carried for a distance of 200 yards, by the car. Matney was picked up by the car crew and taken to Los Angeles.

The zanjero is one of the best-known men in the valley, belonging to an old family here, and has been distributing water for irrigating companies for many years.

This is the third serious accident which has occurred at the intersection with the railroad in the past few months in this valley. The place where the accident occurred is considered the most dangerous in the valley, as the orange groves hem in the vista from every side.

Home-grown vegetables, eggs, chickens, etc., at Arrowhead.—[Advertisement.]

TO OPEN LIME KILNS.

COLTON, June 18.—The lime kilns at Colton are soon to be reopened, according to J. T. Fleming, general manager of the California Portland Cement Company, who was in the city today. It is the intention to convert mill A into a lime plant, the mill for building lime being on the increase, and the industry will be a permanent one. At first but twenty men will be employed in this branch of activity at the plant, but the number will be increased as more orders come in. An immense rock-crushing machine, costing \$100,000, and the work on this, together with the preparations for the lime plant, make Colton a veritable hive of industry, although the cement-making department is not running to capacity. The increase in variety and volume of products means much to the city of Colton.

"Hotel del Coronado" is cool.—[Advertisement.]

MYSTERIOUS WRECK.

LONG BEACH, June 18.—A report reached here through the Sheriff's office tonight that Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Weston and little daughter were seriously injured in an auto wreck in Soledad Canyon. They had been staying at Willow Springs Hotel and presumably were taken here after the accident. The Sheriff's men found parts of the wreckage scattered about, but the party had gone. There was no telephone communication possible tonight. The family lives at No. 574 Nebraska street, this city.

Do not return home without seeing "Hotel del Coronado".—[Advertisement.]

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TRUSTEES REORGANIZE.

Sierra Madre Board Fills Vacancy And Elects New President—Another Member Resigns.

SIERRA MADRE, June 18.—A. V. Griggs was elected as trustee in place of Mayor J. M. Beard, who resigned recently, by the Board of Trustees last night. Atty. F. D. R. Moore was elected chairman. L. E. Steinberger, who has served the city longer than any other trustee, resigned.

Griggs was the candidate selected by the Merchants' Association. The board as it now stands consists of a ranchman, merchant, lawyer, and real estate agent. An effort is being made to have a politician or professional man fill the latest vacancy of Steinberger.

Every hotel accommodation at Arrowhead. Splendid cuisine.—[Advertisement.]

MYSTERY COUPLE CAUSE GOSSIP.

PASADENA PAIR HIDE IN DARK PLACES AND WATCH.

Tongues Awag Over Incident of Residence Section—Body of Stanford Student on Way Home.

Undertakers Not Wanted on the Principal Streets.

LOUDEST SWARM.

In addition to general hard times in Guatemala, swarms of locusts are devastating that country, according to a letter received today from Miss Cora Williams. Friends of the mission and a teacher of a girl's school in Chiquila, a city in the central portion of that country. The letter was received by Mrs. L. Morgan, No. 325 Stanley avenue, a sister.

The summer season down there has been very hot and productive of much disease. Now that the rainy season has begun and crops are beginning to appear, clouds of locusts are alighting on the green fields, leaving them bare in a few hours. One swarm noticed by Miss Williams darkened the sun and was almost three hours in passing. Between the locusts, the European and Mexican wars, and the general disposition of the people to work, food is extraordinarily high in Guatemala.

REACH BRIEFS.

Word has been received by Mayor Wheaton that the Cruiser Chattanooga, will represent the Federal Government at the unveiling of the Lincoln memorial monument in Pacific Park on July 4. The cruiser will appear off this city, coming from San Diego, where she is now stationed, on July 2, and will stay for three days. A salute of twenty-one guns will be fired as the statue is dedicated.

A rush for reservations at the local hotel has come as a result of the warm spell of the last few days, and bonfires and others are looking forward to a proper season. Manager William P. Nestle of Hotel Virginia is being besieged with requests for reservations from all over the country. Members of the two societies which hold conventions here this month have reserved about fifty suites. A large number of persons returning from San Francisco exposition are coming here for the summer.

INVITED TO ORATE.

BY DISTRICT WIRE—(SPECIAL DISPATCH).

SANTA BARBARA, June 18.—Capt. Frederic, former District Attorney of Los Angeles county, has been invited to deliver the Fourth of July oration in Santa Barbara. Capt. Frederic rolled up a big vote in the recent gubernatorial election and has a host of admirers here who urge his acceptance.

STUDENTS GET PRIZES.

Many Enjoyed Graduation Exercises at St. Vincent's College.

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of the affair was the playing of an orchestra composed of an accordion, several combs, a coffee grinder, two cymbals and a big bass drum.

In the tableau, "Something old, and something new, something borrowed and something blue," the parts of the bride and groom were taken by Miss Lucy Woolley and George Riley. "Strange" things were sold at the mystery booth, and after much singing and other methods of entertainment, the guests had a "square meal" at the "Dew Drop Inn," for which the charge was 10 cents. The affair was in charge of Mrs. T. J. de Haaf, Kaler and J. A. Ross.

CITY BRIEFS.

Hon. John Perry Wood of the Superior Court has been elected president of the California Club at James H. Howard, Assistant City Attorney, elected first vice-president, and Horace Vedder was chosen as second vice-president. Herbert Childs was named as treasurer, and J. Gamble Richard as secretary. The Hotel Maryland clubhouse proposal was accepted. The new clubrooms will occupy a space of 30x40 feet in the east wing of the hotel. It will probably be divided into a library, lounge and billiard room.

The condition of W. A. Cowherd, distinguished lawyer and ex-Congressman from Kansas City, who lies in Los Angeles Sanatorium at the point of death, was said to be a little better last night. While no hope is entertained for his recovery, it was believed that he would pass through the night and perhaps linger a few days longer.

Hotel Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena.—[Advertisement.]

COMES TO GRIEF.

SANTA BARBARA, June 18.—Traveling for adventure across country on brake beams, B. Jacobs, young brother of Dr. Louis H. Jacobs of Philadelphia, fell under a Southern Pacific freight train and has his left leg crushed off below the knee. His companion, Edward Schurs of Philadelphia, had a narrow escape from like mishap. Both are well supplied with money and explained their brake beam ride was merely undertaken as a frolic.

Tennis, mountain climbing and other diversions at Arrowhead.—[Advertisement.]

MRS. PECKHAM DIES.

SAN JOSE, June 18.—Mrs. Little Cross Peckham, formerly a resident of Los Angeles, and a noted author and poet, died here June 11 and her body was taken to Oakland and interred there. Her poems have been published here at various times and deals largely with California subjects and atmosphere. She took much interest in civic and political affairs. Her acquaintance in Los Angeles was extensive.

Follow the throngs this summer and go to Coronado Beach.—[Advertisement.]

A lecture on "Fraduice" will be given by Rabbi Isidore Myers in the Blanchard Hall tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

ON PREJUDICE.

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BRENTWOOD PARK

When Los Angeles has her million will you be one to regret you did not buy a home site when you could—and so easily?

Brady-Janus Co.
Main 1371, Home 10028.
320 Pacific Electric Bldg.
Branch at Brentwood Park

SERVE FRUITS....

COOLING, tasty and healthful; delicious Figs, Mountain Peaches, Apricots and Cherries, Ice Cold Canned Melons, Extra Sweet Cantaloupes, Sugar Corn, Green Okra, etc.

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Back East Excursions.

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Chicago	\$72.50	New Orleans	70.00
Dallas	53.00	New York	70.00
Houston	62.50	Omaha	110.70
Kansas City	62.50	Omaha	60.00
Memphis	60.00	St. Louis	120.50
Montreal	70.00	St. Paul	70.00
	110.70	Toronto	72.50
		and others	98.50

on sale certain days in June, July, and August.
Return limit, three months—not to exceed Oct. 31, 1915.
These tickets are strictly first class.
—when you get step off and visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Santa Fe City Offices
319 So. Spring Street
Phone any time day or night—60517—Main 718

Keen Kutter Exhibit Praised by Hundreds of Hardware Merchants

The letter reproduced above was chosen at random from a large number which have been voluntarily written by hardware dealers in praise of the KEEN KUTTER Exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building.

Besides these written expressions, word-of-mouth praise is being voiced by thousands of viewers of this rare contribution to the Exposition.

No picture or word description could do justice to a display so unusual in its conception, so ingenious in its movement, and so artistic in its execution. All made of Hardware. Come, with expectation at the highest pitch, and still you will be amazed at this "moving marvel" of Tools, Cutlery and Farming Implements.

The hardware merchant, even if he comes from afar, will feel himself amply repaid for his trip if he will accept this cordial invitation to view this Exhibit and learn the worth of the famous KEEN KUTTER Line.

Simmons Hardware Company
Manufacturers and Distributors
St. Louis New York Philadelphia Toledo Minneapolis St. Paul Chicago

Other Quotations:

"The Simmons Hardware Company's exhibit is not only the finest, but the most wonderful on display."
Fresno Hardware Co., Fresno, Cal.

"Your exhibit is really the only attraction—more people at your exhibit than in any other part of building."
Chas. Brown & Sons, San Francisco, Cal.

"Too much can't be said in praise of your wonderful exhibit of Keen Kutter Goods."
San Jose Hardware Co.

Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

MUNICIPAL ROAD IS NOW FOR SALE.
COUNCIL TO OFFER FRANCHISE AND TEAR UP TRACK.

Public Utilities Committee Urges Abandonment of Line in South Park Avenue at One Time Designed to Become Part of City's Railroad to Harbor.

For sale, cheap, one bit of worthless municipal railway line. Owner retiring from business. Address, Public Utilities Committee, City Hall.

Funeral arrangements for the little South Park avenue link in the municipal railroad to the harbor were discussed yesterday by the Public Utilities Committee of the Council and the committee recommended that the city advertise for sale a franchise for a double track railway from Thirtieth and San Pedro streets, along San Pedro street to South Park avenue and on south to Slauson or Manchester avenue.

Conforming with the suggestions of the Public Utilities Board, the committee recommended that the franchise be not to exceed twenty-one years and the city will reserve the right to purchase the line upon due notice. This line came into possession of the city about seven years ago and has been leased to the yellow car lines for nominal rental with the idea of eventually making it a part of the proposed municipal line to the harbor. In the meantime, residents of that part of the city have been clamoring for better service and for street improvements. The city could not afford to lower the tracks and pave that portion of the street. The Los Angeles Railway Company would not spend its road money on municipal tracks under lease while the people living south of Slauson avenue have called in vain for extension of street car service.

If the city succeeds in selling the franchise, the present tracks and ties will be torn up and stored. Representatives of the Los Angeles Railway Corporation have informed the Council that it would bid on the franchise and lay grooved, girder rails, with ties of sufficient length to permit the city to lay a third rail at some future time for reasonable charge.

Action on the request of the Los Angeles Railway for permission to maintain a spur track at Third and Berendo streets was delayed by one week. This track is wanted in order to haul dirt to fill private property in that neighborhood. The committee will visit the site before acting on the request.

The Utilities Committee recommended to the Council that the Pacific Electric Company be required to remove immediately the spur track crossing Exposition boulevard near West Thirtieth street.

FOR NEW VIADUCT.
COUNCIL ORDERS PLANS.

Plans for the new Fourth-street viaduct to extend from Central avenue to Boyle avenue over a large part of the industrial district were ordered by the City Council yesterday. The City Engineer was also instructed to include in these plans the approaches from the streets running north and south between the ends of the viaduct and the Council suggested that the Public Utilities Board and the Board of Public Works co-operate with the City Engineer with a view to hastening completion of the plans. The report of the City Engineer will outline a tentative assessment district and suggest the proportion of the cost of the viaduct to be borne respectively by the assessment district, the steam and electric railroads and the county.

Harbor Traffic Changes.

Solution of traffic problems in the harbor district incidental to the Harbor-boulevard improvement now under way was promised by the Pacific Electric yesterday. The route will be changed so as to avoid crossing the tracks across the boulevard. The situation was discussed by members of the City Council, Harbor Commission, Public Utilities Board and the Board of Public Works, and the question of opening First street from Front street to the water front was also considered. Representatives of the Pacific Electric promised to submit a letter today showing in detail the proposed changes in routing through the harbor district, and final action was postponed until this letter is received.

Differences Submitted.

Sitting as a board of arbitration yesterday, the Public Utilities Board listened to a controversy between the Pacific Electric Railway and Arthur White, a Hollywood contractor, over a bill for raising trolley wires one night last March to permit White to move a house across Hollywood boulevard. The contractor put up \$75 in advance to cover the cost of moving the wires and the company submitted a bill for \$21 more. Mr. White contended that the bill was "double" and the Pacific Electric representatives said it was all right. The question was taken under advisement by the board. Transportation Engineer Howell's supplementary viaduct report was held over until the next meeting of the board.

To Protect Interests.

W. B. Matthews, special counsel for the water department, told the Public Service Committee and Budget Committee of the Council yesterday that an appropriation of \$10,000 is needed to resist attempts on the part of private power companies to gain possession of power sites in the Long Valley region in the north end of Owens River Valley. Mr. Matthews says that it will jeopardize the city's aqueduct and power interests if private power companies gain foothold there. The Budget Committee will likely allow the appropriation.

Rates are Fixed.

Mayor Rose signed the ordinances fixing gas and telephone rates yesterday. The gas rate is fixed at 66 1/2 cents for 100 heat units, quality and automatically drops to 57 cents when the quality falls below standard. Telephone rates remain as at present, but all free telephones in business houses are to be supplied by coin-in-the-slot instruments.

More Paving.

A petition for improvement of Poinsettia place was granted by the City Council yesterday and the City Engineer was instructed to prepare ordinances for improvement of Irolo, Ardmore and Kingsley drive between Wilshire boulevard and San Marino street.

The City Engineer was instructed yesterday to prepare an ordinance of intention for resurfacing First street and to provide for shifting the street-car tracks to the middle of the street between Spring and Los Angeles streets.

SAYS EXPOSE IS ALL "FRAME-UP."
DOCTOR'S DEFENSE TO WIFE'S SUIT FOR DIVORCE

Found at Hotel with Another Woman, Declares He Knew Trap was Laid and Went to Investigate. Memorandum of Evidence Given Witness Beforehand is Factor.

Two features of the Haigh divorce suit, which was taken under submission by Judge Shenk yesterday on the question of the admissibility of evidence, may play an important part in determining whether Mrs. Titania C. Haigh is granted a decree from Dr. Frederic Haigh.

Mrs. Haigh alleged Dr. Haigh mis-conducted himself at the Watson Hotel March 13 last with one Mrs. R. C. Williams. She testified she was a member of the party which surprised her husband in the company of the woman and was corroborated by a private detective and others. The doctor, according to his attorney, did not deny he was at the hotel, but he charged a trap had been laid for him and he went to investigate it. He did not take the stand in his own defense, but merely testified as to the value of his property, which he said was \$32,500. Mrs. Haigh said he told her he was worth \$100,000.

While Dr. Haigh charged he had been made the victim of a frame-up, Mrs. Haigh showed by F. M. Webb, an employee of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company, that her husband had furnished him a memorandum of what his testimony was to be at the trial.

Mr. Webb said the alleged conference was held at the doctor's office two days after the Watson Hotel episode. Two other men were present. He testified Dr. Haigh remarked as he entered: "This is the man who was there and saw the whole thing."

Mr. Webb said he knew he was expected to have seen something. "I was introduced to one of the men as a detective and the other as a law student; they were to be witnesses," he said. "The doctor stated he had been sued for divorce; that he got himself into a compromising position and needed assistance to get out. I then told what my testimony would be."

According to Mr. Webb, it transpired he was supposed to have looked through the transept and heard what took place when Dr. Haigh is alleged to have been surprised with Mrs. Williams. He said he had not been to the Watson, and he deemed it his duty to call the attention of Mrs. Haigh's lawyer to the memorandum Dr. Haigh handed him. The latter was offered in evidence. It opens with:

"Welcome home, dear; you're right on time."

"No, I'm a little late."

"There is some talk of a drink and then a loud voice exclaims:

"Are you all ready?"

"I'm an officer." (Lights go up.)

"Oh, you don't need to hurry." (A feminine voice.)

"Now, I'll tell you. I knew it was a stall before coming here and don't forget that."

"Of course, it was, but you can't prove it. There isn't a judge in the country who would believe you. Why have you taken me two weeks to work this up against you?"

"Well, we'll see."

The queerest twist to the whole case seems to be the identification of Mrs. Williams as Mrs. Ruth Lindsay, whose friend, Mrs. Mortimer, testified, told her she was working for Mrs. Haigh's detective. Mrs. Lindsay was subpoenaed, but did not respond.

POINT WON
IN CATTLE THEFT CASE.

At the close of the prosecution's case against R. B. Burns, charged with receiving stolen cattle, Deputy District Attorney Bell yesterday was permitted by Judge Houser to offer in evidence the admission of Mr. Burns in a previous trial that he leased Joe Rivera's ranch at Lancaster and butchered there. This evidence is considered important because the prosecution showed by testimony that April 28, 1914, there had been dug out of the willows on Joe Rivera's ranch a cow and a calf, seven cows, feet and a cow's udder, peculiarly marked. This, Mr. Bell showed, corresponded

properly entered. Under the law a default cannot be entered against a county officer.

Both Mr. Legerton and Deputy County Counsel Murphy stipulated to the facts which bear on the question whether the election of a judge is complete until the commission from the Governor arrives. Mr. Legerton took the oath of office November 19, 1914. The Governor issued his commission from the Supervisors and the County Clerk was issued November 18. Mr. Legerton took the bench upon the receipt of the latter. The County Auditor refused to pay him his salary from that time until the Governor's commission was received. This point submitted to Judge York has never been decided in this State, in view of the fact that Mr. Legerton's election as a short-term judge was unusual.

LESS FOR PROPERTY
THAN THE OWNERS ASK.

The market value of property on Sixteenth and Eighteenth streets at the intersection of the proposed new Broadway, between Pico and Washington streets, was fixed by a jury in Judge Myers's court yesterday afternoon at a third less than the owners valued it. The awards were made in condemnation proceedings brought by the city against John T. Cline and 109 other defendants, all of whom, except four property owners, elected to abide by the awards of the referees appointed by the court.

The defendants who asked for a jury to pass on values are Bettie C. Rorick, whose property is on Eighteenth street; Lydia K. Mascotti, Seventeenth street; W. H. Laws, Sixteenth street, and John S. Baker, Carr street.

The owners placed a value ranging from \$300 to \$700 a front foot. The jury awarded Mrs. Rorick \$22,365, Mr. Rorick \$1,800 for improvements; Mrs. Mascotti, \$19,125 market value, and \$500 improvements; W. H. Laws, \$23,500 market value, and \$1000 improvements; John S. Baker, \$11,000 market value and \$1850 for severance. These values are of March 29 last.

It was stated yesterday by the four defendants that they will appeal for these awards.

POKER AND PONIES.
ARE RECALLED BY SUIT.

The good old racing days of Arcadia, when thousands won or lost on the poker tables and the ponies drew apart all over the country, cropped out in the trial before Judge Dewhurst yesterday of the suit of the Baldwin estate to recover from the Oakwood Hotel, W. H. Cline and the Maier Brewing Company rent aggregating \$18,000, alleged to be owing under the lease of the Oakwood Hotel.

An interesting bit of gossip was brought out during the testimony of W. O. Stewart, who was manager of the hotel. Under the hot cross-amination of Attorney Gavin McNab HAS TO EXPLAIN.

STRANGE WILL FIGHT.

The sisters, brothers and nephews of Ezra L. Havens, the late wealthy business man of Avalon, who died November 1, 1912, making a startling change in his will, died yesterday to declare Mr. Havens died intestate. They allege he was paralyzed and unconscious when his mark was made.

The action is directed against Mrs. Edna L. Havens, the young widow, to whom was left all the estate, the value of which is not stated, but which the plaintiffs say is in excess of \$10,000. It is alleged Mr. Havens was paralyzed when the will was executed and that his uncle, Henry M. Abbott, placed a pen or pencil in his hand. With the knowledge of Mrs. Havens, they say, Mr. Havens's hand was guided in the formation of the mark. Mr. Abbott is named as executor in the will.

The suit is to declare the will void and open up the estate to administration so that the heirs shall share. Mrs. Havens, it is asserted, informed the plaintiffs that the death of her husband had left her no estate in excess of his indebtedness. The plaintiffs are Ella O. Mentzer, Etta E. Meares, Samuel and J. W. Havens, Samuel and Charles F. Saylor.

In a contest before the Probate Court three months ago, Mrs. Havens asked the court to compel Mr. Abbott to file an accounting to remove him and have herself appointed executrix. After hearing the testimony, Judge Rives stated that certain business affairs were in a way to be shipwrecked. He found the management has been a lamentable failure, "and it is only a question of time when this estate simply will be insolvent," he said. If the rate of progress then made was continued, the court could not find that Mr. Abbott had done the best he could for the estate.

MUST FIGHT AGAIN.

IF HE GETS SALARY.

C. C. Legerton, who was elected a short-term judge and brought suit for a portion of his salary, Judge York entering judgment in default, must fight another round for his money. Yesterday the judgment was set aside, the court's attention having been called to the fact that it was in-

tion, but the court assumed him he would receive proper treatment. Records show Mr. Carter gave an assessment, in one instance of \$11,000 on one property and about a very much smaller sum on the property adjoining. The attorneys were very persistent in questioning the street superintendent how he reconciled the differences.

of San Francisco, Mr. Stewart reiterated that a large sum had been lost at poker which he connected in some way with the inability of the hotel to pay the estate the rent of \$200.

BANK WINS.
HALF PICTURE'S VALUE.

A jury in Judge Wilbur's court yesterday awarded the Trader's Bank of Los Angeles \$500 in a suit against H. D. Canne, growing out of the sale of property by Mr. Canne upon which he was to receive a commission of \$150. The bank alleged that in addition to the commission Mr. Canne obtained a change in the purchase of the property valued at \$2150. Mr. Canne, it was alleged, concealed the fact he had obtained the two paintings.

The paintings, "The Sentinel" by Henry Loring, and "Roses and Purple Lilacs" by Paul de Longpre, were exhibited during the trial. The bank alleged Mr. Canne was employed as a painter by Frederick Hockerton, who was a partner in the property valued at \$2150. Mr. Canne, it was alleged, concealed the fact he had obtained the two paintings.

BOTH USE FORCE.
SO HE ISN'T CRUEL.

One night friends of the Hockertons invited Mrs. Marguerite Hockerton to a late supper upon his return home. Frederick Hockerton objected and picked up the telephone to notify the friends that a more seasonable hour would be advisable. Mrs. Hockerton grasped the receiver and there was a struggle. The end came in Mrs. Hockerton falling and receiving a bruise from the receiver and other injuries.

This episode was the leading feature of her divorce suit before Judge Wood on the ground of extreme cruelty, yesterday. The court denied Mrs. Hockerton a decree, holding that when a person uses force and is injured, an allegation of extreme cruelty will not hold good.

COURT PARAGRAPHS.
PROCEEDINGS IN BRIEF.

ALIENATION SUIT. Emory W. Thurston, an East Side druggist, is named defendant in a \$20,000 suit for alienation of affections filed yesterday by W. J. Crawford, through Attorney W. A. Ham. The complaint alleges that last May Mr. Thurston wrongfully destroyed Mrs. Crawford's affection for her husband, depriving him of her comfort and society. Mr. Crawford is connected with the Ford automobile factory in this city as head of a department. Mrs. Crawford is said to be decidedly attractive.

INCORPORATION. Morley's Palace de Danco, Incorporated, H. C. Millmeyer, James F. Morley and C. W. Brown, capital stock \$25,000, subscribed, \$200; Western Cabinet Company, incorporators C. P. Mallot, Carl Epling, William Tattersall, E. E. Easton and R. B. Holden, capital stock \$10,000, subscribed, \$25; Victor Gold Mine Company, incorporators J. Nelson Nevis, G. M. Swindell, William Schneider, W. C. Shanks and D. W. Shanks, capital stock, \$300,000, subscribed, \$2; Supreme Lodge, National Order of Golden Square, incorporators N. Banks Cragin, William E. Baxter, Fred A. Berry, George A. Wright, George A. Grant, Sylvester W. McCollom, Frank J. Snider, Fred W. Remy, Harry E. De Pae, Walter A. Jenkins and William A. Jackson, no capital stock.

STRANGE ASSESSMENTS.
The L. A. Thompson Scenic Railway was assessed \$47,500. In condemnation proceedings it was awarded \$47,500. In Judge Hewitt's court yesterday Attorney Byron C. Hanna and Joseph Musgrove, counsel for the corporation, endeavored to show the assessment was unfair. In fact, the attorneys contended that this assessment was arbitrary, so that the city of Santa Monica would not have to pay damages in the condemnation suit. They ask for an injunction to prevent the city enforcing this alleged excessive assessment.

W. H. Carter, street superintendent, declined to testify on his methods of assessment until he was ordered to do so by the court. He took this attitude because of an alleged persecution.

TWO YEARS FOR FORGERY.
Matt Brown, colored, charged with forging the signature of Irving Clay to a money order for \$5, pleaded guilty in Judge Bledsoe's court yesterday and was sentenced to two years in San Quentin.

Brown said he knew that he did wrong, and when asked by the court just when he realized that, replied "just after I was arrested." He was picked up at Fairfield, Cal., beating his way to Seattle.

The San Francisco Chronicle has just received word that the World's Fair Exposition, for the Department, under Fire and Police

The L. A. I. Trial.

(Continued from First Page.)

and current stock price and sales records. The whereabouts of this book remains apparently indefinite. Attorney Lawler spent several hours getting a "ledger" learning the methods employed by Mr. Pinney in getting his final statements from the front and back ledger, the job ledger, the stock ledger, the transfer ledger, the general ledger, and several other ledgers and journals. The witness is one of the most remarkable so far produced by the trial, answering clearly and concisely every question put to him on these various books, stating amounts and details that checked up precisely and making every answer clear cut and definite.

He admitted that the corporation took the book value which was not the actual value, being approximately \$1 a share higher than the actual market value, but at the same time considerably lower than the valuation might have been had it been based on the appraisal of Messrs. Mines, Marsh and Palmer. These investigators had overestimated even the book value of the company's holdings by \$1,500,000 on February 1, 1912, and in this estimate did not include the "Inglewood Acres," which had just been purchased at an approximate figure of \$150,000.

The bitter battle over the competency of the books and who kept them, started when H. V. Davis, present secretary of the company, was called to the stand. His testimony had only to do with the books, and he lay plied about the desk of the court clerk, and his employment subsequent to the investigation of the company and the ousting of the old officers. Today it is possible that the government expert, who has worked for nearly a year on the accounts of a Mr. Howard E. Rank, will be called by United States Attorney Schooner, and also the expert employed by the former officials, C. P. Baskerville.

During the morning session of the trial, J. P. Parsons, the manager of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, appeared with actual accounts of the exchange, and showed that the fluctuation of the stock was very small, the greatest being a decline of 35 per share on 1/16 having a par value of \$100, and selling at the time of depression of the L.A. stock at \$45.

Judge Bledsoe took a hand in the examination of W. H. Teasley, who had charge of the correspondence of the company prior to the ousting of the officials on trial. The witness identified letters stating that an investment of \$100 in stock of the corporation sixteen years previously was worth \$18,000 at the time the letter was dictated. The rubber-stamp signature of G. M. Derby had been authorized, and had also that of W. D. Deele, another official for a time, but he was ultimately required to affix his own name as corresponding secretary.

The many objections of the attorneys for the defense on this testimony, as well as on the introduction of a small red memorandum book belonging to E. S. Walker, former manager of the Guarantees Fund, by Special United States Prosecutor Rush, was overruled. So important was the possible effect of Walker's book on the case that he will be brought from San Francisco by the government.

TWO YEARS FOR FORGERY.
Matt Brown, colored, charged with forging the signature of Irving Clay to a money order for \$5, pleaded guilty in Judge Bledsoe's court yesterday and was sentenced to two years in San Quentin.

Brown said he knew that he did wrong, and when asked by the court just when he realized that, replied "just after I was arrested." He was picked up at Fairfield, Cal., beating his way to Seattle.

The San Francisco Chronicle has just received word that the World's Fair Exposition, for the Department, under Fire and Police

Dardley Case.

(Continued from First Page.)

the shot, and later saw the woman's head on the floor. Policewomen came as well as an Assistant District Attorney, testified that the shot was hysterical who was in a condition, and that she was when picked up.

Mrs. Pearl Taylor, a blonde who lived in the light district, testified that the woman severely injured by the shot was the woman who was picked up by the police.

Mrs. Taylor testified that the woman who was picked up by the police was the woman who was severely injured by the shot.

Other witnesses testified details of the case. The case will probably be decided today.

STOPS THIRTY STARTS.

MARVELOUS CASE IN HOSPITAL.

Man, Near Death, Had Shot in Stomach. Arrived at St. Vincent's Hospital. Died After Short Battle. Life—Prison War.

Emery Carlson's last started stopped, started and ended today while the man was in the hospital. The source of the wound was from gas poisoning.

His cause for death was an emphysema under conditions of a person's face, but in the room in the Wilson Hotel, days, and ended his suffering by the air vents and gas.

The presence of emphysema was detected and exposed. Carlson was in the Receiving Hospital, under the direction of surgeon Hillier, the physician who Clean Air heavily charged into Carlson's lungs.

A wait and they needed laboring effort at the start the breath came now the man was breathing freely.

Came a release. The man's color, the struggle ended, heated, and the man was a sloughing stop.

A full admission was made for the man's heart. The heart was stimulated, and again returned to its normal condition.

But two hours later he had left a note addressed to Mrs. Hattie Carlson, a 1575 West Adams street.

"You are one of the best in the world, a good one, a keeper, and entirely trustworthy. I love you, and I will be with you until the end of my life."

She said, "I know my surprise."

The San Francisco Chronicle has just received word that the World's Fair Exposition, for the Department, under Fire and Police

Hamburger's Men's Store
Men! Your Warm Weather Suit May Best Be Bought at Hamburger's

The snappiest styles, the cleverest tailoring, the best all-wool materials that the price will buy in town \$12.50

—The nobby, new patch-pocket models with long, soft roll lapels.
—Shepherd checks, broken plaids, hairline stripes and summery light gray tones.
—All sizes for men and young men—to see them means that you'll buy your suit at Hamburger's.

Enthusiasm is at High Pitch In This Great Innovation and Sale of Men's Unblocked South American PANAMAS, \$2.85

—The very kinds that are selling at \$7.50, \$10.00 and \$12.50, the country over.
—In the natural, flexible, non-crushable state, just as they come from the native hat weavers of South America—\$2.85.

Men's Crepe Shirts The "Hit of the Hour" \$1.15

—The summer favorite of the fashionable throng of America—Jacquard patterns in black, blue and lavender.
—Also rep and crepe madras in the newest striped and mercerized fabrics in the latest effects, at \$1.15.
—All sizes from 14 to 17.

Our Men's Scarf Service, 50c (Men's Store—Broadway Entrance—Main Floor)

Men's Belts, Sterling Buckles
—Every man will want one—just the thing for the outing or summer suit.
—Leather Belts, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.
—Sterling Silver Buckles, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.
—Men's White Leather Belts, 75c and \$1.00.
—As a gift one of these new belts will please him greatly. (Hamburger's—Main Floor—Saturday)

The Autoist Who Takes Keen Pleasure In the Over-Sunday Outing Trip
—Will find everything to make it a pleasure at Hamburger's.
—Thermos outfits, blankets, auto trunks, extra tires, auto tool box, gloves, goggles, caps and auto togs, auto robes and women, picnic supplies of all kinds, including special luncheon.

Winter Cut Flowers
Plant Carnations Now
We have ready for immediate planting a splendid lot of plants in three of the finest varieties grown. By putting them in at the present season they will come into full perfection by the end of November, thereby furnishing an abundant supply of cut blooms all through the winter months. Carnations are of easy culture. They are valuable for garden ornamentation or as cut flowers for interior decoration.

"Ped-Speed"
Tan Call Shoes and Outfits for Men, \$4.00
—Unlined, and very light weight for summer wear with the smart white leather sole and heel. (Hamburger's—Main Floor—Saturday)

CALENDAR-WATCH IT CHANGE
1913

[illegible]

Los Angeles Times

Illustrated

Weekly

TEN CENTS.

THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE

TEN CENTS

THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST

1781-1915

"Between Wind and Water."



Store
her Suit
amburger
\$12.50
Ped-Speed
Tan Call
Shoes and Oxfords
for Men, \$4.00
Unlined, and very light
weights for summer wear
with the smart white
leather sole and heel.
Outing Trip
takes Keen Place



Suggestions from Our Floral Department

June is not only the month of weddings but graduating exercises as well. Our floral department is equipped to render you the most efficient service possible in the matter of tasty work of any kind. We make a specialty of graduating baskets, bouquets, corsage bouquets, and boxes of cut flowers.

Choice Roses, hothouse Carnations, Gladiolus and other seasonable stock from which to make your selection. Our floral artists are adepts in their craft. We can give you the highest results it is possible to secure. Call, write or telephone. Orders from a distance given special attention. Should you live anywhere in Southern California, on due notice we can deliver anything which you may require from this department of our business.

Winter Cut Flowers Plant Carnations Now

We have ready for immediate planting a splendid lot of plants in three of the finest varieties grown. By putting them in at the present season they will come into full perfection by the end of November, thereby furnishing an abundant supply of cut blooms all through the Winter months. Carnations are of easy culture. They are valuable for garden ornamentation or as cut flowers for interior decoration.

"ENCHANTRESS" The largest flowered Carnation grown. It is nothing unusual and stiff; the calyx is perfect; the odor is delightful, the color an exquisite shade of daybreak pink. It is the Carnation you usually see in the best flower stores.
 Price, postpaid to any address, strong two-inch pot plants which will give you the best results obtainable—Per doz., 75c.

"WHITE ENCHANTRESS" An exact facsimile of the Pink Enchantress, but with handsome pure white flowers. It is intensely fragrant, exceedingly free blooming, and can be grown to perfection under the most ordinary garden cultivation.
 Price—Per dozen, postpaid to any address, 75c.

"VICTORY" Undoubtedly the finest and most striking of all bright scarlet Carnations. The blooms are of enormous size, and its scarlet shade is unapproachable in beauty.
 Price—Per dozen, postpaid to any address, 75c.

Our Leader in Novelties for 1915

VERBENA "CRIMSON KING" At the beginning of the present season our stock of this one variety alone amounted to 15,000 plants. Notwithstanding the enormous quantity which we had, it was soon exhausted. Since that time we have propagated an additional lot of plants which are now in full perfection, strongly established in two-inch pots ready for a transfer to your garden. It may be that you have a vacant bed which contained bulbs or other Spring flowering plants, and wish to fill it with a successful planting which will give you a bright show of color during the Summer and Autumn months. You cannot find anything better than these if you desire a low bedding effect, a regular carpet of brilliant scarlet of the richest shade imaginable. We have only a few thousand to offer and would suggest that you order early before the stock is exhausted.
 Price—Per doz., \$1.50; six plants for 75c.

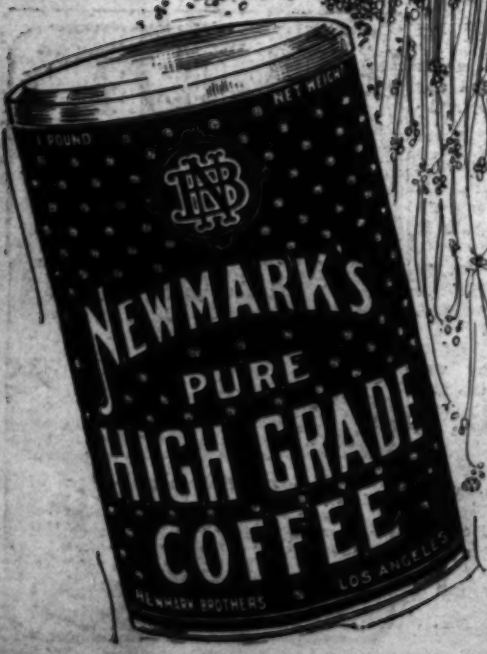
A Splendid Plant for Autumn and Winter Blooming DELPHINIUM BELLADONNA

We again call your attention to our magnificent strain of this handsome free blooming Perennial Larkspur. Our stock at the present time consists of some fifteen or twenty thousand plants. They are in prime vigor, just coming into bloom. By putting them out now you will be supplied with a constant show of color in the garden or for use as cut flowers. Bear in mind that as soon as this variety is planted out it increases in beauty season after season. The flowers are a magnificent sky blue color. The spikes follow each other in constant succession.
 Our regular price on plants of this Delphinium is \$2.00 per dozen. During this week we make you a special offer of \$1.50 per dozen. Six plants for 75c; three plants for 40c.

Howard & Smith
 9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
 NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO

MAIN 1745-10957

The Groom's Choice



Nearly—

Some coffees come close to Ben Hur in one point or another. But none have the same freedom from chaff and dust, none the same Eastern flavor and none such a uniformity in roasting or blending.

Jeannes Bros. Company
 Importers, Roasters, Manufacturers,
 Los Angeles.



A SKETCH OF THE PATIO ARTS and CRAFTS BUILDING—made at the San Diego Exposition

The great battleship seems destined to go to the bottom, following the sinking of the old American wooden ships. Submarine navigation has been carried to such a point of perfection that it is now possible to go to the bottom of the ocean in times of peace and beyond all call made in case of war.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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Jan. 4, 1913; May 22, 1913; March 27, 1913.

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.
Devoted to the development of California and the West, the exploitation of their resources and the promotion of their welfare and progress. Popular descriptive sketches, solid studies along in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorial, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Ranch.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliation. It is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, explanation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, it also serves as a separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building, Fifth, with the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year without, \$2.00 a year in advance, postpaid. Sample copies mailed free on request.

A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the Illustrated Weekly (or 52 copies of each) or even a quarterly mail subscription in both (13 copies of each) costing only \$1.00, postpaid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent to any separate address, postpaid, for 65 cents additional, or 6 months for \$1.50 additional, in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable; otherwise the return is not guaranteed. Refused as second-class matter, January 6, 1913, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Average Week-end Output, exceeding 103,000.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

THERE is nothing in the world equal to a June day in Los Angeles—unless it is a June night in the same place.

THESE are days when a man enjoys shutting himself in his office and shutting the world out. Who cares about woodlands and lakes and trout and blue skies when there is work to be done?

AFTER a careful survey of the sixty-one American Beauties who came here from everywhere on their way to the two expositions, we can't say that the home product does not look as good to us as always before.

THE New England people who have adopted Los Angeles, and have been adopted by Los Angeles, will hold a picnic at Sycamore Grove, July 5. It is sometimes hard work to turn a sycamore into a maple or a pine, but hard work is something that every New Englander enjoys.

THE Southern California tribes of the Improved Order of Redmen set the conclaves of lodges a great example when they held a big two-days' out-of-door pow-wow at Point Firmin, with the famous fish and meat barbecue both days. Our organizations do not make enough of this country's opportunities for delightful outings.

NINE fords in Santa Ana Canyon are to be bridged temporarily for the heavy freight and passenger traffic into Bear Valley. Some day that rich section will have the good roads it deserves. We think this is a great country, but we have only scratched the surface. We shall never be truly great until all of our rich back country has been fully exploited.

A Californian has made a device out of a graphophone horn. The instrument now gives forth more harmony and sweetness than it did when serving its original purpose.

Five new dances were adopted by the dancing masters of California when they held their convention at San Francisco. California was thought to have all the dances it could learn with any pleasure for the next five years.

Glendale and Huntington Park are both threatening to recall their boards of trustees. Without pretending to discuss the merits of this radical measure in either instance, we feel like advising both cities to go slow. It is no credit to the original judgment of the voters if they are always ready to revoke their own decisions.

That was a great graduation programme given by the University of Southern California at its closing this year. It had a little class of 454 young people who received diplomas and degrees. This university has been doing good work for thirty-two years, and provides about as much education as any ordinary mortal will ever be able to use.

San Bernardino is taking a wise step in purchasing a city hall site large enough to accommodate an ultimate civic center. It is costing something at present, but it will be worth all its costs in the end. All California cities should remember that they are going to be great cities, and that they can never again make provisions for their future as reasonable as they can now.

Some fool with a match started a fire in the Cuyama district in the Santa Barbara reserve, and ranchers in that vicinity have been in grave danger, in respect to both their houses and their fields of grain. It is a distinct violation of the law to start fires at other than official camping places, and this must be done by a permit, and the fires extinguished when their services have been performed. You may destroy life and property if you are careless about this, and there is no excuse for it.

Six Los Angeles boys rented an automobile and started for San Francisco. They are now in jail at Santa Barbara, serving thirty days for petty larceny. They are also accused of short-changing several merchants and of stealing a valuable rifle. The boy with no work to do and more money than is good for him is easily turned into a bad boy, no matter how good he is at heart. It is old-fashioned to say it, but parents can never be too careful about the boys their boy is going with.

When informally entertaining at her studio at the Egan Dramatic School last Saturday, Mrs. Florence Dobinson gave a Los Angeles dramatic exhibit which dated back as far as 1875. This included original copies of all of the programmes of these early performances, photographs of famous Californians which Los Angeles has given to the American stage, and the remarkable library of dramatic works collected by George Dobinson in his long and useful life. Mr. Dobinson will be remembered with pleasure by some of the older readers of The Times as one of its first dramatic critics. He was one of America's greatest students of Shakespeare. May his memory long be cherished.

[Washington Star:] "Are you fond of horses or dogs?"

"What difference does that make?" exclaimed the timid man. "When I got into the company of a horse or a dog my entire interest is centered on the question of whether he is going to take a fancy or an aversion to me."

THE decision of that court in New Jersey by which the government has been foiled in its attempt to dissolve the great steel corporation which has been so effective in building up the iron industry of the country gives hope of better times in the future. The dissolution of that corporation would probably be tantamount to its destruction.

At the moment the vast consideration in the minds of the people of America is, or ought to be, building up overseas commerce. Business with foreign countries is different in nearly every respect from internal commerce. When we are wise and thoughtful we can protect our home markets by an import duty imposed upon imports from abroad, thus preventing deadly competition with goods cheaply made in countries where labor is cheap. God forbid that manhood in America should ever be cheapened to the level of brutalizing it.

When it comes to doing business with foreign nations we must meet this competition on the dead level and either hold our own or succumb to that competition and retire from the field of foreign commerce entirely. That would mean business stagnation at home, with no chance or hope of reviving prosperity in the country again. To meet the competition of other manufacturing nations we must meet them on their own ground, fight them with their own weapons, used in their own ways. The government of Great Britain has always been very wise in encouraging its manufacturers in their struggle for overseas commerce. There are combinations there, and also in Germany and many other European nations, where governments are wise enough to encourage the industries of the people and to foster their commerce rather than to restrict and retard them by unnecessary and unjust laws.

The Sherman law was conceived and aimed at commerce between the States. It never contemplated the foreign commerce of the country, for the very good reason that it was so small when that law was passed as to be scarcely worthy of consideration. Whatever justification there was for the restraining action of the act when it was passed and in the sphere of influence intended to be reached by it, there is no such reason when the overseas commerce of the country with other nations is in mind.

We Want Ships.

LOS ANGELES is, as she well may be, proud of her Chamber of Commerce. It is a body of men larger in proportion to the population of the city than any other place in America enjoys. They are men of affairs, clear-minded, energetic and shrewd. They have displayed these qualities in the management of their own business and the splendid impetus they have given to everything tending to set forward the interests of the whole community, building up its business affairs, developing its commerce internal and foreign. It is a wide-awake body of men, always right down to date in its activities.

It was exactly what might have been expected of a body of such capable men, with eyes wide open to the interests of the country, that this Chamber of Commerce should have gone on record in favor of the upbuilding of a more effective fleet of merchant vessels to carry on the foreign commerce of the country. These shrewd men recognized very clearly that they are not living in Colonial times, that Andrew Jackson is not President of the United States, but that we are living today in different circumstances, with different needs, and that these require different treatment.

There are two ways of reaching the desired end of obtaining a fleet of mer-

chant ships. The one way is to have the government go into the business of building steamships. The other way is to encourage private capital and private enterprise to do the work. The former method is the paternalistic way of governing a country, and is the way generally followed in Europe and other parts of the world, but it is a function of government left out of the consideration of the great statesmen who formed the American government. If they did not go on record as formally condemning that manner of government, they left no doubt of their condemnation of it in the way in which they absolutely ignored it.

Here is another way in which we must recognize the fact that to compete with foreign nations we cannot be forgetful of the methods in which they do business. Ships can be built more cheaply in England than in America, because English workmen have to be satisfied with lower wages than Americans would be content with. For the same reason English ships can be manned more cheaply than American. Germany can build and man ships more cheaply than England, and Japan can beat the world as it is today in cheapness of building and manning ships. With the vast resources of China at the command of Japan there will be no chance for an American commercial navy to hold the seas unless encouraged by some liberality on the part of the people.

In addition to building and manning ships so much more cheaply than we can do it, these countries all directly or indirectly subsidize their vessels and in that way see to it that "trade follows the flag." It will not follow the flag of America, and there will be no flag upon the seas to follow, unless the building of ships is encouraged in some very effective way by the government.

Note, the government's entry into the field of shipbuilding and operating will not change this in any way. It will require larger aid to build and man a government-owned steamship than one owned and controlled by private enterprise. That is only an extension of the effect of a universal principle, that private enterprise can beat the government always in all kinds of industry.

Internal Waterways.

WITH a greater seacoast than any other nation in the world, with the largest bodies of fresh water inside of our domain, and with the largest rivers on the globe, we are very backward in the development of water transportation for our crops and manufactures. European countries have developed their water transportation inland in a marvelous way. You can go from one end to the other of France, making courses like a gridiron, and scarcely put foot upon land. Germany's internal water system has also been wonderfully developed.

The Erie Canal was an early effort in America to improve our internal waterways, but it was a good example very badly followed. When one considers the cheapness of water transportation compared with that of railroads, and also looks at the shrewdness and business capacity of the American people, it is not a whit short of astonishing that the wise example set by De Witt Clinton in the Erie Canal was not followed in numerous cases.

Gov. Dunne of Illinois is at present the chief advocate of this kind of internal improvement. He wants a ship canal dug from Chicago to the Mississippi River, and estimates the expense at about \$5,000,000. The value of such a canal would be, in times of peace, \$100,000,000, and in time of war the value of such a canal would run to billions of dollars. One could at a comparatively small expense build a

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
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A Californian has made a flower pot out of a graphophone horn. That instrument now gives forth more harmony and sweetness than it did when serving its original purpose.
Five new dances were adopted by the dancing masters of California when they held their convention at San Francisco. California was thought to have all the dances it could learn with any pleasure for the next five years.

THE decision of that court in New Jersey by which the government has been foiled in its attempt to dissolve the great steel corporation which has been so effective in building up the iron industry of the country gives hope of better times in the future. The dissolution of that corporation would probably be tantamount to its destruction.
At the moment the vast consideration in the minds of the people of the country is the function of government left out of the consideration of the great statement.

THE great battleship seems destined to go to the boneyard, following the footsteps of the old American wooden ships. Submarine navigation has been carried to such a point of perfection and its efficiency proved so thoroughly that in the future this type of warship must supersede the larger unit. Germany has not a numerous fleet of submarines, but few as they are they have proved their efficiency to be so great that the great English fleet is laid up rotting somewhere around the north coast of Ireland or Scotland, nobody knows where, excepting the ships engaged in bombarding the forts of the Dardanelles. One of these German submarines has left its place in the North Sea and turned up in the Grecian Archipelago, having traversed more than 3000 miles without landing, going on its own supplies.

What an advantage we would have with a series of internal waterways which would enable us to transport a fleet of these small vessels from the Great Lakes or from Boston Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, or anywhere on the South Atlantic coast of the country. The journey could be made in shorter time than by sea, in absolute safety and at very small cost.
This is not a new idea, but was taken up nearly forty years ago. But other considerations of more immediate moment drove the subject out of the minds of the people. Gov. Dunne's revival of the topic is timely and important.

The human noise-makers include vendors of all manner of goods and supplies, as well as the undiplomatic person who insists on talking loudly and aggressively about the war or William Jennings Bryan. An inventory of the sounds that daily and nightly disturb the ear would make several pages of the dictionary, but the hapless rooster and the faithful dog seem to bear the brunt of criticism from those who covet sleep.
One man who tried to cure a rooster of crowing by ducking his head in water every time he broke loose, succeeded in the attempt—but the bird was drowned. A quick blow on the neck with a sharp ax is equally effective, but quite as fatal.
The poultryman who produces a voiceless rooster, or at least one that does not warble nights, will make a great bunch of money if the strain can be continued true to form.
And barkless dogs are as rare as barkless trees.



The Unsilent Watches.
EVERY now and then some fellow-citizen excites attention by arising in his pew and moving that all roosters be muzzled by law.
Why is Chanticleer obnoxious?
The reason seems to be that he has abandoned the tradition which gave him voice only to herald the dawn, and under the benign atmospheric influence which prevails in Southern California insists on crowing all the night.
He seems to have something to crow about—something that was lacking in the peevish poultry of the ice-bound north.
It seems small business to knock on the growing rooster yet it must be admitted that it is difficult to get full rations of sleep when one is in the immediate environment of a flock of tempestuous Minorcas who are just learning to crow.
They seem to add about one hundred per cent. to the roster of disturbing voices of the night.
We have wireless telegraphy; fireless cookers and hairless dogs, but nobody has yet produced a noiseless rooster. A chicken who has just discovered his singing voice is not amenable to reason. He insists on trying it out at all hours of the day or night. If there is a herd of them, when one starts to gargle his throat it seems to be a signal for the whole battery to limer up.
They appear to be in their most enthusiastic condition just about the time the printers on the morning papers are climbing into the hay.
If Lute Burbank would spend the next eighty or ninety years of his life inventing a crowless Wyandotte he would ease off the minds of a myriad of complaining men.
Residents on the threshold of our



Rights of Neutrals.
"THE leopard cannot change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin." In the matter in our minds at the moment it would be neither polite nor kind to refer to another scriptural text of great force and clarity touching a certain type of humanity and what good it would do to "bray him in a mortar."
But surely, whatever may be said of Mr. Bryan, his leaving the President's Cabinet at the time, in the circumstances and the manner in which he did it do not brand him as a very wise person. We have the former Secretary of State's own elaborate statement as to why he took this spectacular action at a time when his country was facing such a grave crisis, the gravity of which was increased by Mr. Bryan's action. We have had a good many other declarations on divers subjects from the same source, and very often from a logician's point of view the conclusions have been gross non sequiturs. But at the moment we cannot recall another instance equal to the one before us now in this respect.
We have had the President's note to the German government before our eyes in its every word, and if there ever was a bit of diplomacy less guarded

with the dynamite of war and more conciliatory or calculated to lead better to peace than Mr. Wilson's communication, the document has not found its place in the pages of history.
All the President asks is a recognition that neutrals have some rights in time of war which all belligerents are bound in all moral considerations and by all international usage to respect. That these rights exist there is no doubt in the mind of any intelligent and reasonable person unblinded by the gross passion begotten of war. That these rights have been ignored, spurned and trampled upon by both sides in the present great conflict is as indubitable in the minds of all persons similarly qualified to judge of the case.
In our opinion there is no danger of war growing out of the present trouble between our government and that of Germany, and if such a regrettable event should come we are perfectly sure the responsibility diplomatically, morally or legally, will not be laid at the door of the President. Indeed, in the United States the sentiment is that Mr. Wilson's communication to the German government was too mild rather than too emphatic. This is a view not shared by us, with a great many of our countrymen. We think it will be going very far to imagine a case of too mild diplomacy in dealing with these international crises. There is nothing gained by harsh words and less by bluster. If war must come, let it come, and we will take care of it the best way we can. But in our opinion it is the duty of all good Americans to uphold the President in his wise efforts to keep the peace. We feel sure there is no one in America worthy of the name of American who wants war. At the same time we cannot stand quietly by and see all our rights trampled upon and ignored, no matter who is the ignorer or who attempts the trampling.
We are doubly pleased to note that the President has taken up with the government of Great Britain a friendly and amicable discussion of our rights that have been disregarded in several instances by the people of Great Britain. If there is any spot on earth where neutrals have rights outside of their own soil, it is on the high seas. We must become a great maritime nation, and these rights will be very precious to us in the future.

The Bulgarian Character.
[The Century:] The Bulgarians are nominally classed as Slavs. So they are partly. Yet the world too often forgets that the primitive Bulgarians were not Slavs at all, but an Asiatic people of Turanian stock who in the seventh century burst upon the primitive Slavs recently migrated south of the Danube and settled down as masters. Less numerous than their subjects, the conquerors were soon absorbed, losing their speech and peculiar identity. Nevertheless, the blood was a potent one, for these Turanian Bulgars left behind far more than their name; they stamped upon the new folk traits which set it distinctly apart in the category of Slav peoples. A moment's analysis will clearly prove this. Your typical Slav, whether he dwell on the Russian plains or the Serbian hills, is an idealist, prone to lose sight of hard facts in day dreams. Capable of great accomplishment, when under the stimuli of his enthusiasms, in ordinary times the Slav is an easy-going, improvident, open-handed person, essentially likable, but lacking that practical characteristic, efficiency. How different the Bulgarian. Restrained, sober, dour, with occasional outbursts of passion, but usually taking even his pleasures sadly; intensely practical and hard-headed; without a trace of mysticism; frugal to the point of avarice; so solicitous about the future that this frequently becomes an obsession; above all, possessed of a dogged, plodding almost ferocious energy translating itself normally into unremitting labor—such is the folk. "The Bulgar on his ox cart," says the proverb, "pursues the hare and overtakes it."

The Flag Passing By.
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.
Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips.
Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe.
Sign of a nation, great and strong,
Toward her people from foreign wrong,
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.
Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
—[Henry Holcomb Bennett.]

The Bachelor.
Deluded man, "Through life he goes,
Upon his face a mask of cynicism—
Upon his lips a scornful smile—
Within his eyes defiant challenge,
Straining, to rupture point, his
Moral code of self-respect.
Hypocrisy, thy name is legion.
For in the privacy of his own home
This man oft broods, and in
The brooding, sadness comes.
For in the depths of his own heart
He dreams, and in the dreaming
Visions come, what visions
God alone may tell, albeit,
In the firelight's glow, he sees
A woman's face, the mate
He should have known, and
Also in his dreams he hears
A baby's voice and feels
The thrilling touch of baby hands
Steal softly 'round his neck,
And then, in unreal ecstasy,
His lips are touched by baby lips.
The dreaming ends, once more
He masks his face and steels
His heart to meet the world.
JACK WOLZ.

Our National Wealth.
[Philadelphia Ledger:] English economists have declared that America's wealth grows five billion dollars a year. Since the official estimate of our national wealth three years ago exceeds \$187,000,000,000 the total today must now have passed beyond the two hundred billion point. These figures are colossal beyond compare. They mean \$3000 of wealth for every inhabitant. They represent more than double the wealth of the United Kingdom, our closest competitor, and they very nearly match the combined wealth of England, France and Germany.
Our wealth is ten times that of Italy, eight times that of Austria and four times that of France. These leading European countries are now tearing at one another's vitals and destroying property much faster than they can create it. Hence all Europe is today actually moving backward while the United States is sweeping swiftly forward to a state of still greater opulence. Ours is the land of plenty; of peace and of opportunity. These three factors are aiding powerfully in persuading the individual investors of Europe to hold fast their American securities, since here is the spot where their capital will be freest of perils and surest of winning a large reward.

Big Missouri Peony Field.
[New York Sun:] Sarcocle, a town of 1500 on the eastern edge of Jasper county, long has been the leading strawberry shipping point in Missouri and its peony fields are said to be the largest in the world.
At present there are about sixty acres of plants in the Sarcocle field. This waving sea of big red, white and pink flowers is a beautiful sight and attracts thousands of visitors during the season, which is between May 5 and 25. The flowers are shipped to all parts of the country.

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Helen Warner, Detective.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

the back regions of the house somewhere, groping her hands on her apron.

"An' what's this," she began, "that Mickey do be a-tellin' of—about a policeman's star an' him cap'n o' his precinct? The b'y is that rattled I e'd get no head or tail of it!"

Helen explained painstakingly, and across Mother Flynn's face came a look of deep pleasure and relief.

"The saints be praised! That b'y's bin headed for the pen of late—I do hope it'll straighten 'im out!"

"It has straightened others, Mother Flynn, and Mickey is good as gold at heart—I'll say that for him!"

And Mother Flynn went back to her kitchen happier than she had been for weeks.

Helen, putting on her gloves, smiled to herself. She had been keeping a close watch upon Mickey and had followed him one late evening. Mickey's destination had been a ramshackle barn a half-dozen blocks away. There was a padlocked feed-box in that barn. And Mickey held the key.

"I wonder," thought Helen to herself, "what Mickey proposes to do with all that tobacco and gum and candy of Peterson's, and how he will settle with his accomplices in the theft! I just wonder!"

She called on Peterson, to find him dissatisfied and disgruntled.

"They'd ought of sent a man!" he said stubbornly. "That Mickey Flynn's pullin' the wool over your eyes. He's the devil's own leader around here! I'd like to see him jailed."

"Mr. Peterson," began Helen, "if you get back what was stolen from you, or its equivalent, and if you are assured that it won't happen again—will you be satisfied?"

Peterson banged his fist on the counter. "No! I want to see the rascals jailed who did it!" He scowled menacingly, and Helen shrugged her shoulders and was noncommittal. While he waited on a customer, she slipped away and went back to Mother Flynn's.

That evening, under cover of the darkness, she slipped out to the old barn, arriving in the midst of a heated discussion. One single flickering candle lighted Mickey and a circle of five faces about him.

"I want you fellows to understand from now on," Mickey banged his fist on the feed-box, "there's goin' ter be no graftin' in this precinct! The first kid that breaks the rules o' the game's gonna git canned, see? An' I'll beat his block off besides, see?" Silence greeted this statement. "An' now," continued Mickey, waving his arms, "this stuff's got ter go back ter Peterson's, see?"

A murmur of disapproval arose at this and Mickey met it with a ferocious scowl. "I'm police cap'n o' this gang, an' the first kid that kicks is goin' to git fired, see? An' git a lickin', too, see? But this precinct is gonna be on the level an' this stuff's gotta go back to Peterson's tonight! I nominate Lieut. Pollinsky an' Sergt. Schmidt ter be watch-outs. Patrolmen Hogan an' Jones an' Cline an' me'll carry the goods back ter the store. Motion passed an' carried! Now, let's git busy!"

Helen hurried away and went straight to Peterson's grocery. It was after 10 o'clock and the store was dark. She skirted around to the back, entered the dark alley behind it, then stopped short. A dark shadow moved in the black doorway of the store. Helen drew from the folds of her skirt the revolver she always carried. "Is that you, Mr. Peterson?" she called out.

At his answer, she put it back, relieved. Peterson came from the deep shadows.

"I've bin watching here 'til midnight for a week—waiting for something to happen," he confessed to her question of surprise.

"I've been watching, too," she assured him, "here and elsewhere. And I've learned a great deal about the neighborhood." They stood silent for a little while. Helen thought she saw a small shadow flit across the other end of the alley.

"There's no use, Mr. Peterson, of our standing here," she told him. "There's a good bill on at the moving-picture house just around the corner. Let's go and see it. Nothing is going to happen here tonight—I feel sure of it."

And Peterson, flattered by her sudden change from frigidity to friendliness, accepted the invitation with alacrity.

An hour later he left Helen at Mother Flynn's doorstep. As she passed the dark-

ness, Mickey, on the way to her room, a small crowd of boys and girls gathered about him.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Warner," it was Mickey's voice, and it sounded earnest.

"I'm—I'm sorry yer got sent, Miss Warner," he began hurriedly. "Pollinsky seem yer leavin' the barn an' followed yer to Peterson's. We put the stuff back—what was left of it, but now that Peterson knows, he'll have us pinched, sure, an' anyway I don't care! This knocks me out for bein' captain o' me precinct, but honest, Miss Warner, I was goin' ter go straight—I wasn't stringin' yer—don't yer believe, I was intendin' ter go straight, Miss Warner?"

Mickey's face was tear-stained and his voice trembled with earnestness. Helen put her arm around the wayward boy.

"Mickey," she began gently, "it's for boys like you that I'm taking all this trouble. I've known all along, from the first night I came here, who robbed Peterson, and I could have had all of you boys jailed and probably sent to the reformatory, because you've been out on probation before, and it never did a bit of good. But I didn't want to do that. I thought this would be a better way. And I do want you to be Junior Police captain of your precinct—I know you'll be straight. And further," Helen continued, "I didn't tell Peterson. It would only make matters worse, and I knew you'd put the things back. I'll make up to him what you boys used. And Mickey, I want you to MAKE GOOD!"

Mickey stared at her with eyes in which adoration and awe and entire trust were combined. "I—I can't never thank ye, Miss Warner!" He threw out his chest and a new quality crept into his face, one of absolute trustworthiness and determination.

"You'll never—be sorry, Miss Warner," he told her quietly. And Helen, studying the resolute face before her, felt that she wouldn't.

Italy in Arms.

Of all my dreams by night and day,
One dream will evermore return,
The dream of Italy in May;
The sky a brimming azure urn
Where lights of amber brood and burn;
The doves about San Marco's square,
The swimming Campanile tower,
The giants, hammering out the hour,
The palaces, the bright lagoons,
The gondolas gliding here and there
Upon the tide that sways and swoons.

The domes of San Antonio,
Where Padua 'mid her mulberry trees
Reclines; Adige's crescent flow
Beneath Verona's balconies;
Rich Florence of the Medici;
Sienna's starlike streets that climb
From hill to hill; Assisi well
Remembering the holy spell
Of rapt Saint Francis; with her crown
Of battlements, embossed by time,
Grim old Perugia looking down.

Then, mother of great empires, Rome,
City of the majestic past,
That o'er far leagues of alien foam
The shadow of her eagles cast,
Imperious still; colossal, vast,
The Colosseum's curving line;
Pillar and arc hand colonnade;
Saint Peter's consecrated shade,
And Hadrian's tomb where Tiber strays;
The ruins on the Palatine
With all their memories of dead days.

And Naples, with her sapphire arc
Of bay, her perfect sweep of shore;
Above her, like a demon stark,
The dark fire mountain evermore
Looming portentous, as of yore;
Fair Capri with her cliffs and caves;
Salerno drowsing 'mid her vines
And olives, and the shattered shrines
Of Paestum, where the gray ghosts
tread,
And where the wilding rose still waves
As when by Greek girls garlanded.

But hark! What sound the ear dismisses,
Mine Italy, mine Italy?
Thou that wert wrapt in peace, the haze
Of loveliness spread over thee!
Yet since the grapple needs must be,
I who have wandered in the night
With Dante; Petrarch's Laura known;
Seen Vallombrosa's groves breeze blown;
Met Angel and Raphael,
Against inconceivable night
In this grim hour must wish thee well!
—[Clinton Scollard in New York Sun.]

The choroid school,
It is an old-time district school,
Low-sloping and old-fashioned,
Its corners warped and bent askew,
Though they were once right-angled—
Today the sloping stoop betrays
How much the sills are rotting,
While at the top the belfry seems
Half kneeling and half squatting.

It is an old-time district school,
A score of years deserted,
Where multiples once thrived and where
Divisors were inverted—
Today the rag-weeds flourish 'round
Where one time bloomed the clover
And where once led the beaten path
In game of anteovert.

The swallows build along the eaves
Below the ragged shingles;
Their twitter, with the sparrows' cry
And robins' chirrup mingles—
I see the crumbling chimney rise
O'er windows warped and shattered,
And in the room, a sagging floor
With broken benches scattered.

It is an old-time district school,
Which flight of time makes dearer,
A name, a place, a dream of joy
That memory paints the clearer—
It is the dearest spot and best
Of all I hold in yearning,
Epitome of life and love,
And embryo of learning.

I must—it seems a thousand joys
My memories enumber;
I fling a pebble 'gainst the bell
To wake its years of slumber;
It sounds—methinks its idle spell,
On rotting beam and column,
Has left it sweeter than of yore,
Its melody less solemn.

I wait expectant, hat in hand,
The bell's tone fainter growing;
A scent of clover fills the air
From distant meadows blowing,
I wait to see the master's form
The narrow doorway guarding,
To see the hurrying girls and boys
Their fun and—gum discarding—

I wait in vain. The swallows flit
The ragged eaves from under;
The startled robins perch upon
The sagging ridge in wonder.
The old bell holds its peace again
Like ancient hermit brooding
Upon some long-gone memory
Of life and love's intruding.

It is an old-time district school—
Farewell to it forever—
On memory borne like crimson leaf
Upon a sunny river;
Twill go with me a-down the tide
Of time's uncertain roaming,
The sweetest spot when life was young,
The brightest at its gloaming.

FLOYD D. RAZE.

[Brooklyn Citizen:] Ellen: Viola is to be married in July. She always said she meant to be a June bride. I wonder how it happened she wasn't?
Eleanor: I think it was the fault of the man, who neglected to ask her in time.

LEWIS HOWELL ROGERS
Discovers the Mainspring of Life

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Portugal's Changing Area.

[New York Times:] So many other things are taking place in the world that the news of a revolution in Portugal is only picturesque. It seems oddly inconsequential. Portugal's area is about equal to that of Indiana. It contains only a few more people than live in New York City. The whole adult male population would hardly fill the fighting trenches across Flanders. The outside world is as little concerned about a civil war among the Portuguese as the Portuguese are concerned with the great present affair of Europe.

And yet 500 years ago (the span of a few generations) Portugal was the greatest maritime power, preceding Great Britain in that eminence. The Portuguese first explored the two coasts of Africa. The Cape of Good Hope was doubled by Bartholomeo Diaz in 1486. Vasco da Gama reached India, via Cape of Good Hope, eleven years later. In 1500 King Emanuel ascended the throne of Portugal, and assumed the title "Lord of the conquest, navigation and commerce of India, Ethiopia, Arabia and Persia." In that year the Portuguese made settlements in Brazil. History is a catalogue of dreams. The dream of empire is nearly the oldest one. Its star is very flickle.

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WITH an area of 808,800 acres Orange County is geographically, one of the smallest counties in the State. It is the poorest of the twelve counties in California. The poorer the individuals in a country the poorer the country, and the more poor people there are in a country the poorer each must be and the greater the difficulty for each one to earn a livelihood. Given ten men with a copper apiece in their pockets, you have a poor community, and wealth on the part of anyone is an impossibility. You can no more get money out of the pocket of a beggar than you can get blood out of a turnip. Take another supposition. A little community of half a score of men, one of them possessed of a thousand dollars, and there is opportunity in that community for employment and the earning of a livelihood on the part of the other nine. If you multiply the ten impecunious persons by ten million or a hundred million, you still have a community of small means, of small business, of penury and starvation. Multiply the community of ten, one or more of which are wealthy, by a million, and you multiply the wealth by millions, and in such a community there is natural opportunity for big business in which there is a chance for every man to get employment, to earn a better living, and ten chances, yes a hundred, a thousand, a million of them to become rich, where there is not one such chance in the community composed of the impecunious.

The Eagle is for the people, his sympathies are with the people, and his interests are their interests. It is in their interests he pleads for peace in our industries and begs the authorities to establish industrial peace in America, making just laws which will favor the rich man as well as the poor man, no more and no less, and give every man an opportunity of transferring himself from the column of the impecunious to that of the well-to-do.

Yours for peace,

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.



THE President and his former Secretary of State came to the parting of the ways. Both aim at the same thing, as they both say, but cannot agree upon a way to reach it. The aim in the mind of each statesman is peace, but each insists that the path the other is following leads to war.

This is not a new development in the history of humanity, but is as old as the hills and as universal as the atmosphere. Did you ever see any civilized man with nerve or impudence enough to stand up before the rest of you and reiterate the declaration of the fiend on hell's burning mount: "My voice is still for war?" The Eagle trows not. There never was a civilized human being with so much impudence in his heart or mind, for each one of you knows full well that if such a confession came from the lips of any of you he would be classified by the rest of you as a rank Ishmaelite "whose hand was against every man," and then the corollary of this condition would exist, "every man's hand against him."

The Eagle is not going to inflict upon you this week again a scream concerning the war in Europe. He wants to talk about peace at home. Your Eagle thinks it is about time that peace was proclaimed in America, a just, righteous and lasting peace. It is not a war with swords, small arms or howitzers that is afflicting the country. What the Eagle has in mind at this moment

is the way the government has been conducted on American business, and it is because of this great failure that your Eagle would plead for. The President is a man of peace with as deep a love for that condition in his heart as his late Secretary of State could possibly boast. And yet he may, as Mr. Bryan sees it, be walking in paths which may lead to an open rupture with one or another of the belligerents across the Atlantic. The Eagle ardently hopes and devoutly believes and prays that this will not be so. It will not be so with the President's soul in the matter.

Here is a close analogy between the government's attitude toward the war with foreign nations in the literal sense of the word and its attitude toward the war on business in the figurative sense of the word. There never was an American statesman or even the lowest politician who would any more dare to confess that he had a fixed hostility to business than there is one who would confess that his "voice is still for war" of the real kind. It is all a question of methods and how to go at it. And just as good intentions on the part of any statesman may pave the way to the hell of war, so good intentions, however good they may be and however deep-rooted in the mind of the thinker, may lead to war between the government and business prosperity.

This is not a new thing in our American life of late years, and is a condition not created by Mr. Wilson, although some of his advisers have had a strong hand in creating the trouble and keeping it up. Among those who have been ringleaders in this hostility against business is the late Secretary of State. He was in bad company, and should have been ashamed to be caught in it. This war on business was instigated by Eugene Debs. Every man in the battle line on that side of the fight is the ally, companion-in-arms and yoke-fellow in a bad cause with Gompers, the dynamite squad, and the other undesirable persons.

Backed by a squad of legal bashibazooks, rough riders and guerrilla warriors, the government has been very active in attacking big business wherever it is found. The underlying sentiment in the minds of the great mass of guerrilla warriors engaged in this fight has been that success was a

work for him and enabled him to continue to draw his handsome pay. Even if the work was better done by the head of the firm, even if things did work more smoothly in the departmental manager's absence, there would still be green jealousy that he did not get fired, but was still allowed to nurse the sinecure.

Wherefore Secretary Bryan should be grateful that so prolific a cause of jealousy, should have been thoughtfully removed. Jealousy, while being very complimentary to our conceit, is nevertheless an uncomfortable thing to live with. As any handsome husband is prepared to admit. Jealousy is so exacting. It demands its rights and a little over.

Seeing that his tastes lay so markedly in the department of theatrical lecturing, Mr. Bryan should be grateful that he can now devote all his time to public platforms and appreciative audiences. He will make a much better prima donna, where his voice may legitimately be heard in the land, than a Secretary of State which demands masterly silence, temperate thought, self-repression and quiet, restrained, unapplauded patriotism. Bryan will show to much better advantage talking on a platform about his peaceful, teetotal ideas, with a nice big flag and a few potted palms for scenery. Then he can be the big frog in the little puddle, instead of merely the tittlebrat in the lake.

...
The Wives of Our Forefathers.

AN INDEFATIGABLE statistician—how one admires their patience!—has been giving us figures on the wives and families of our forefathers. He has taken the Harvard and Yale men of the seventeenth century and traced their lives through several generations. He found that the large majority of them had at least two wives and prodigious families; that no less than 37 per cent. of their wives of both marriages died in the neighborhood of 40 and that a dozen children by each of them was quite usual. There was, in fact, always a comfortable excess of eligible widowers and bachelors in those days to make the girls happy in the wooing and prolific in the marriage. Yet they were not satisfied, these old-fashioned women, but invariably pined

away early in life. A short life, but not even a happy one.

No wonder the United States enjoyed a phenomenal rise in population. We needed them in those days, and it is obvious that our forebears did their whole duty by the nation. But one can readily see that the wives may have considered they were called upon to handle the prickly end of the rose. Doing one's duty by posterity is a very exacting task, and we are bound to admit that if the duties of the sexes had been reversed, a great many of us would never have had the privilege of being free citizens of the great United States. We can only accord those Harvard and Yale wives our posthumous gratitude, and trust they are being allowed to rest on their laurels in Paradise.

The modern wife has gone to the other extreme, and is obviously prepared to waive the national gratitude altogether. Any increase in the population nowadays comes either from Europe, fully grown, or by a little scientific accident which is rarely allowed to occur twice. If the war is really going to impoverish the world for a century, her thoughtful frustration of Nature may yet be a boon to the country. Certain it is, that if modern wives were acting up to the example of our forebears, a great many charming ladies would now be foregoing the silk-stocking vogue, for we defy any modern male to provide silk stockings for two wives and two dozen children for any length of time.

...
Bankruptcy Up to Date

WHEN a pretty actress recently went into voluntary bankruptcy and filed the names of numerous gentlemanly creditors for vast sums, we could not but be impressed with the forward march toward rectitude in business which the modern woman is evincing. One imagines the lady to be an amateur siren, and a great financier to boot. One who is at least prepared to acknowledge her debts if not to expiate them.

And the gallant gentlemen in question are in a quandary. Good business men, most of them, they are not prepared to admit that they advanced these vast sums without value received, minus collateral security. Yet the lady insists she received these sums from them, honorably admitting sumptuous loans that make our mouth water, and

she likewise insists that the gentlemen in question never received an iota of value therefor. So the only thing for a gallant man to do under the circumstances is to insist that those trifling sums, running into mere thousands, were free gifts to help a lone female, striving for affluence, along the dreary road. Several of them have proved so very gallant that they affect never to have made any such loans that they can recall.

It is a rare but illuminating case. Who would have thought that there was so much commercial unselfishness in the world? It is obvious that a great number of our fellow-citizens, in the generosity of their hearts, stand ready to do with one hand many munificent deeds of which their other hand is never cognizant.

In the light of these touching revelations, your Lancer is bowed with self-reproach. For all too often, in these columns and elsewhere, he has been wont to cast aspersions on the modern business man. We have labelled him by Shylockian epithets, we have supposed him a devotee of the quid pro quo creed, a man who would exact the uttermost farthing of his debtors. How we have misjudged him! A great noble-hearted fellow who blushes to find his generosity famous. And yet there are suffragettes to protest that disinterested chivalry is dead.

Eyes Stand the Strain.

[Kansas City Star:] The number of persons wearing glasses is often taken to mean that eyes are deteriorating. But scientific opinion does not hold to this view. So far as science knows there has been no change in the structure of the human body in historic times.

Examination of the eyes of Indian students in schools shows as large a proportion with defective vision as of white pupils. Several years ago an oculist measured the refraction of the eyes of many wild animals in the Bronx Zoo of New York. Their eyes proved to be as defective as the eyes of human beings. Nature is often a bit careless in its work. But there is no evidence that its optical glass is breaking down under the strain imposed by civilization.



THE LANCER

NOTHING soothes wounded susceptibilities quite so much as to lay the blame on jealousy. When for any reason, a female person is disapproved by any members of her own sex she always consoles herself by insisting that they are jealous of her popularity, her beauty or her diamonds. That assumption makes her feel decidedly better; she is a martyr to her own good fortune, her own graces, her own possessions.

So our ebullient former Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, who has already shown himself as leaning toward the idiosyncrasies of the other sex, is murmuring confidentially into just the right ears, that the rest of the Wilson government were jealous of his popularity with the people, jealous of his fine, broad, intellectual ideas, jealous of his grape juice, and doubtless jealous of his winning personality.

And possibly even more jealous of his ability to star in the Chautauque circuit, reaping glittering financial rewards, at the same time having the bulk of his official state duties attended to by the President. We have always felt that Bryan had a cinch there. We should say it is very probably true that his colleagues were jealous of the sublime assurance that could get away with that sort of thing for so long. It was too good to last. Think of the jealousy that would be generated in an ordinary business if the head of a department were able to slip off for weeks at a time lecturing all round the country for prodigious fees, while the head of the firm amiably did all his

Electricity as a Remedy.
The question of the exact value of electricity as a remedy has been subject to more use and abuse in the opinion of medical men than almost any other therapeutic measure. The subject is kept in the foreground of medical men's minds, and the high-frequency current, the high-frequency electrode, the high-frequency electrode is necessary for us to suffer from physical breakdowns, as do become "dope hands," and do not appear as the hands, and is even more painful and disagreeable.
The United States Army experts have just completed a long series of experiments on the hands, and is even more painful and disagreeable.

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

"Home, Sweet Home"

For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

THE BEST DISINFECTANT.

Good Laundry Soap.

[Today's Magazine:] There is no more effective household disinfectant than the insignificant-looking bar of kitchen or laundry soap. But there are soaps and soaps and it is best to know something about the comparative attributes of different kinds.

The chief ingredients of laundry soap are fat, resin and an alkali—the latter usually being potash or soda. Its disinfecting power is dependent upon the kind of fat and alkali that are used in its manufacture. A soap that makes suds readily should be regarded with suspicion for this is an indication that it contains a large proportion of resin. Resin is used in the manufacture of many yellow laundry soaps because it adds greatly to the weight of the soap and makes suds in profusion.

A Simple Test.

There is a simple rule for testing the disinfecting value of soap. Cut two small pieces of soap of equal size. Put one piece aside. Shave the other piece fine and dissolve in warm alcohol. Pour this solution through filter paper. The residue left on the paper is waste material and when compared with the other piece will show you just how much of the soap is useless for disinfecting.

ON THE VERANDA.

Dull Finish for Wicker.

[Christian Science Monitor:] Many decorators now give wicker furniture a dull instead of shiny finish. To accomplish this apply a flat finish oil stain. Put it on evenly and allow the first coat to dry before putting on a second.

If the stain is not dark enough when it has dried a second coat can then be put on without danger of cloudiness, stickiness or thickness.

Another way to get a dull finish is to put on a varnish stain and rub it in as you put it on with a cotton cloth. This method makes the stain dry dull.

If Shiny Finish Desired.

If a shiny finish is desired enamel paint can be applied. Care should be taken to make the brush marks even and to apply the enamel thinly and evenly. Like stain the first coat should be allowed to dry thoroughly before the second is applied—if a second is needed.

CARE OF CHILDREN.

Some Poison Symptoms.

[New York Sun:] Apart from the usual effects of poisoning seen in diarrhoea and sickness, anything like a severe case may result in collapse. When there are signs of this, such as extreme pallor, rapid or irregular breathing, and so on, the child should be immediately put to bed wrapped in hot blankets and with hot water bottles at the feet and around the body, care of course being taken that they are wrapped in flannel, so that the delicate skin is not burnt. A teaspoonful of sal volatile in a wineglassful of hot water, or two or three teaspoonfuls of brandy in the same amount may be given, or a cup of hot, strong, black coffee. Sometimes a mustard bath is more effectual than anything else, especially in the case of a very young child; it should be about 100 deg. F. (the temperature tested of course with the bath thermometer, but if there is not one provided, the temperature should be tested by the bared elbow,) and should have, roughly, a tablespoonful of mustard allowed to every gallon of water, the mustard being mixed to a smooth, very liquid paste with tepid water before being added to the bath.

When Breathing is Labored.

When the breathing is very labored relief is given by pouring hot and cold water alternately on the head and chest, as also by flicking the chest with a wet towel, while rubbing the lips briskly with a bath towel also helps matters. But it is only rarely that such measures must be taken before a doctor's help is obtained, fortunately. All the same, the most remote chance of such a crisis makes it quite worth while for mothers to know what must be done, as everything,

even the child's life itself, may depend on doing the right thing quickly.

THE WARM-WEATHER HOME.

Choosing Location.

[New York Sun:] How far is the house from the station? How many minutes is the station from the office? What is the commutation rate? Is there a good train service? These are the first questions to be considered. The next questions are how many rooms has the house and what is the rent? The arrangement of the rooms, the condition of the mechanical equipment, including plumbing, water pipes, gas pipes or electrical wiring and heating apparatus, the dryness of the cellar, the state of the wall coverings—all these factors and more of the same sort should receive careful attention. But there are other points hardly less important that you might overlook through inexperience or because in previous summer quarters everything was perfect.

Some Important Considerations.

Then consider these things: Which point of the compass does the house face? Does the sun get directly into the rooms where it is wanted, or does it pour too freely into those where it is not wanted in the summer time? What is the direction of the prevailing winds, do they reach the front porch, the living quarters and the bed chambers, or do they waste themselves on the rear?

Where are the shade trees with relation to the sun and the breezes? Do they properly protect the sunny side? What is the general lay of the land? Is the house on a hilltop, on a slope, on a broad-level stretch or in a valley? If on a hilltop you are sure of the breeze, but not so on a slope, on a plateau or in a valley.

SOUR MILK AND CREAM.

Sour Cream Salad Dressing.

[New York Tribune:] On a hot day a fruit salad with sour cream dressing is appetizing. With crisp fresh lettuce as a basis any fruit or combination of fruits will make a good salad. One combination includes cold boiled rice, sour currants and a ball of Dutch or cottage cheese. Another combination is peaches and bananas flavored with a clove of garlic and some finely chopped parsley.

A recipe for sour cream dressing is to beat slowly with a fork into every half cup of thick sour cream—the thicker the better—the juice of half a lemon, adding salt, sugar and cayenne to taste.

Dutch Cheese.

Dutch cheese can be made from sour milk. When solid and thick the milk should be put in an agate basin or pan over a slow, gentle heat, and allowed to become scalding hot but never to boil; boiling turns the curd to a tough leathery consistence and renders it indigestible. A clean finger is the best thermometer; as the curd forms in the center of the pan and the water recedes to the edges separate the curd carefully with the finger so that the heat will be evenly distributed through it, but do not break it up too much.

Made into Balls.

When the water or whey becomes scalding hot remove the pan from the fire, pour the contents into a cheesecloth bag and hang it up to drain. When it has stopped dripping turn the cheese into a bowl, add salt, a generous dash of cayenne pepper, and enough sour cream to thin it so that it may be made into balls. Keep it in a dry place where it will not mould and it will improve with age. When it becomes dry moisten it again with sour cream or the sour cream dressing. Skim all the cream off the milk before putting it in the pan, as the cream melts in the hot whey and is lost.

Cayenne pepper adds largely to the tastiness as well as the digestibility of all dishes made from cream or milk and is a good stomach tonic in hot weather.

THE SUMMER TABLE.

Dollies Instead of Tablecloth.

[Philadelphia Record:] Many of the niceties of table service which busy housewives are apt to regard as unnecessary frills are in reality distinctly savers of money, time and labor. Particularly in summer the

practical side of the pretty details of serving should be considered.

For instance, the custom of using plate dollies with a centerpiece for two menus of the day, reserving a tablecloth for the dinner table only, is recommended for its common sense as well as attractiveness. The dollies can easily be rinsed out whenever a spot appears, and in the season of fresh berries a fruit stain on a dolly is not such a serious matter as the same spot on a large damask cloth. Small luncheon cloths, either square or round, barely reaching the edge of the table, are also a great saving of larger and more handsome table linen and enable the housewife to keep her table immaculate with little trouble and expense.

Individual Paper Cases.

Daintiness and economy are also achieved by keeping on hand a supply of individual paper cases for the serving of entrees or desserts. When unexpected guests make the quantity of some particular dish an embarrassing proposition these receptacles often save the day. Every available morsel can be apportioned in these individual cases and no empty platter be visible as evidence that the supply has been exhausted. Moreover, even the simplest preparation assumes an air of elegance when served individually in a paper or china case and with an appropriate garnish.

LITTLE FASHION NOTES.

Queues for Hats.

[New York Telegram:] Long slim queues with bright beads on the one end and saucy little hats on the other make Fifth avenue look like the road to Mandalay. There are cunning little hats shaped like pagodas which are trimmed with applique terra cotta cherries. One of these hats has an underbrim of black patent leather braid and the black silk tassel on top stands up straight. A black, tasseled ribbon streamer completes the hat. "The Chin-Chin" hat has a crown of shirred silk. The black Milan rim covers both eyebrows and stops at nothing save the lashes. A queue of braided ribbon hangs at the back which has a tassel of jet beads at the end, reaching below the waist.

The Fitted Corset.

The corset fitted back and front is an accepted decree. This even applies to evening toilettes. There is a strong feeling, moreover, for a sort of cuirass effect. Sometimes the latter takes form in a plain straight front, with slightly rucked under-arm pieces. Again, one material will be used literally fashioned like a cuirass and buttoned either side onto a bodice of contrasting material.

HEARTSEASE.

Perfect Trust.

One evening when Luther saw a little bird perched on a tree to roost there for the night, he said: "This little bird has had its supper and now is getting ready to go to sleep here, quite secure and content, never troubling itself what its food will be or where its lodgings on the morrow. Like David it 'abides under the shadow of the Almighty.' It sits on its little twig content and lets God take care."

E. D. C.

What the Right Hand Doeth.

[Caryl Storr:] So long as human nature remains what it has been for uncounted centuries, and so long as every kind of art depends upon human patronage for its daily crust and cup of water, the wise artist will be he who conceals his intention of teaching and uplifting his fellows behind a mask of friendly equality which conveys the two impressions that he needs help, more than they do, and that they are capable of fully solving the problems which he is able only to present.

O, Calm Contented Days!

O blest seclusion! when the mind admits The law of duty; and can therefore move Through each vicissitude of loss and gain, Linked in entire complacency with her choice;

When youth's presumptuousness is mel- lowed down,

And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed; When wisdom shows her seasonable fruit

Upon the boughs of sheltering laurels home In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops To drink with gratitude the crystal stream Of unrepented joy; and is pleased To muse, and be haunted by the air Of meek repentance.

O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights! Who, when such good can be obtained, would strive

To reconcile his manhood to a couch Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise, Stuffed with thorny substance of the past For fixed annoyance; and full oft beset With floating dreams, black and disconso- late,

The vapory phantoms of futurity? —[William Wordsworth.]

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Good Laundry Soap. THE BEST DISINFECTANT. [Today's Magazine:] There is no more effective household disinfectant than the in-
fectious-looking bar of kitchen or laundry soap. But there are soap and more and it.

THE WARM-WEATHER HOME. Choosing Location. doing the right thing quickly. even the child's life itself, may depend on practical side of the pretty details of serving.

For instance, the custom of using plate doilies with a centerpiece for two menus of the day, reserving a tablecloth for the dinner table only, is recommended for its common sense.

Of week repentence. To muse, and be suited by the air. Of unimproved enjoyment; and is pleased. To drink with gratitude the crystal stream. In sober plenty: when the spirit slopes. Upon the boughs of sheltering laurels hangs.

For Wife and Mother. For Daughter and Maid.

"Home, Sweet Home"

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Electricity as a Remedy.

THE question of the exact value of electricity as a remedy has been subject to more ups and downs in popular opinion, and in the opinion of medical men also, than almost any other therapeutic measure or medicine. The subject is kept actively before the public by novel discoveries from time to time, many of which give great promise as remedies. Yet, after the monetary enthusiasm, the position of electricity in therapeutics appears to lapse back into about the same position as before.

In point of fact, however, there is no such retrogression as is suggested by the waning of popular enthusiasm. Electricity is extending its field of usefulness as a remedy steadily; but, like every other remedy, it is only adapted to certain conditions, and must be applied correctly to be effective. There is a very distinct difference, for example, between the effects of the ordinary type of faradic battery with its familiar buzzing, and that of a galvanic battery which makes no sound, and produces a very different sensation. And there is an even greater difference between the action of either of these batteries, and that of the X-ray, or the high-frequency current.

The faradic battery, which is the one popularly known as the "medical battery," is purely mechanical in its therapeutic action, producing stimulation to the muscular system comparable in many ways to the effect of massage. It is useful, therefore, in stimulating weakened muscles, in limbering up joints stiffened by rheumatism and in soothing tired muscles. In some cases of neuritis, and neuralgia, the faradic current sometimes relieves the pain to a certain extent, but usually it has little or no effect in these conditions.

Checking Pain with Electricity.

The kind of battery most useful in checking pain is the galvanic—that is, the kind that uses the current directly from the cells without passing through the coil with its familiar "buzzing." It is, therefore, a simpler apparatus than the faradic battery; and it has an entirely different effect upon the structures of the body. For example, it produces actual chemical and structural changes in the tissues, whereas the faradic battery does not. Moreover, since the current of the galvanic battery passes constantly through the tissues in one direction, it is possible to force medicines through the skin and administer treatment with this current when for any reason it does not seem advisable to administer them by the stomach.

But, even without the assistance of medicines, the galvanic current has a slightly anesthetic effect, and in certain conditions relieves painful affections of the nerves, such as neuralgia and neuritis. Recently it has been found that by interrupting the current it may be used to deaden the pain for performing minor operations. It also has a slight hypnotic effect. Dr. Louise Rabinovitch has demonstrated repeatedly the possibility of putting to sleep such animals as rabbits, without pain, injury or apparent discomfort to the animals.

The method of doing this, and of producing local anesthesia, was discovered and perfected recently by Prof. Leduc of France. For this purpose the ordinary galvanic cells may be used, but instead of allowing the current to flow steadily, this current is interrupted into pulsations of about 100 per second. For numbing some part, such as a finger, the negative pole is placed on either the finger or the hand, while the positive pole is held against the spine at the point of emergence of the nerves which control the fingers. In this manner a weak current may be made to numb the finger so that even a knife cut will not be felt.

High Frequency Currents.

Quite recently what are known as "high-frequency" currents have been found to be of great value in treating certain conditions. The method of applying this kind of electrical current differs greatly from the methods of using galvanic or faradic electricity. In using either of these older currents two electrodes are necessary, both of which must be brought in direct contact with the skin, these electrodes being made of metal

or metal covered with moistened sponges. Only a single electrode is necessary for using the high-frequency current, however, and this electrode is in the form of a glass bulb. Moreover, one not only feels the effect of the current, but sees its effects in the glass bulb in the form of a stream of violet emanations which pour through the tube, and may be felt through the clothing almost as readily as upon the bare skin.

Like all other forms of electricity, the high-frequency current must be applied intelligently to get results, but when so applied it may be used as a stimulant to the muscles in much the same way as the faradic current, and for the relief of pain like the galvanic. It is, therefore, peculiarly useful for limbering up rheumatic joints and muscles, and relieving the pains of neuralgias and similar conditions.

The first type of high-frequency batteries were cumbersome, expensive affairs. But recently compact "pocket-size" batteries have been placed on the market, which may be attached directly to the electric lamp socket, and are only a little more expensive than the ordinary "family battery."

New View of Ventilation.

The fact that good ventilation is essential to good health is established beyond question. But until recently it was generally believed that a room that was well supplied with oxygen was well ventilated, and conversely the air of a room having a low percentage of oxygen was peculiarly harmful for breathing. The "stifling" feeling produced by hot, crowded rooms has been thought to be due to the toxic matter in the expired air and the low percentage of oxygen.

Pure air contains about 21 per cent. of oxygen, but this may be reduced very much before the diminution becomes harmful. Indeed, it is necessary to go only a short distance up into the mountains to come under an atmospheric pressure such as to reduce the oxygen supply much more than it is reduced in crowded assemblies, and yet mountain air is especially healthful. The exact percentage of oxygen in the air, therefore, does not appear to be the determinant factor in good ventilation, as was once supposed. And recent experiments seem to show that the headaches, dizziness and nausea produced by the air in crowded rooms are due to heat, humidity and stagnation of the air, rather than to its chemical composition.

It is found, for example, that in badly-ventilated rooms where the oxygen is greatly diminished by the number of persons present, the usual feelings of discomfort to breathing will be largely prevented if the air is cooled and kept in motion with electric fans. Even where such stirring up of the air does not actually change the percentage of oxygen, it relieves the bad effects upon respiration, as movement of the air seems to be quite as important as chemical composition.

Coca as a Stimulant.

The bad effects of cocaine when taken as "dope," and its marvelous anesthetic action, have completely overshadowed the peculiar tonic effects of the plant from which the drug is derived. The plant in question is the coca, which is a native of Peru and other South American countries; and the Indians of Peru have used coca leaves to assist them in performing feats of strength and endurance for centuries. As illustrating this, Prof. Lloyd of Cornell University gives the following incident that he observed:

"We started across the Paramo, as the lofty summit of the Andes above the timber line is called. On this trip the dozen Indian porters who carried our cargoes all consumed coca unceasingly while on the march. After eating a simple breakfast of ground-corn porridge, they would start with their heavy packs, weighing from seventy-five to 100 pounds, strapped to their backs. All day long they traveled at a rapid gait over steep mountain spurs and across mucky swamps at an altitude that, to us, without any loads whatever, was most exhausting. On these trips the Indians neither rested anywhere nor ate at noon, but incessantly sucked their wads of coca throughout the entire day."

Curiously enough these Indians do not

become "dope fiends," and do not appear to suffer from physical breakdowns, as do the habitual cocaine users in this country. Possibly this may be accounted for by the fact that the coca leaves contain a relatively small amount of cocaine, but a more reasonable explanation is that the Indians have acquired immunity through constant use of the leaves for hundreds of years.

Clay in Intestinal Disorders.

The treatment of certain diseases among the soldiers of the present war has shown some peculiar reversions to older methods that have been little used in recent years. For example, some of the German surgeons have found that for treating the cholera-like intestinal troubles which are peculiarly common among the fighting men, a mixture of clay and charcoal is most effective.

This clay is the kind used in porcelain making, which is known as kaolin, or Fuller's earth. It is not used as a remedy for internal administration ordinarily, although it is often employed externally as a dusting powder, and in some so-called "talcum" powders. But it has the peculiar quality of "absorbing toxins and burying bacteria," and since intestinal disorders are the results of bacteria and their toxins, the curative effect of this clay may be readily understood.

Since charcoal possesses many of the same absorbent qualities as kaolin, the two substances work well in combination. They are administered in tablespoonful doses, stirred into oatmeal gruel or some other cereal, and eaten with the regular meal. This method of administration is employed in some of the European armies, and suggests a simple way of correcting the mild types of intestinal disorders which are common during the summer months.

Healing Power of Camphor.

Camphor is a time-honored family remedy, generally considered somewhat more suitable for nervous, headachy individuals than as a remedy for serious ailments. In point of fact, however, camphor is one of the very best heart stimulants in certain cases of collapse, and for this purpose has gained rather than declined in popularity with medical men in recent years.

Since the breaking out of the war camphor has become very popular with many army surgeons in the treatment of wounds. For this purpose the camphor gum is dissolved in wine in the following proportions: One part camphor, one part alcohol, three parts mucilage of acacia and forty-five parts white wine. Surgeons report that when this preparation is used "the wounds heal remarkably fast, while the relief from pain from the first is notable."

This use of wine as a dressing for wounds at present is interesting, when we reflect that it was a favorite dressing with army surgeons a hundred years ago, but had dropped out of use almost entirely during the past forty years.

Erythromelalgia.

This long and difficult name is given a condition in which the hands and fingers become painful, slightly swollen and red. The color is a rosy red at first, but later may become purplish, particularly toward the tips of the fingers, while the veins of the hands become swollen. The pain increases in severity gradually, but is relieved by cold water or by holding the hands above the head so that they are depleted of blood.

It would appear from this that the condition is one directly concerned with the blood vessels; but such is not the case. The underlying cause is in the nerves that control the blood vessels, and the treatment should be directed to correct this. Electricity gives the best and quickest results, particularly when used in the form of an electrical hand bath. The bath may be made with an ordinary washbowl of water, into which are dropped the two electrodes of a faradic battery. If the hands are held in this bath for a few minutes great relief is experienced.

This disease, particularly in its milder forms, is not an uncommon one. It sometimes affects the feet in the same manner.

as the hands, and is even more painful and disagreeable.

Uncle Sam's New Footwear.

The United States Army experts have just completed a long series of experiments and investigations undertaken for the purpose of perfecting an anatomically correct shoe. As a result, Maj. E. L. Munson has produced a last which is regarded as nearly perfect. Practical experiments with shoes made after the Munson pattern seem to demonstrate that our soldiers in the future, and the civilians who follow their example in footwear, will be far less likely to suffer from foot troubles than ever before.

In the investigations made by Maj. Munson and his associates, thousands of X-ray pictures were taken, showing the position of the bones of the feet both in and out of the shoes. These pictures showed that there were very few properly fitting shoes on the market, and indicated the exact reason for the misfits. They showed also that most adults now have more or less permanently deformed feet due to bad shoeing. By modifying the army shoe along the lines indicated by the pictures, however, it was possible to correct most of these defects and give the men a degree of comfort and marching efficiency hitherto unknown in any army in the world, it is said.

The government officials were so impressed with the high percentage of foot deformities existing among all classes of people, and with the efficiency of the Munson shoe, that they have placed this last at the disposal of any shoemaker or manufacturer who wishes it. Several manufacturers have already availed themselves of the opportunity, and are beginning to put out this type of shoe as a regular product. These shoes differ very little in appearance from the ordinary patterns now on the market.

Man's Limitations.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] Despite the progress of science and invention, no politician has yet perfected a wireless method of wire-pulling.

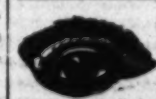
HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.



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HEART OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONTINENT SOON TO BE OPENED.

IT IS FOUR TIMES AS BIG AS NEW ENGLAND, A BIG RANCH OWNED BY AMERICANS, GREAT FORESTS AND THE WEALTH IN QUINCHACHO—A BUSINESS EMPLOYING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS—THE CLIMATE OF THE CHACO—STRANGE ANIMALS—FISH THAT COME FROM THE CLOUDS—THE TERRIBLE FLOODS AND THE FLOODS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ASUNCION (Paraguay.)—I write this morning of one of the biggest blocks of unexplored land known to the world. The territory has an area four or five times as large as New England, and three times that of New York, New Jersey

population of about 50,000 whites. It has some large estates, and its ranches have more than 1,000,000 cattle, 15,000 horses, 12,000 sheep and 9000 goats. It has something like 15,000 acres in corn and 5000 acres in sugar cane. There are no stock statistics on the Paraguayan Chaco, and none as to the lands which extend across into Bolivia and Brazil. It is known, however, that the soil is generally fertile, and that it will raise corn, sugar cane, tobacco and cotton. Some cotton has already been planted in the far south. The seed came from the United States, and the product is of superior quality.

As to the pasture lands of the Chaco, they are large enough to fill the meat baskets of millions. The regions that have been explored have shown vast plains covered with rich grass, and in those adjoin-

ing markets and Mr. Rickard has been shipping some of his stock down to Buenos Aires. The animals are sent down the river to the port of Asuncion, and thence south by rail through Paraguay proper and the province of Entre Rios to the capital of Argentina. Mr. Rickard estimates that it costs something like \$40 a head in freight, duties and loss of weight to get the animals to the market, and nevertheless he says they can be sold at a profit.

A movement is under way in Brazil to build a railway from Sao Paulo across country westward to Matto Grosso, striking the northern edge of the Chaco. When this is completed the cattle of Matto Grosso and the Northern Chaco will have a haul of only about 600 miles to the markets. This is about as far as from New York to Cleveland, and the freight cost would be low.

of Salta, and it will have other lines extending out from this into the grass lands and forests. The only railway now in operation in the whole territory is a line built by French capital which connects Resistencia with the Argentine system. In addition there are several hundred miles of narrow-gauge timber roads, made by the Quebracho and other companies to get out their lumber and logs for tanning.

Great Forests.

And this brings me to the forests of the Chaco. They are of vast extent, not only in Argentina, but also in Paraguay. During my stay in Buenos Aires I had an interview with one of the experts of our Forestry Department who has gone to South America to aid Argentina in the exploitation



Getting out lumber on the Vermejo.



At the mouth of the Pilcomayo.

and Pennsylvania combined. There is enough land in it to make seven States the size of Ohio, five the size of Illinois, and almost forty as big as Massachusetts. It contains more than 300,000 square miles, and if it could be lifted up and spread over the United States it would hide almost one-tenth of our country from the light of the sun.

This region is known as the Gran Chaco. Some of it belongs to Paraguay, some to Argentina, and it runs over into Bolivia and Brazil. It extends for five or six hundred miles along the western side of the Parana and Paraguay rivers and runs back almost to the foothills of the Andes. The Paraguayan part of it is opposite where I am writing these notes, and its capital is Asuncion, where this letter is dated.

The Gran Chaco is a vast plain, the most of which is less than a thousand feet above the sea. It has some great swamps and lagoons, and it is traversed by the Pilcomayo and Vermejo rivers, each of which rises in Bolivia, and, crossing the Chaco, enters the Paraguay. The Pilcomayo is about 1500 miles long, and the Vermejo 800. Attempts have been made to explore both rivers, with a view to opening a route to Bolivia, but without success. Both streams are crooked and shallow and obstructed by sandbars. There are small boats on the Pilcomayo, and navigation is being opened up on the Vermejo, on account of the lumber interests and plantations along its banks. It is now possible to go several hundred miles up the Vermejo, and small steamboats, which have a speed of about seven miles an hour, travel upon it. The boats are fitted with cabins and are lighted by electricity. They do not move during the night.

Large Estates.

The Chaco in general is well watered, although some parts are semi-arid. It has millions of acres of uplands covered with grass, and undeveloped forests of large extent. The only part of the country that is now being brought into use is the Argentine Chaco and some spots here and there in the Paraguayan Chaco. The Argentine Chaco, which is as big as Illinois, has a



A Paraguayan pine.



Indians of the Chaco.

ing Bolivia the cattle run wild. In the northern part of the Paraguayan Chaco are the ranches belonging to the Americans, of which Tex Rickard is the managing director. Their territories comprise about 5,000,000 acres, or 1000 Paraguayan leagues, and the cattle ranch they are establishing is to be one of the largest in the world. As I have said, they have already about 30,000 head of stock on them, and I am told that this number is rapidly increasing. The majority of their cattle are a cross between the Indian zebu and the South American tranquero, but good breeding stock will be imported, and the ranching is to be scientifically carried on. The company is study-

An American packing company is now erecting its buildings at Sao Paulo with the expectation that much of its beefs will come from those regions.

Among the other railroads proposed to open up this territory is the system that will go from Argentina northward into Eastern Bolivia and eventually be extended on to the Amazon. A number of lines have been planned, and when under way they will open up a vast empire of good country, a great part of which will be in Bolivia. The Argentine Republic is making a narrow-gauge railway to cross its part of the Gran Chaco, running from the Parana River at Resistencia back into the province

tion of its timber resources. This man's name is H. M. Curran, who is now connected with the Forestry Department of Argentina. He had samples of many of the woods of the Chaco, and is perhaps the best posted of all men upon the forests of this part of the world. Said he:

"The area of the Argentine forests is something like 250,000 square miles. It is twice as large as that of Kentucky, Virginia and Ohio combined. At least one-fourth of it is solid timber, and the greater part of it is covered with trees. The woods are of many varieties, and they are fit for every use under the sun. Some of them are soft and some hard. Some will take up moisture

NO CAUSE TO WONDER THAT THEY
SELDOM THRIVE.
I T IS hoped city officials will before it is
too late fix a minimum width for park-
ways in Los Angeles and will outline a
scheme whereby we may be assured of a
Street Trees.

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauntun.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

The Making of Our New Southern California.

By M. V. Hartranft.

HIGHER VISIONS.

AT LAST the complete plans for the systematic control of our mountain streams have been adopted and provided for. The orchardist or farmer who does not control the forces of nature is soon controlled by them. The desert is ever encroaching upon the foundations of civilization. Every torrential stream bed extending across the fair face of Southern California is a wrinkle of age, a finger mark of death to civilization.

Los Angeles and the ancient city of Babylon have so many physical features in common that one might be the reincarnation of the other. A study of the decline and fall of Babylon by a scientist of the type of our Engineer Olmstead or Pasadena's father of forestry, T. P. Lukens, would differ from the theologian's report only in matter of phrases applicable to the great god of nature.

With the occurrence of the great flood of 1914 the members of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors proved to be men of the higher vision, with a thorough understanding of their duty to the present and the future. Through an able board of flood engineers engaged for the purpose of bringing all the scientific facts before them, the supervisors laid out a policy for the complete control of torrential streams in Los Angeles county.

To carry out this policy it became necessary to secure important additional legislation at Sacramento, and the passage of the flood-control measure known as the Baker bill has provided for the formation of nearly all the county into a flood district with the power to vote a bond issue of ten or more million dollars; or for the Supervisors to levy a general tax assessment of 10 cents on the \$100 if the bond election fails to carry.

Los Angeles county is now ready to consider its plans and proceed for the making of a new and greater and a more enduring place of habitation.

Some of the Plans.

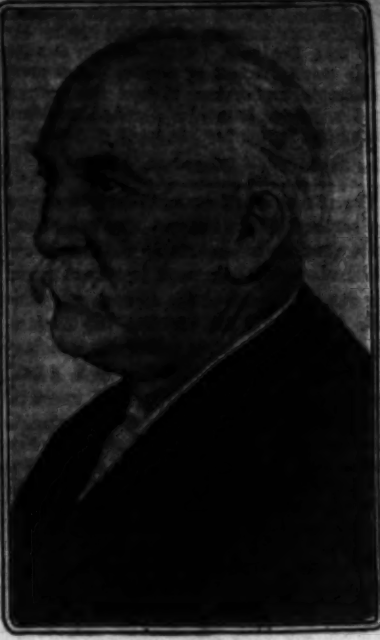
Pending the adoption of the proper legislative authority, now secured, the Supervisors, in conjunction with their Board of Flood Control, have been maturing plans, the details of which we have referred to and illustrated in The Times Illustrated Weekly from time to time.

As heretofore announced, our county officers have determined to rely on the lessons of the ages in the prevention of floods rather than in the building of cement conduits and levees to control the torrent after it begins to sweep the valley floor. Nor does this mean exactly that no levees or cement conduits will be built. To the contrary, after the streams are first controlled in the mountains, and after the erosion of the hillsides has been stopped by the building of retarding dams and the reforesting of the slopes; and when the stream emerges from the mountains free of silt, or sand or stone—then the proper spreading channels and spillways to the ocean for the normal run-off (if any there is) will be constructed. Of the construction of these retarding dams or barrages (as they are designated abroad) we have given particulars with illustrations in the issue of this magazine of May 15 last. As to reforesting the hilltops and canyon slopes there is now the official determination that it shall begin and proceed apace. Supervisors Visit Lukens's Pines.

Last week the Board of Supervisors, accompanied by George H. Maxwell, secretary of the National Irrigation Congress, many members of the Pasadena Board of Trade, newspaper and business men and the noted tree planter, T. P. Lukens of Pasadena, took an all-day trip to the famous pines planted by Mr. Lukens some ten years ago on the barren south exposures of Mt. Wilson.

That excursion will prove to be a memorable event in the history of Southern California because the Board of Supervisors put themselves on record with firm resolutions, just as such officials with higher visions could be expected to do.

As illustrated and heretofore described, the Lukens pines are half way up the toll road to Mt. Wilson. There are about 40,000 pine trees, differing in height from eight to thirty feet, according to the en-



Citizen Lukens

Pasadena's Patriarch of Forestry. Like Apple-seed John he Abandoned His Regular Vocation to Find the Way to Insure the Growth of Pine Forests on Our Barren Mountain Slopes. Forty Thousand Living Trees Over Ten Years Old Have Worked to Rouse the Community to this Possibility.

vironment in which the particular specimens were planted.

Thousands of these trees were planted right out among the brush and chaparral on the sun-baked southern slopes, and, without irrigation or cultivation or cultural attention of any character, they are growing and waving and laughing in the sunshine, with a promise of shade and happiness and flood protection to millions in the future. Other trees were planted in strips along the dry ridges, and these also received no cultural attention, and there they are, a 90 per cent. stand of eternal monuments to the patient, untiring and devoted Lukens.

No Southern Californian can visit the Lukens pine forest without experiencing that overwhelming feeling of patriotism and gratitude that one experiences at his first visit to the "Mission Play." In fact, the occasion of the Supervisors' visit was a sweet day to this venerable father of actual forestry. As he listened to the words of gratitude that the county officials expressed for his having brought through the fire of experiment these the only living artificial pine forests on our south mountain sides, his head bowed perceptibly, and we who watched and listened knew that Mr. Lukens at last saw coming to Southern California what he had labored and prayed for through so many tedious years.

When Chairman Pridham declared that these 40,000 pine trees were an inspiration for the Board of Supervisors to provide for 40,000,000 trees upon the same proven planting system, Supervisor Norton answered back with the agreement that he would vote double the amount if they all consented to designate the project as the Lukens Forest.

I have witnessed several historic events in California. The only striking parallel to this scene is the beautiful picture at the close of the second act in the "Mission Play," where McGroarty gives us the tableau of the venerable form of Junipero Serra kneeling at the cross after the day's festivities have closed, uttering a grateful prayer for the assurance of being "always remembered in this dear land of 'California.'"

On the peak of yonder mountain, overlooking the fair orchards and cities of all Los Angeles county, ranking business men of Los Angeles, Pasadena and Glendale and practically the entire governing board, inspired by these leaders of reclamation and progress, a compact was made that all the encroachments of the desert must stop, and all winter storm water be retarded in the mountains for beneficent summer use instead of winter flood rips.

It was the birthday of a new and more glorious California.

The long years of patient plodding and planting had ripened the dream of Citizen Lukens into an early reality.

The errors and oversights of the Chaldeans and Babylonians are not to be further repeated in this fair land of California. A Vision of the Future.

Fine-covered mountains in Southern California are beautiful to think about and easy to put upon paper. Those only who have attempted it know what it means to make a reality of it. But, like all progress, our pine-covered mountains are to come by multiplying our cultural successes and abandoning our failures. Many bookish theories about forestry must be abandoned in Southern California. All hope of timber culture and profits must be set aside, as a tree on our mountain slope is worth six to eight times more as a condenser and conservator of moisture than it is as "tongue-and-grooved flooring."

The Federal Forest Service has helped work out many of the plans that will be woven into the making of the newer and greater Southern California. At this time the Federal foresters are engaged in making firebreaks and trails to protect the brush cover that is already upon our mountains. It is as much as we can expect to have the Federal government keep up with protective work and patrol. It is the duty, the accepted duty, of the county to provide for flood prevention and control, and as the county plants the trees it will require enormous Federal funds to properly protect them.

Therefore, we have in prospect of immediate operation the making of our brush slopes into green pine forests. In turn our summer streams will swell in volume. The State has already begun its policy of mountain road building. The Federal government will always maintain trails and firebreaks for protection.

As we of older years progress along, we shall see the newer California in its infancy, and our boys and girls will take their families into these pine woods. For our own dividehds, the retarding dams will largely diminish the dangers of flood damage, as well as provide the percolating moisture that will upbuild the forests on the slopes.

A Mountain Army.

Supervising, building and restoring on this line of watershed development will require an army of men. Here the great vision of George H. Maxwell has already operated to provide a sensible plan. Let us have an industrial army of the mountains, argues this creator of the National Reclamation Service. Let us meet the demand for a standing army by organizing an industrial army.

If you think of it a bit, you will see how this plan adjusts itself to our national and local requirements. Instead of enlisting men to serve in a standing army, George Maxwell wants the government to enlist men into an industrial army, organized and drilled under military rules, a branch of the military arm of the government, and likewise a branch of the Department of the Interior. He would use this army to do the great reconstruction work of the country—reforest the headwaters of the Mississippi and remake and maintain the levees of dangerous rivers; and in all States and at all times carry on the work of nation building, as well as be ready instantly for national defense.

This would be a great compromise between the militarists and the peace lovers. It is a compromise that is going to win.

Los Angeles county is going to precede the movement by establishing many forests and doing other public works for this national service to protect.

You can be additionally glad that you are living in Southern California now.

What Will the City do?

Gov. Johnson has signed the flood control bill, and the whole county has been created into a flood district, with the exception of a very narrow strip of the Mojave Desert portion. By a majority vote a bond issue may now provide funds for the carrying out of the complete plans formulated

by the Board of Flood Engineers. A great deal of objection has been made by the people of the city of Los Angeles to the doing of the work on a general bond issue instead of upon the special assessment plan. He will probably hear much of this side of the discussion before the bonds are adopted. If the bonds should fail to carry at the first election, the Board of Supervisors are authorized in the measure to levy an assessment of 10 cents upon the \$100 for the temporary prosecution of this work.

The people of the municipalities will have to be educated up to the necessity of this flood conservation work. They must be shown the histories of the lost nations which did not heed the torrential warnings—the reason of the great floods in Paris of recent times and the antecedent causes of them, and the buried and ruined cities of past history—all these must be gone into, and if the city people then heed not the warnings of the lesser floods that have already blasted the face of our Southland, we must go further and if necessary make it plain in placards that communities as beautiful, as energetic and as prosperous as this have been completely annihilated and buried beneath the desert sands because they failed to control the mountain slopes and stream flow. And if the business men of Los Angeles fail to give support they must be told and shown that one great flood like that of 1914 makes runways on the denuded mountainsides for another great flood, and that a greater flood may come to us and undermine the credit and foundations of hundreds of millions of dollars of industries that can be averted at a small outlay, the entire cost of which will come back in the form of irrigation revenues and increased products of the community.

Advice Never Before Heard.

[The Argonaut:] The Arabs tell a story to show how a mean man's philosophy overshoots itself. Under the reign of the first Caliph there was a merchant of Bagdad equally rich and avaricious. One day he bargained with a porter to carry home for him a basket of porcelain vases for ten paras. As they went along, he said to the man: "My friend, you are young and I am old; you can still earn plenty. Strike a para from your hire." "Willingly!" replied the porter. This request was repeated again and again, until, when they reached the house, the porter had only a single para to receive. As they went upstairs, the merchant said: "If you will resign the last para I will give you three pieces of advice." "Be it so," said the porter. "Well, then," said the merchant, "if anyone tells you it is better to be fasting than feasting, do not believe him. If anyone tells you it is better to be poor than rich, do not believe him. If anyone tells you it is better to walk than ride in your carriage, do not believe him." "My dear sir," replied the astonished porter, "I knew these things before; but if you will listen to me, I will give you such advice as you never heard before." The merchant turned around, and the porter, throwing the basket down the staircase, said: "If anyone tells you that one of your vases is unbroken, do not believe him."

Sang a Silent Solo.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] During his theatrical career Mr. Grossmith has come into contact with numerous stage-struck men and women whose enthusiasm was greater than their talent, and he says that the failures behind the footlights far outnumber the successes.

Apropos of this fact he tells the following:

"I remember once a lady recruit at the Gaiety, whose singing master had prophesied great things of her, was entrusted with eight bars to sing in the finale of the first act.

"Immediately the curtain was rung down the stage manager came round to know the reason of the long stage wait.

"'Oh, that wasn't a stage wait,' someone told him. 'That was Miss So-and-so singing her solo!'"

The singer had had stage fright and couldn't utter a sound.

UNEXPLORED EMPIRE.
HEART OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN CON-
TINENT SOON TO BE OPENED.
A NEW RIVER AS HIS NEW HIGHWAY.
UNWAY FOUNDED AND THE WEATHER IS
IT IS BOTH WARMER AS HIS NEW HIGHWAY.

The Gran Chaco. By Frank G. Carpenter.

...of the hard woods will sink like stones. The quebracho, for instance, is like our black walnut. It is very hard and is used for paving blocks. A large part of Buenos Aires is paved with it. This tree grows only about thirty feet high, and the common log is not more than three or four feet long, although it may be thirty inches in diameter. The lapacho is another hard wood. It has much the same properties as hickory, and can be used for spokes and wagon rims and for all kinds of best work. It has a beautiful grain and takes a fine polish. We have a red cedar which grows largely in Paraguay. It is used for cigar boxes. We have also woods that are fitted for pulp. We have altogether 500 different kinds or species of woods, but so far the only one that has been of great commercial profit has been the quebracho."

The Quebracho.

"Tell me something about the quebracho industry," said I.
"The quebracho is one of the most valuable woods of the world," said Mr. Curran. "It is used for railroad ties, fence posts and telegraph poles, and more than anything else for tanning and to make tannin extracts. Nearly all of the leather of the United States is tanned with quebracho. It gives the leather a finer color than can be gotten from any other tanning material, and is now used in most parts of Europe."
"Where is the tree found?"
"It is scattered throughout the forests of the Chaco," was the reply. "A forest of quebracho looks somewhat like a forest of oak. The trees grow upon the level lands and upon those which are overflowed by a part of the year. Quebracho is exceedingly hard. It will turn the edge of an ax, and, in fact, the word quebracho means ax breaker. When used for railroad ties holes have to be bored for the spikes, for they cannot be driven in as is done with some of the ties in our country."

"The quebracho trees are cut down in the forests and carried on narrow-gauge railways to the ports or the factories, where the extract is made. A great deal of the wood is exported in the log and a great deal in extract. In making the extract the wood is ground into sawdust and the tannin extracted. Two quebracho trees, weighing a ton, will yield about 1200 pounds of extract, which will tan as much leather as three or four tons of oak bark. The extract is made into solid cakes, which are reduced to a liquid as needed."

"Is there much money employed in the quebracho industry?" I asked.
"Yes, the capital invested runs high into the millions. We have one institution known as the Forest Land Timber and Railroad Company that has a capitalization of \$7,500,000. It owns in the Chaco more than 2,000,000 acres of forests and rents a half-million acres more. It has four factories for making quebracho extract, and uses something like a quarter of a million tons of logs every year. It supplies 2,000,000 ties annually to the South American railroads. That company employs 12,000 men in its lumber camps and factories, and has something like 30,000 animals to get out the logs and for other work. It has, also, railways and steamships."

"There are a half-dozen large quebracho companies in Paraguay, with capitalizations ranging from a quarter of a million dollars upward. The Puerta Sastre of Asuncion has almost \$2,000,000 capital, and the Rio de la Plata Quebracho Company has about \$500,000 invested. The quebracho forests sell for something like \$3000 a square league. Some of the lands belong to the government, and the present policy is to lease rather than to sell them."

Lumber from United States.

I asked Mr. Curran as to the introduction of American lumber into the basin of the Plata. He replied that the most of the lumber now used in this part of the world comes from the United States. Some of it is shipped from Puget Sound and the Columbia River around through the Strait of Magellan, and some comes from New England and our Southern States. The cost of getting out the native woods is such that this can be done at a profit. The lumber comes in shiploads of two or three million feet. It is landed at Buenos Aires and thence exported to all parts of the country. Our common pine sells for about 10 cents a foot, oak brings 15 cents, and other wood in proportion. These prices are less than those at which the native woods can be

...the primitive methods of getting the lumber to the market. Many of the logs are hauled by animals on carts to the streams and thence shipped on boats to the market. The axes used are of a well-known New England make. The handles are of hickory. They also come from the United States.

In some places the lumber is sawed out by hand. In this case the log is propped up, and one man stands on the top of it while another is below. Some of the trees are very crooked, and it is almost impossible to get straight boards from them.

I find great difference of opinion here as to the future of the Chaco. Some say that the country has so much swamp that it cannot be valuable, but others describe vast tracts of lowlands covered with grass and of highlands that can be turned into farms. There is no doubt that the Argentine Chaco has some excellent soil, and it is known that the lands nearer Bolivia are fitted for grazing and farming. The Americans who have settled in the northern part of the Paraguay Chaco are enthusiastic as to the fertility of the soil. In a recent interview "Tex" Rickard says that a family can easily be supported on ten acres of land. He declares that bananas, oranges and pineapples grow with but slight cultivation, and that some kaffir corn will yield twice as much as in America. He says that hogs thrive. They begin breeding at a year old, and feed themselves until they are ready for market.

The climate of the Chaco is described as being healthy and agreeable. It is tropical, but on the warmest days there is a light breeze from the south, which makes the summer nights fresh. The winters are pleasant. There is but little frost and it never snows.

The Terrible Chaco.

On the other hand, some say that the Chaco is all that is bad. John Foster Fraser declares "when our ancestors invented hell they had no knowledge of the Chaco." He says that it is all swamp and forest, mosquitoes and fever, and in addition there are Indians who will put a spear into the back of the white man whenever they can get a chance. There are about 100,000 Indians in the Chaco, and among them some of the wildest tribes of the continent.

As to the wild animals of the Chaco, they consist of alligators, jaguars, tigers and peccaries, or wild hogs. From a book given me by the State Department of Paraguay I have descriptions of certain traditional beasts and birds that are unknown to natural history. One is the dog snake, which the Indians say has a head like a dog and a cry like a puppy. The end of its tail is hooked in order that it may hold its prey more securely. This creature is said to exist in the Great Laguna Ibero in the Argentine and in parts of the Chaco.

Another interesting beast is the owow, a white, long-haired animal the size of a sheep, which hunts in packs and attacks human beings, and another is the spotted deer or antelope, which is somewhat like the deer of other parts of this country.

The Indians also describe a monster called the Iguana dog. The Indian name is the teja-jugua. They say it does not live now, but the tradition is that it had the head and tail of an alligator and the body of a dog. They also speak of a bird with phosphorescent feathers, and an ant bear that is bisexual. I hear also of many curious birds. One is said to so memorize birds of other species that it can kill them without their making resistance. The ypecaha, according to Hudson, the naturalist, is a little bird that holds public meetings and has dancing performances, including a concert in which a dozen or more will rush into an open place and scream, raising their long beaks as they do so.

And then the fish! The Chaco has some that live in the waters and some that live in the mud. There is one called the palemeta, that grows to an enormous size, and is said to now and then bite at a bather. The country has also the small piranha, which Theodore Roosevelt describes as "a cannibal fish that eats men." The piranha is found in the waters of the Paraguay. It grows to a length of eighteen inches, and is, if the stories told are correct, about the most ferocious fish known to man. It will attack anything living, will tear wild fowl to pieces, and will even attack cows and bite their udders as they stand in the water. This fish has teeth as sharp as a razor, and

...The Chaco has poisonous snakes in the forests and huge pythons in the swamps. It has also small fish about two inches long which sometimes drop down with the rain, and fish of eight or ten inches that are found in the pools formed by heavy down-pours. It is believed that the latter fish come from the mud, and that they enter the water only after a storm. In another letter I will write of the Indians and tell how they live.

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A New Life. TRIUMPH OF FAITH AND HOPE OVER FEAR OF DEATH. By Rose L. Ellerbe.

"The brico-brac lady" was the name she had long borne among her intimates, because of her never-failing joy in every new bit of beauty that came into her hands. All her life she had gathered about her exquisite things—bits of dainty handwork, carving, painting—whatever was marked by perfection of finish or form. And so deep was her joy in each possession that her friends, knowing that each gift would be appreciated and treasured for itself and for its giver, never tired of adding to her collection. Her beautiful home was a fit setting for the rare things that adorned it. She had, indeed, planned the house and its decorations as the background for her "collection."

And the lady herself was like some dainty Dresden figure in her delicate beauty, her exquisite finish. She wore always soft lavenders and purples, her fine hair was dressed in queenly style and her eyes sparkled with the fire of an unquenchable spirit. She was alone in the world, with only her beloved "brico-brac" and her many friends to companion her, yet she was an unfailing inspiration—she brought cheer and hope to all who came into her circle. She found life good and she garnered all of the joy and happiness within her grasp and in turn, passed it on to those less fortunate than she. To this fragile brico-brac lady came the trouble and the weary to seek comfort and good cheer, and she shared generously that which had been put into her keeping—her own brave spirit and her wealth were alike spent for her friends.

Yet, in the mysterious working of what we vaguely call "Providence," a day came when the physicians, after a long combat with disease, told the little lady of the "brico-brac" that human skill was of no avail, science must own itself helpless, that within a few weeks or a few months, at most, she must die.

It was the sentence of death to a bright and happy spirit—to a soul that was in love with life. It brought dismay, terror, all that instinctive fear which every normal human being feels when set face to face with the grim unknown and unknowable spectre of death. Alone, with no staying hand, no comforting voice, the little woman looked into the terror of all the earth and saw beyond. She saw that death is but the gate to a new life—a life promising more fullness, richer happiness than even the most fortunate and wise attain here. bravely she put away fear and regret and turned her eyes toward the future.

With steady hands she began her preparations for the journey from which she should not return. Her home was sold; her plans to the last detail were carefully made. And then she sent out the invitations to her last party. All the old friends—those she had known all her life, some of their friends of her long-dead mother; the girls who had been her schoolmates; the women who shared her joys and sorrows in later years; the young girls whom she had loved in place of the daughters who had not been given into her keeping—all of these were bidden to her farewell party.

It was the farewell not only to her friends, but to the home where she had passed so many beautiful hours of happiness and of grief; where she had met and parted with—those who loved her and whom she loved, where she had gathered all the treasures of her heart and centered all the hopes and joys of her life; and it was also to be the parting hour when the cherished memories of her life were to be put away.

Long the lady studied the list of names that not one who would count it a privilege to be present should be left out. Then she turned to her treasures. She handled each piece with tender fingers, recalling memories, reliving glad moments, as she pondered and weighed each name. She meant

...The daughter of her washerwoman, who clerked in a department store, and the daughter of her banker, who was a recent debutante, were both included among her guests. And she remembered the taste, the expression of appreciation, of admiration of each girl and selected her token with the same care. Joy and pain, love and thought made each one of the parcels a benediction of parting and of greeting, when they were at last all wrapped and mailed.

For every detail of this last meeting with her friends, the lady of the brico-brac took thought. The house should be decked with flowers, as for a bridal day. And, indeed, she had begun to think of the day as a wedding—a wedding with death, which should perhaps re-unite her with loved ones who had already entered the unknown region. In the intervals of her suffering—for at times she suffered agonizingly—she thought out the color scheme for decorations, planned the gown of her own lavender and purple which she should wear, and arranged for music and feast.

When the day came, she stood in her softly lighted room, amid masses of flowers and received her guests with her old-time smile and gay word. She was a dream of beauty to the loving eyes that kept back, for her brave sake, every sign of grief. Her eyes sparkled, her cheek was flushed with the faint blush of a newly plucked rose, her hands were held out in eager welcome. She seemed the spirit of health and happiness, for the moment, she drove the terrible truth from her own mind and made her guests doubt it—even forget it.

Music and song—the songs she had best loved; the music that had brought her most joy, and the musicians who were most dear to her, she had chosen for this parting hour. And she listened with the others and joined with them in calling again and again for the old favorites from the singer who had won laurels from afar and yet was the child she had watched grow into magnificent womanhood. She led the applause for the little girl who was just setting out on her career as an artist, and cried with shining eyes: "You have genius—real genius, child! Never grow faint-hearted for the gift of the gods is yours."

It was the hostess who told the first story, who joined in every laugh, who kept the table merry while a luncheon that will always be remembered as the perfection of entertainment, in beauty, in fitness, in the exquisite care with which every note was carried out, was served. No one who sat at that table will ever forget the sweet face, the clear voice that held no cadence of complaint, the eyes that held a light not of this world in their depths, and the sure, quick guidance that kept the talk free from any trace of personality.

A carefully planned game followed the luncheon in which each one, old and young, shared. And then, as the moment for the parting, which they all knew would be for many of them the last hand touch and the last kindly, loving glance from their friend, she brought out the great basket of gifts and bade each take her own. Even in this last moment, she would permit no hint of sadness. She stood in her place and bade each one "good-night," and gave each a smile and a loving word; but her own fine courage forbade the tears that were near; her own undaunted spirit set hope and faith to the fore, and sent her dearest companions forth with a smile.

And when they were all gone—when the rooms were empty, and only the fragrance of flowers was left to remind her of the "farewell party," she gave herself into the hands of the nurse and physicians, and prepared to leave the home of her heart, for the hospital which was to be her last earthly home.

The Ready Irishman.

[New York Times:] In London they tell of an American woman of great beauty and attractiveness who is devoted to the Irish cause.

At a social function one evening she chanced to remark: "Really, I believe I was meant for an Irishwoman." Whereupon a Celt arose to the occasion. "Pardon me, madam," he said, "a good many would back me in saying that you were meant for an Irishman."

...the Board of Flood Engineers. A great deal of objection has been made by the people of the city of Los Angeles to the doing of the work on a general bond issue instead of upon the special assessment plan. The Board of Flood Engineers has been advised to adopt the latter plan.

It was the birthday of a new and more glorious California. The long years of patient plodding and planning had ripened the dream of Chinese taken into an early reality.



HIGHER VISIONS.
A LAST the complete plans for the systematic control of our mountains have been adopted and put into effect. The orchardist or farmer who

The Making of Our New Southern California.

By M. V. Hartman.

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Branton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

Street Trees.

NO CAUSE TO WONDER THAT THEY SELDOM THRIVE.

IT IS hoped city officials will, before it is too late, fix a minimum width for parkways in Los Angeles and will outline a scheme whereby we may be assured of a width in keeping with that of the driveway. A total of 100 feet should have one-half, or better, sixty feet, reserved for walks and parkways. Consider what slender chances for growth confront a sturdy young tree set out in a parkway but two or three feet wide, with cement walk on one side and a paved or oiled street on the other. In addition to these troubles there is always that of a poor and unprepared soil and the tree is planted in a hole scarcely large enough to receive the ball of soil encasing the roots. When lack of subsequent care is added to these troubles, why should we wonder that street trees seldom thrive?

It must be apparent to the most obtuse that if a tree is to grow at all under these hard conditions it should have a splendid start before planted on the street. Trees intended for street planting should be grown in nursery rows for two or three years, and if transplanted each year would prove much superior to those remaining unmoved. Transplanting would induce a vigorous system with the greatest possible number of feeding roots within a small area. At the same time that this root pruning is carried on the top should be correspondingly shaped and headed, leaving a clean stem up as far as possible without depriving the young plant of a globose head. Such training would result in trees capable of quick response and great energy while occupying small root space. Added to this intelligent training of the young tree should come thorough preparation of the soil in the parkway for its reception. Dig the holes as large in every way as you can find heart and time and expense to put into the project, but establish a minimum of three feet. Into this hole put none but good soil, well enriched with thoroughly decayed stable manure. No fresh or "green" manure should be even thought of. Wet down the freshly-filled holes several days before planting and then dig out a small hole for the young tree. Have large holes and small trees rather than the reverse. Adopt what our veteran friend Reed calls the Branton street slogan: "If I had but a dollar to spend on each tree, I would rather put a 10-cent tree in a 90-cent hole than a 90-cent tree in a 10-cent hole."

Value of Advertising.

THE owner of a fine garden a few miles from Los Angeles, which was planned by the writer, came to complain that a "writer-up" of his place in The Times (daily) was more or less of an outrage, one reason being that on the day of publication over 200 visitors overran the place during his absence, picking flowers, pulling up plants and doing much damage. After listening patiently to the tale of woe the writer remarked that one thing was demonstrated beyond doubt: the value of advertising in The Times. He laughingly admitted the truth of this rejoinder and stated that for this reason his firm kept a permanent space in this periodical, and while he did not know of any other medium that could attract 200 visitors per day to his garden it proved to be the most costly advertising he had ever secured.

This experience of one of our most prominent business men is by no means an unusual one and much has appeared in this department during the past ten years on this class of vandalism, which makes the American visitor feared in all lands, civilized and uncivilized. For it is our own people who sin most in this respect. When Singleton Court was our finest garden the writer had one of his men check off the home, State or city of all who picked flowers without permission, and also interviewed about a hundred of these vandals himself. Neither checker found a single foreigner in the whole number, and the largest list of sinners came from the Atlantic Coast States, the Middle West falling far behind the New Englander in the number of transgressions. It would appear



A CALIFORNIA WATER GARDEN.

In a country having few natural streams or bodies of water, aquatic gardens have a peculiar charm and in no other phase of gardening may either formalism or naturalism be carried out with such attractive effects. The art of the planter is well shown in the accompanying illustration and is a good example of tropical massing which time alone can improve.

from this that property rights are held least sacred by those most thoroughly American. This national trait is viewed with dismay and disgust at places of historic interest in Europe, and we should start a crusade to clear our name by practicing at home to keep our itching fingers from the undisputed property of others. In no way do property owners suffer more annoying though trivial losses than by the constant "sniping" of flowers by passers-by and unbidden visitors. The writer's nearest neighbor had to add to the height of her garden fence because adult pedestrians reached over and plucked her choice larkspurs, and nine-tenths of the offenders were of her own sex, too! It is safe to say no large garden in the land is free from such vandalism, and an enlargement on this despicable practice is responsible for the loss of many rose bushes from the roadside hurdles recently erected by Los Angeles county; a loss which is still growing, with no prospect of termination.

"A Close Reader."

"WOULD you kindly give some information in an early article in 'The Home Beautiful' in regard to getting rid of ants in the garden? I have been a close reader of your articles in The Times," etc., etc., for several years, and—"

Such inquiries come to the Times Illustrated Weekly almost daily, in spite of the fact that remedies and recipes such as asked for have several times appeared annually for the ten years and more that the present writer has conducted this department. Readers have been asked to cut out such matter and paste it in a garden scrapbook, but to no avail, for inquiries come whenever the ants bother. Shall we have printed slips of such information to mail out to sufferers or shall we embody this and all information requested in a comprehensive garden book?

The Snow Plant.

SOMEONE asked if the snow plant may be grown in cultivation or if it could be transplanted from the pine woods and made to grow in the garden.

As it occupies a place in the plant kingdom in the group containing the mushroom, it could doubtless be grown after the same manner as the latter, substituting leaf mold for stable manure. It could not be transplanted and made to grow, though it might remain fresh in appearance for some time if taken up when in its early stages. Like the mushroom, it would die when through flowering.

This plant has been illustrated in this de-

partment, and is known to botanists as *Sarcodes sanguinea*, belonging to Ericaceae or the Heath Family. It does not come up through the snow, as many think, but shoots up and blossoms when the snow melts in the spring. It may then snow and leave the plant sticking out of the fresh snow, but it first appears only on bare soil. It belongs to what are called, among plants, saprophytes. Some claim it is parasitic on pine roots; others that it is a symbiont, or living in partnership (symbiosis) a thread-like mycelium below and the fleshy fruit stalk above, as in the case of the mushroom. There is but one species, found quite generally over California at a range in altitude of 4000 to 10,000 feet.

Use Native Plants.

OUTSIDE the white race there is no people more appreciative of plants than the Japanese and they have the good sense to use only native plants. The Japanese have imported but few plants and produced fewer new ones of merit, but they brought to a high state of excellence nearly every flowering native to the Japanese islands. Many of the plants bearing the specific name of Japonica are not natives of that country, but of near-by China. The Japanese are by no means original, but are crafty and skillful followers and imitators, and this character is well proven in plant work. The point to catch is that their really attractive gardens contain nothing but native plants. Do not forget California has many times the number of unquestioned garden value.

Untimely Frosts.

WHEN a little frost comes to us it is not altogether unexpected, and therefore seldom wreaks heavy damage, for all such occur within a certain period. In the eastern States, however, unexpected frosts reap heavy tolls. A leading plant and seed journal states:

"Considerable damage was done by sharp frosts on the evenings of the 26th and 27th of May, especially in Northern New York, in parts of Pennsylvania, also in sections of Ohio and Michigan. It is stated that at Lockport, N.Y., the strawberry crop was severely damaged, and more than 5,000,000 tomato plants were destroyed. The damage to the vegetable crops in Niagara and Orleans counties is estimated at \$500,000. The northwestern part of Ohio experienced a sharp frost on the 27th of May, and much damage to fruits and growing vegetables was done. In other parts of the country damage was only avoided owing to the high

wind that prevailed, although low temperatures were recorded."

A Native Prickly Poppy.

A CORRESPONDENT reports the finding of "an annual species of Matillija poppy." This is a mistake. The plant is *Argemone platyceras*, an annual species of poppy with flowers quite like those of the Matillija poppy. The whole plant is prickly as are so many drought-resistant denizens of the desert. Prickly poppies are not uncommon over California and Mexico.

Gophers in the Garden.

GOPHERS still infest gardens except in the central portions of large cities, and are hard to exterminate where many vacant lots are found. Garden owners do not care to keep poison and traps on hand, and how easily to accomplish the death of the gopher becomes a problem. Last week one threw up a little mound in the writer's garden, having burrowed under the fence from an adjoining vacant lot. A messenger was hastily sent to a near-by drug store for a bottle of carbon bisulphid. The hole was opened, a half cupful poured in, the hole closed and firmed with damp soil. The next day the soil was dug out and the hole followed but three feet into the vacant lot, and there His Gophership reposed, dead.

Ceanothus or Mountain Haca.

ON THE mountains of California may be found many beautiful species of native ceanothus and the horticultural varieties are still more attractive. The other day while at Montebello, that district where plant nurseries "most do congregate," the writer saw some splendid new varieties of dwarf ceanothus that flower in shades of blue. They are well adapted to local conditions and are bound to become prime favorites.

New Philadelphus.

IN THE days of old species of Philadelphus, usually called syringa, or mock orange, were found in every hardy garden and while they were floriferous and of fair size in flower they did not fill a "long-felt want." The new large-flowering garden varieties have flowers fully twice as large as those of the old type, and the plants are not so straggly, but of neat, compact, rather dwarf habit of growth.

Corona Dry

Kills Leaf Eating Insects

A patent arsenate of lead for killing insect pests on vegetables, fruits, trees and flowering shrubs. Use "Corona Dry."

In the Orchard or Garden

It destroys practically all leaf eaters. It is economical and easy to use. The universal insecticide and your crop insurance. Send for free book, "GARDEN PESTS AND THEIR CONTROL."

German SEED & PLANT CO.
380-330 20 MAIN ST.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Spineless Cactus

If you wish to investigate my "demonstration pig," will show you he prefers cactus to corn or alfalfa. My field illustrates first year's growth. 10 different var. labeled, forage cactus, \$2.50. 10 different var. labeled, fruiting, \$2.50. Both for \$4.00; mixture all var. labeled \$15 per 100, all prepaid. BEWARE of cheap cactus. I invite field inspection. Will exchange for Auto. C. E. HOUDYSHEL, Lordsburg, Cal.

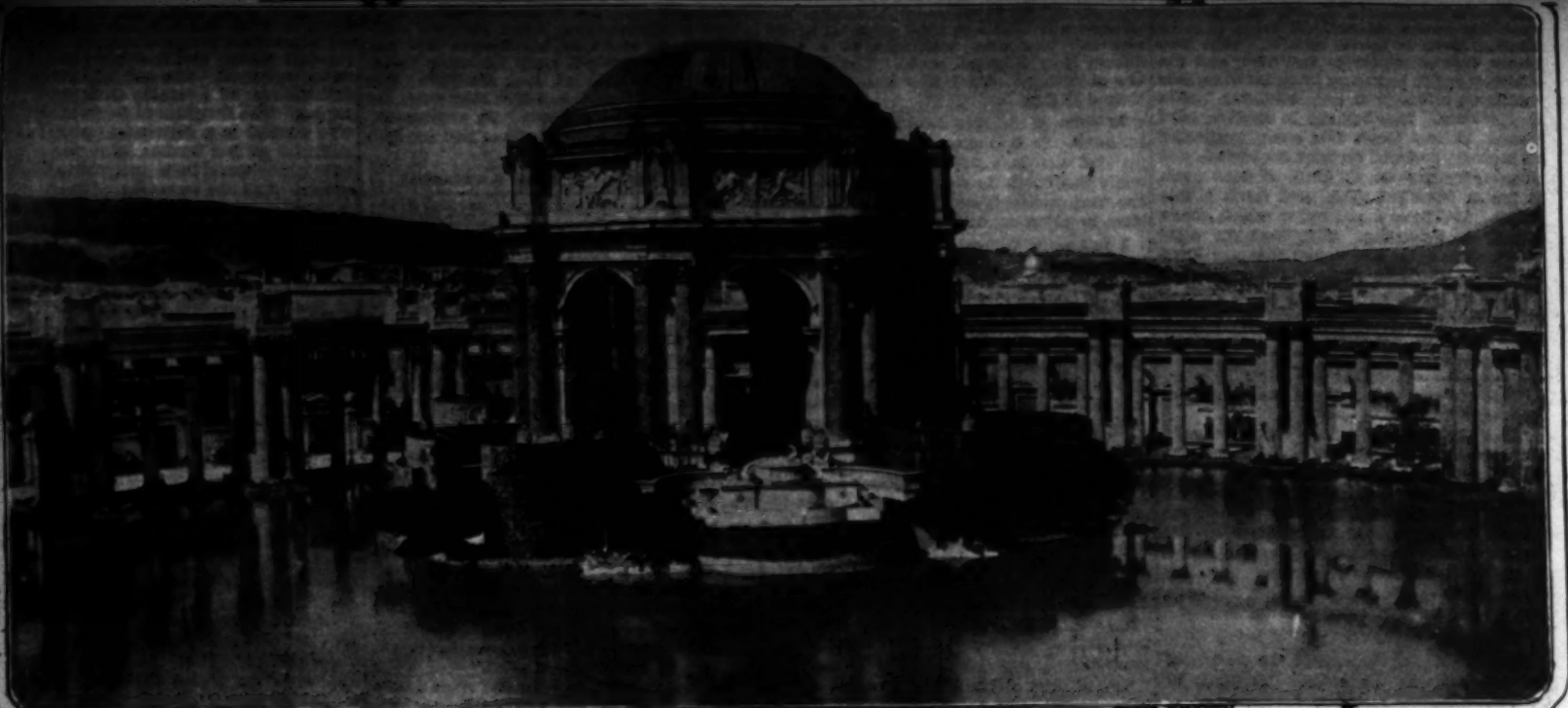
FOR FIGHTING FIRE USE

GARSTANG GRASS BURNER

For the city lot owner, or rancher. Designed solely for fighting dangerous and useless brush and weeds. Clears off city lots or vacant acreage. Kills the seed of weeds and rank vegetation at the right season. Safe, inexpensive and an efficient safeguard against accidental fires. Burns oil, distillate or gasoline. Prices on application. Michael Garstang, Palmdale, 224 W. 26th St.

Military Activities at the Panama-California Exposition.

Don't These Views Make You Want to See San Francisco's Fair?



Dome and colonnades east of Palace of Fine Arts.



Court of the Universe, Arch of Nations of the East.



Yacht Harbor at Exposition.

[680]

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lity about half the size of a pea to the bot-
low under the vent, rubbing it well into the
skin, and covering a space the size of a
quarter. It must be rubbed on the skin, and
not smeared on the feathers. A bird so
treated will be house-proof for at least six
months. Do not use on a setting hen.

Market Poultry and Egg Standard.
ROBERT E. ESSEX, chairman of the
American Poultry Association com-
mittee having in charge the prepara-
tion of a Market Poultry and Egg Standard.
writes to this department that the book is
making progress, and that it will give spe-

The A. P. A. Meat and Egg Standard.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

Females Without Males.
Mrs. W. E. R. Long Beach, writes as fol-
lows:

"I have a pen of eight pullets that were hatched January 22, and one laid an egg on June 4, another on the 5th, the first followed with another egg on the 6th, and the second pullet laid again today, and a third pullet started today with good size double yolk egg. As the first to lay is only four months and twelve days old I think that it is quite remarkable. I separated my cockerels and pullets as soon as I could tell them and have no males with them now. Would you advise to keep the pullets by themselves or allow males with them?"

Your pullets are certainly making a good record, and show that they are from a strain of good layers. Outside of the breeding season many poultrymen segregate the males from the females. This insures infertile eggs, which possess better keeping qualities.

Pin Feathers and Wing Flights.

Owing to prevailing conditions shipments of hen fruit have been coming to the San Francisco and Los Angeles markets from Oregon.

Is the female deadlier than the male? According to Thomas Barrow, the English breeder of big layers, the females selected for the breeding pen form but a secondary part in the establishment of a laying strain, the more important factor being the male bird. He must, however, be the descendent of a line of high laying hens.

And now we are to have the White Campine, which illustrates that as soon as a breed becomes popular, "new" varieties are introduced and trade on its reputation. With the White Leghorn, we can see little reason for a White Campine.

Bear in mind when locating your poultry.

A few chicks well fed and cared for are quite apt to give better returns than a larger number subjected to limited quarters and indifferent care. Underfed specimens are usually scrawny in appearance and high in station.

If we are to believe the opinion of an expert in one of the large packing-houses in Chicago, "\$10,000,000 is lost each year in this country by farmers not putting their fowls on the market in proper condition and 10,000,000 other dollars are lost because they do not keep chickens of good breeding." In other words, for want of intelligent practice, \$20,000,000 might have been added to the income of poultrymen.

At this season the ailments of both young and old chickens are quite apt to be vermin. Look out for the lice and mites; once on the premises they multiply rapidly unless kept down below the danger line.

Now that the judges are announced for the International Poultry Show at San Francisco, you may with judgment select your exhibition specimens, and get them in condition for the fray.

What has become of the Indian Runner duck? Some two or three years ago it occupied the center of the poultry stage. Are we to understand that it is undergoing an eclipse, much like the good old Silver Wyandotte?

If natural shade is unavailable, provide artificial. Board shelters, tents of sacking or awning cloth, or leantos from the fence made of burlap resting on pieces of common boards, are better than nothing. Sunshine is healthy and shade in summer is comforting.

Our Flag.

[Youth's Companion:] Many American travelers, caught last summer on the continent, had, as is well known, great difficulty in making their way to England. Some of them were fortunate enough, on reaching

times like these, when we see the Stars and Stripes floating casually from our schools and public buildings, it is well for us to remember its significance. It is well for us to stir our imaginations with all that the flag stands for—with the sense of the freedom and protection, with the splendid assurance, and with the vast and solemn dignity that come from feeling that such an emblem belongs to us.

All forms of honoring the flag are desirable and commendable—the salutes, the songs, the recitation of patriotic poems and speeches; but the best way of all to honor it is to teach our children and to teach ourselves to be worthy of it. What is the use of salutes and martial music if the flag is, after all, to fly over a people who are self-indulgent, self-seeking, indifferent to high ideals, forgetful of self-sacrifice, neglectful of their duty to one another and to God? Salute the flag with all the formalities you please; but we shall honor it most if we resolve—every man, woman and child of us—to do our part in making the other nations of the earth honor and respect that flag because it floats over a people to whom honor and respect are due.

Up in a Zeppelin.

The building of a Zeppelin is not the work of a day! The construction takes months, and when that is done more time must be spent in testing the airship. To think of a Zeppelin leaving its shed and flying straight into the fight, says a contributor to T. P.'s Journal, is folly. Each new vessel means a certain amount of experimentation, and until it has been carefully tried and tested, it

length of the balloon frame is a line of cabins for the engine and the crew.

Right in front is the station of the lookout man, who is in charge of the starting and the landing; the anchors are slung beneath him. In the first cabin, which is entirely covered in, are two petrol engines. Behind this is the gangway, fitted up with sleeping berths for the crew. In the center is the observation station. It is from here that the bombs are dropped, and here the gun is mounted if the airship carries one. Here also are the marvelous steering and sighting apparatus and the wireless plant.

An experienced aviator went up in a Zeppelin for a nine-hour trial flight. It was an interesting experience, although the noisy creaking of the great hull whenever the engine back-fired, or a jolly gust of wind caught the huge surface, was disturbing. When the engines jumped, the entire Zeppelin jumped with an awful jar in all its joints, the wind currents took it and made it pitch at a dozen angles at once, and the passenger looked fearfully aloft, fearing every minute that the back of the monster would break and send them all hurtling to the earth. When he disembarked he watched one of the crew open the skin stretched over the framework of the aluminium girders—and go inside. Then he saw the man begin throwing out bolts and nuts by the handful. The strain of the flight had had its effects on the hundreds of aluminium girts that support the balloons inside the outer skin. Aluminium is a soft metal, and under the jarring all those bolts had worked loose and fallen out. It seemed to the watcher that half the nuts and bolts in the dirigible had worked loose, and he was told that after every voyage of any length hundreds of nuts have to be replaced.

Raising of Turkeys on a Large Scale.

By M. M. Stearns.

SOME REQUISITES.

BIG turkey ranches are a western product. In the Northeastern and Southern States, or even in the Central or Middle Western States, a flock of three or four hundred turkeys is regarded as large. Only in California, or Texas, or in the intervening States of the Southwest, have there sprung up turkey ranches where the big birds are raised in huge flocks of two, three, or even five thousand in a season.

Until within the last half-century, turkey raising in this country was confined to raising comparatively small flocks on range. The first big step ahead came with raising large, instead of small flocks, on range—as with these great turkey-herds of the Southwest.

Quite recently the turkey industry in America has taken still another step forward, namely the successful raising of turkeys in confinement. But here, as with the earlier turkey raising on range, the units are still comparatively small. Doubtless the next advance will see turkeys raised in large numbers on comparatively small areas, as chickens are raised at present; but up to the present time this has not, generally speaking, been done successfully.

Today, then, range may be considered an essential for successful turkey raising on a really large scale—a scale that leaves three figures behind, and climbs into thousands. If one is contemplating raising turkeys not by tens or hundreds, but on a scale of a thousand or more in a season, a splendid location is a prime requisite.

Ideal turkey ranches are hilly, not flat. While turkeys may do well ranging over flat acres of alfalfa or other valley crops, they will do still better if ranging over rolling land, or comparatively hilly country. The deep, rich soil of valley bottoms is not as suitable for them as the thin, gravelly soil of rising ground, close to the foothills. A sheltered location, where a snug pocket of land is hemmed in behind hills that act more or less as a wind-break, is not nearly as good for turkeys as exposed, wind-swept hill-sides, or valley stretches through which the trade wind sweeps ceaselessly.

Other things being equal, the more trees there are on a turkey range, the better. While turkeys can stand, ordinarily, tremendously hot weather, they usually derive benefit from having an abundance of shade.

In planning to raise turkeys on a big scale, one must be content, from the outset, to plan for fewer poults from a single hen than would be possible in confinement. When turkeys are raised on small areas there is no need for turkey hens to do their own hatching. Consequently they may be broken of sitting as soon as they become broody, and will lay in a single season from fifty to a hundred or more eggs. But if one plans to raise, say fifteen to 300 turkeys out of 2000 hatched, it is ordinarily necessary to allow the turkey mothers to do most of the work; accordingly, instead of something like a hundred eggs in a single season, one turkey hen will ordinarily lay only between thirty and forty; two clutches of from twelve to sixteen eggs each, and a third of about half that number—the three clutches being separated by long intervals for hatching and brooding. In this climate the first clutch will ordinarily be completed in January or early February, and the poults hatched in February or early March; inside of six weeks or two months after the brood comes off, the hen will begin laying again, the second clutch will be completed in April or May; usually a third batch, smaller than the others, can be counted on in the late summer months.

Where one is raising turkeys in confinement, not a small part of the profit lies in the large number of birds that may be raised during the season from the eggs of a single hen; when one plans to raise turkeys on a big scale, allowing the hens to range with their broods, the profit lies not in the numbers so much as in the reduced cost of feeding, for all of the birds pick up a very respectable portion of their food in the open.

If one secures the right location to start with, and is willing to give persistent care and ordinary "turkey sense" to handling the young poults, there is no particular obstacle in the way of success with turkeys on a large scale. There is no particular "secret" that must be learned. One does not

have to be "lucky" to be successful with turkeys in large numbers; all that is necessary is to have a capacity for taking pains.

The feed for a ranging brood of turkeys may, with good effect, be quite dissimilar to that given to birds in confinement. One of the most successful turkey raisers in California, a man who has raised over 3000 birds in a single season, and who for more than twenty years has never raised less than a 1000 a year, feeds scalded cornmeal mixed with alfalfa to poults from the time they are hatched until they are nearly two months old. Then he puts them on a diet of cracked wheat for a time, and at the age of about three months turns them out in flocks to shift for themselves.

In addition to the abundant grit which ranging turkeys are able to pick up on the right kind of gravelly soil, they will usually benefit if an abundant supply of lime is available. Ordinary air-slacked lime, scattered upon the ground, is as good as anything. An abundance of fresh, clean, cool water, situated so that the birds may get at it readily, is a great aid to success. If turkeys are ranging widely, and have to travel long distances over hot ground in late summer before they can reach water after becoming thirsty, they will not do as well as they would if water were readily reached from all parts of their range.

Through the hot months of late summer, and indeed, for that matter, during any spell of hot weather after the rains are over, it is advisable to sprinkle some spot freely each day, so that the turkeys may find moist earth, which tempts them to wallow to clean themselves. When one is engaged in raising turkeys in large quantities, it is of course impracticable to catch each turkey hen every week or so and dust her with insect powder to keep away lice or other parasites; the result is obtained, in sufficient measure, by inducing the birds to clean themselves. The available supply of air-slacked lime, and the cool, freshly sprinkled dirt, will usually bring about the desired result. While even with these aids turkey hens are seldom entirely free from lice, the number is kept pretty well down, so that the healthy, ranging poults have not

much to contend against in the vermin line. The fact that poults raised on range with a turkey hen are usually more vigorous and hardy than even the best of poults raised without range, enables them to withstand a greater number of parasites than could be successfully combated by cooped-up broods.

A five or ten-acre patch of alfalfa, over which the birds may range, will prove of inestimable benefit in supplying the necessary green food throughout the dry months. Where this is impracticable, a patch of even an acre or less will accomplish wonders, if protected—by keeping the birds fenced out of it the greater portion of the time, or some other means—so that the turkeys cannot destroy it entirely. Acreage sown to wheat, oats or barley, will prove a great asset in the matter of economical feeding. The birds may be allowed to range over it, and will harvest the crop themselves, to the last kernel.

As market time approaches the birds may be brought to condition gradually on range, following the old eastern fattening formula of oats and whole corn. Rolled barley and hulled corn is a California substitute that is usually a little less expensive and about as satisfactory.

One of the obstacles that up to the present time has always stood in the way of turkey raising on a large scale on a small area, is the difficulty of keeping an unwieldy brood of poults free from disease. Too many poults confined in a single yard or brooder pen are apt to crowd and get unduly heated, then later becoming chilled, catch cold and start epidemics of roup and the like. It is in order to sidestep this danger that it is advisable, when planning to raise a big flock of turkeys, to be content to let each turkey hen sit only on the eggs that she has laid herself, and mother only as many poults as she herself hatches out; while turkey hens may be crowded with poults successfully when each brood can have a great amount of personal care and attention, it is better, as the total product is increased, to be content to let each covey remain small, so that the best possible results can be obtained with the minimum of detailed care.

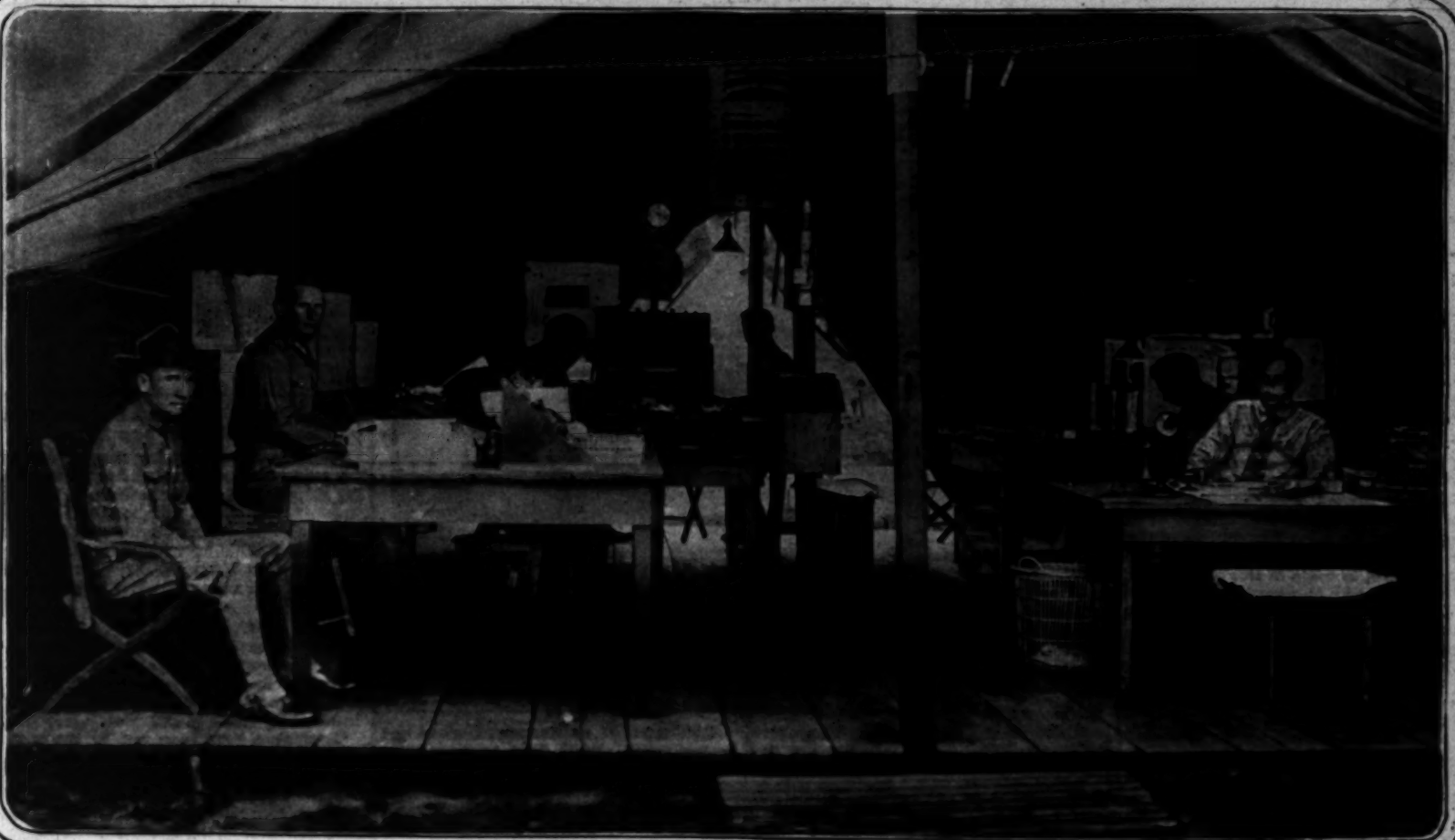
Don't These Vices Make You Want to See San Francisco's Fair?

Saturday, June 18, 1911.

Military Activities at the Panama-California Exposition.



President Davidson reviewing the First U.S. Cavalry.



U.S. Marine Barracks.



A Cavalry charge.

egg. As the first to lay, is only four months
started today with good size double yolk
pullet laid again today, and a third pullet
with another egg on the 6th, and the second
June 4, another on the 5th, the first followed
hatched January 23, and one laid an egg on
"I have a pen of eight pullets that were
lows:
Mrs. W. E. R., Long Beach, writes as fol-
Females Without Males.
and at the same time good year-
entirely to feed. The hatch intends to make
an especial study of chickenpox and roup.

Festival of the Midnight Sun. By Alice Harriman.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren. By Mabel Herbert Uner.

"WELL have luncheon served up here. It's much cozier and we can talk."

As Louise trailed to the phone in her cloudlike chiffon negligee, Helen watched her every movement. It seemed so wonderful to have her back again.

"Hello! Send up a luncheon card, right away." Then as she sank into the deep-cushioned chair beside Helen: "Now say that you haven't anything to do—that you can stay all afternoon."

"Whatever I had to do, you know I'd stay. But I must call up Warren; he'll be furious that you didn't wire."

"Bob wanted to, but our train got in after midnight—it was too late for you to meet us. We drove to the Ritzmore first, but they were crowded, couldn't give us three rooms together—so we came here."

A front three-room suite at the Astor-Ritz! Helen could not help wondering what it must cost.

With surprising promptness a waiter brought the luncheon card. Deferentially he stood with pad and pencil, while Louise glanced it over.

"It's so warm, we'll want something cold. Let's see, some sliced breast of chicken, asparagus vinaigrette. How are your alligator pears? Well, serve one whole with French dressing. And some raspberry ice." Then, turning to Helen: "Can you think of anything else?"

"Oh, no—no; that's more than enough," for she had caught a glimpse of the card and was appalled at the prices.

"Very well, bring it right up. And, oh, yes, we'll want iced tea."

"Louise, you're wonderful!" as the door closed. "I never could order from a menu. You're always so capable."

"Too capable, perhaps. At least that's what Bob seems to think."

Helen looked up quickly at the slight note of bitterness.

"Yes, he always resents my ordering. I traveled so long with father, and had everything to look after, that I suppose it's made me aggressively capable."

"Why, I'd think Bob would love it! Warren's always scoffing at me because I'm so overawed by waiters."

"Next time you go out to dinner, just start to give your own order—you'll see how he'll resent it. A man always wants to do the ordering. He thinks it's a reflection on his ability when a woman interferes."

"But you ARE more familiar with restaurants and hotels than Bob," knowing that Warren's younger brother had traveled very little.

"Perhaps that's why he's so sensitive. But it's such a trivial thing—I shouldn't mention it. In the big things Bob's always so fine!"

"Then everything's 'right'?" Helen had been longing to ask this. "You're just as much—"

"I think we're more in love. But Bob's so quick-tempered, and we're both proud and strong-willed—we DO quarrel so dreadfully!"

"Yet it doesn't hurt as it did?"

"I'm afraid it does," Louise flushed slightly.

"But you used to say if you quarreled after you were married that you'd be together—you could always make it up. Think of the long weeks when you were both too proud even to write or telephone."

"I know it, yet in one way being together doesn't help. We only keep on saying things to hurt each other more. Just yesterday on the train we had such a foolish quarrel—"

"What about?" with eager interest. "No—No, I shouldn't have asked that," as Louise's flush deepened.

"Oh," embarrassedly. "It was just a little thing, but we both took it so seriously. We always do! Every quarrel seems so final—so desperate. We've learned the things that hurt most—and we always say them."

"But you're sorry afterward? Isn't the making-up wonderful?"

"It doesn't always take away the hurt. Oh, you don't know what cruel things we can say! It—it's my money that makes Bob so bitter. He's always chafing under that. He loathes all this," with a glance about the luxurious hotel room. "He wants to keep our expenses within his income."

"Yes, I can understand how Bob would want that," mused Helen. "I was afraid your money might make things difficult."

"But it's so foolish," hotly. "What difference whose money it is? Why should it make him so wild every time—"

An interrupting knock, and the waiter entered with the tray. Defiantly he spread the cloth and set out the luncheon.

"No, you needn't wait, I'll serve it," instructed Louise, as he hesitated. "You can bring the ices in about half an hour."

Every appointment of the service, the linen, the crested silver and china, was in keeping with one of New York's newest and highest-priced hotels. At any other time Helen would have noted every detail, but now she almost resented the interruption of the luncheon.

She was thinking of Bob. He had all of

Warren's fiery pride. The thought that he was living off his wife's money must be intolerable.

"He says I care more for luxury than for him," mused Louise, stirring the ice in her tea. "I could give it up, of course—if our happiness really depends upon it. But if Bob cared as much for me as for his foolish pride, he wouldn't want me to do without the things I've always had."

"But I can see Bob's side, too," persisted Helen. "It's because he cares so much that he can't bear to feel he's not giving you everything."

"Isn't that selfish?"

"Would you rather have him the other way? Think of all the men who wanted to marry you for your money. And you married Bob because—"

"Because he didn't want to marry me on account of my money," laughingly. "Oh, I know, I ought to love him for it—and I DO! And yet, he can be so hard and so bitter."

"Do you realize you've kept him away from his work for almost ten months?" ventured Helen. "He must have chafed under that."

"Yes, that's made him bitter, too. But father wasn't well enough to come north, and he wanted us with him. It isn't as if he had other children—there's no one else. And it doesn't seem fair to father to quibble about the money he wants to give us."

"But while you're here with Bob alone, need you—well, need you live so expensively as this? Can't you take cheaper rooms?"

"It's curious you should say that! That's just what we quarreled about this morning. He wanted me to give up this suite today, and take two small rooms on the court."

"Why don't you?" urged Helen, impulsively. "Do that much for him. Take them right away. Let him find you in them when he comes this evening."

The waiter entered with the ices now, and Louise did not answer. Absently she signed the luncheon check. Helen saw the total—\$4.35. She was beginning to understand how Louise's careless extravagance must grate on Bob. That he could not provide one-half of what she spent so lavishly must be a constant lashing to his hurt pride.

"Don't you see," Helen persisted, when they were again alone, "that here's a concession you can make? You know I never sided with Bob, but somehow I can't bear to feel that he should be humiliated about money."

"I know, I feel that, too," Louise's eyes shone. "All right," she started up impulsively. "I'll take the other rooms! I'll dress

and we'll go down to the office to see about them now."

Swept on by the glow of her impulse, in less than fifteen minutes they were down at the desk consulting with the room clerk.

Louise insisted on settling the one-day bill for the suite they were in—\$38.75, including breakfast and luncheon. She wanted to begin their account anew in the cheaper rooms—at \$12 a day. To Helen, even this seemed exorbitant, but it was less than half of the other suite.

"Send up a porter in about an hour," instructed Louise as they left the desk. "I'll have the trunks ready by then."

With the aid of a maid and two porters, the moving was soon accomplished. The new rooms were rather dark, as they faced a court. But when Helen switched on the silk-shaded lights, the soft glow was transforming.

The next hour was spent in unpacking.

"Will they tell Bob at the office?" wondered Louise, as she shook out a shimmering evening gown. "Or will he go to the other rooms first?"

"It's going to be very wonderful—his finding you here," murmured Helen, arranging in the dresser an armful of expensive French lingerie. "But we must hurry—I don't want to be here when he comes."

An authoritative knock—not the knock of a bellboy. Then the knob of the locked door was rattled impatiently.

"It's not I!" Louise started up. "That can't be Bob!"

"If it is—don't tell him I'm here!" Snatching up her hat and coat, Helen darted into the next room.

The sound of the opening door. She waited breathlessly.

"Louise!" It was Bob's deep voice.

"What does this mean?"

"What do you think?" with a tremulous note of joy.

A throbbing silence. Then: "I was pretty much of a brute this morning," in a muffled tone, as though his lips against her hair. "I didn't mean half the things I said."

"Oh, my dear, my dear—I KNOW you didn't!"

Softly Helen turned to a door which opened into the hall. She could telephone them later—just now she wanted them to be alone.

She felt suddenly almost old and prosaic. It had been so long since Warren's voice had held that thrilled note of tenderness. Astir with memories, and with a vague, wistful longing, she hurried down the hall to the elevator.

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Long Sea Voyage.

THE NINFA OUT OVER SIX MONTHS WITHOUT BEING REPORTED.

One day in the year 1911 the Italian ship Ninfa sauntered into the British Channel with a change of wind and signaled off Prawle Point, 196 days out from Astoria Bar, without once having been reported. Nautical men say that the sea is full of such lonely craft battering their way round the Horn through a region of almost perpetual gales, or idling in the doldrums to the irritation of their dispirited crews, who find partial consolation in the reflection that every flap of the mainsails means a couple of dollars out of the owner's pocket and a corresponding addition to their own hard-earned pay.

In the experience of the deep sea sailor such passages are nothing unusual, particularly on the voyage to the Pacific, when Cape Horn has to be weathered and its prevailing westerly winds won through. On March 2, 1910, the four-masted bark Invernesshire sailed from Hamburg bound for Santa Rosalia in the Gulf of California. During a passage which included such incidents as her temporary abandonment by her crew in dread of her foundering, she was forced to put into the Falklands to refit, and sailed again on her interrupted voyage on September 27. From that time she was neither seen nor heard of until February 2, 1911, 338 days out from her original port of departure.

The voyage of the Invernesshire almost compares with the performances of the lum-

bersome craft of other days, except no doubt that it was a tedious passage and not enlivened by encounter with carracks laden with pepper from Malabar, of which the King of Spain was owner. On November 19, 1857, the Desire, under command of Thomas Cavendish, a gentleman of Suffolk, set sail from the headlands of California for the British Channel.

At break of day on June 5 of the following year she fell in sight of the island of St. Helena; on July 3 she crossed the line, and after holding the trade winds to the limits of 40 degrees north latitude recovered the long-wished for port of Plymouth on September 7, 1588. Not much better could be expected from the ships and their equipment.

The master of the Desire thought it worthy of record that running before the wind under all the sail she could carry his vessel compassed 140 miles between noon and noon, a boast which would expose the modern sailing master to the derision of his fellows.

Among some extraordinary voyages made by deep sea sailing craft within recent years there may be mentioned that of the Beacon Rock, engaged on a short coastal trip between two Australian ports. After all hope of her safe arrival had been abandoned she turned up at Talcahuano, Chile, some 6000 miles from her intended destination. Being in light trim and consequently with no grip on the water, she had been unable to make any progress against a persistent head wind, and her master had been compelled to

square yards and make a fair wind of it across the broad Pacific.

Another large four-masted bark, the Buteshire, had the remarkable experience of circling around the windless Gulf of Panama like a circus horse until she was obliged to put back, ninety days out and short of provisions, to her port of departure. It may, however, be an exaggeration that the light-house keepers in the gulf fell into the habit of regulating their calendars by her appearances.

E. T.

Make Bricks Without Clay.

(Indianapolis News.) The brick yard of the near future will not be dependent on clay, for it has been discovered that bricks may be made without clay. A great number of waste products are available, and a factory is being built in Illinois which will make use of the tailings of coal mines. The new process consists of chemically combining any coarse material containing silica with a binder of finely divided particles of silica, alumina, potassium or sodium in suitable proportions to insure a binder with a low fusing point, as compared with the coarse body material. The bricks are molded under high pressure, preferably in a dry state and are fired in a manner similar to that used in making the ordinary brick, but the time required is not nearly as long. Bricks made by this process have been tested and have shown very satisfactory absorption qualities, and have withstood a temperature of 2900 deg. Fahrenheit without cracking or showing damage. They

have undergone crushing tests of 20,000 pounds a square inch without failure.

Cursed Farm Pests Away.

(Breder's Gazette.) Babylonian tablets just unearthed, and declared to be the oldest writings in existence, relate how farmers of 6000 years ago fought locusts and caterpillars in their fields. The translator avers that they called in a necromancer, who thus brought his artillery in to play:

"He broke a jar, cut open a sacrifice, a word of cursing he repeated, and the locusts and caterpillars fled."

It must have been a powerful "word of cursing" he repeated. Pity it is that it has been lost. These plagues have been "cursed out" good and plenty in all modern tongues, but they have calmly continued their work of crop devastation. Possibly through the centuries they gradually became hardened to such verbal warfare and declined to abdicate until the man came with the insecticide spray. Then is the time for disappearing, certainly.

On the whole we cannot commend the methods of the ancient Babylonians as worth trying nowadays. It would be strength and breath wasted. But when prone to sniff derisively at the weaknesses of those who regard signs and portents, just remember how they were accustomed in ancient times to swear the locusts out of the fields.

The Submarine to be Supreme in Future Wars.

By Edward Marshall

"I was much impressed when I suggested to him this training gun, and he proposed the construction for each one of a torpedo running, say, 1500 yards and containing twice the usual charge. Such an instrument will be irresistible by any known form of ship construction.

"Our managing director, Mr. R. H. M. Robinson, who has been in charge of the designs of all the recent American dreadnaughts, his last ship being the Arizona, says that experiments have been made in an attempt to armor ships' bottoms, but that they all have failed.

"Thus, to protect the bottom of a vessel against attack by such a weapon as Mr. Leavitt has suggested will be impossible. Submarines invisible and invincible.

"This unquestionably means that submarines must soon become supreme as instruments of naval warfare.

"Holland, himself a great inventor and submarine builder, struck the keynote of fact years ago when he said that submarines cannot fight submarines, and that nothing else can fight them, because they are invisible. There is the whole story.

"And they are cheap.

"The U.S., in command of Lieut. Weddington, sank three British cruisers within an hour of one another, using only one torpedo for the destruction of each vessel. Whitehead torpedoes cost about \$3500 each, and the latest battleships cost \$15,000,000 each.

"In the comparison of these two figures and the statement that the submarine which uses the Whiteheads costs but \$500,000, lies the secret of naval warfare's future.

"Consider the fact that one of these \$500,000 craft can carry with her on each cruise sufficient offensive energy to destroy \$120,000,000 worth of battleships!

"Some submarines, and perfectly effective vessels, too, can be built even cheaper. Speed is what counts.

"Half-million-dollar boats would be very effective for coast defense purposes, although if we wished to build for offensive purposes, say with speed sufficient to make it possible for a submarine to overhaul a battleship, the cost would be much greater.

"I estimate the cost of such a submarine at \$2,000,000, although at present there is no motive power sufficiently powerful for this purpose and adapted to the peculiar needs of submarines.

"We have done more than anybody else in submarine invention and construction.

"There is too great a tendency upon the part of the American press and people to decry American achievement and give undue credit to Europeans.

"The German submarines have been in no wise superior to our own.

"They have had dreadful engine trouble in their under-water boats, but the German authorities have kept quiet about it, and have worked for general averages.

"Most of the submarine disasters of recent years, since the diving type of vessel has been abandoned for the even keel type, have been due to engine trouble.

Speed not Greatest Essential.

"Don't think that I disapprove of making every effort to secure speed in submarines. There are many conceivable circumstances in which speed in a submarine would be very desirable, but it is easily possible to sacrifice too much to speed.

"For example, I hardly think it will be possible to retain invisibility under water, while, at the same time, achieving high speed there, for high speed will necessitate surface connections for air.

"A vessel running at low speed can be operated by electric storage batteries; high speed means engines operating through some form of combustion, and air in very large quantities is consumed in combustion.

"A connection with the surface sufficient to make it possible to secure air therefrom can be made very unobtrusive. A thin, sharp-ended casing, six or eight feet long and not more than six inches in width, might be made of a transparent material, so that when stationary it would not be seen at all.

"Only its wake would reveal its existence when the vessel to which it was attached was in motion.

"I patented a transparent conning tower for submarines years ago. Its presence cannot be detected at a distance of 300 yards.

"These are two of the lines of immediate

future development—high speed under water and the invisible conning tower.

"When we get an engine which will drive a submarine at twenty-five knots an hour, on the surface or submerged, the chance that any vessel will be able to plant a shell upon her from above will be practically nil.

"And the destruction of neither the periscope nor conning-tower would vitally injure the boat. Such an event would merely send her below the surface, to proceed at slower speed under the power of her storage batteries.

Zeppelins are impractical.

"The war, so far, has pretty well proved the foolishness of the Zeppelins.

"It is impossible to handle any sort of a balloon against a storm, although under ideal weather conditions such craft might be desirable.

"I do not think, however, that there is common sense in the idea that a Zeppelin could hover over a submarine and wreck her by dropping bombs on her. It would be more dangerous for the Zeppelin making the effort than it would be for the submarine which she endeavored to destroy.

"She would have but a small visible object at which to aim, while the submarine, with her deck guns, would have a tremendous mark at which to direct her fire.

"All modern submarines have deck guns. Most of the German craft have rotatable housing for rotatable deck guns, and these guns are capable of elevation and depression.

"So while air craft are not very dangerous enemies of submarines, submarines very well may be extremely dangerous to any air craft approaching near enough to make an attack.

"Personally I do not believe that there is any answer to the submarine, although it is only within two years that any recognized naval authority has admitted the paramount importance of such vessels. This was Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who, just before the present war started, said:

"The introduction of vessels which swim under water has entirely done away with the utility of ships which swim on top of water.

"If we (England) go to war with a country which is within submarine striking distance, I am of the opinion that that country will at once lock up its dreadnaughts in some safe harbor and that we shall do the same."

"But Sir Percy's words created slight impression before the war began. You see, he is an inventor. Inventors get slight credit for intelligence. I know. None better."

What Would be Best for United States?

"All these things being true," I asked Mr. Lake, "what would be the thing which the United States could do which would do most to make it sufficiently strong so that it would not be attacked—in other words, to make itself strong enough so that it might preserve peace?"

Mr. Lake answered without hesitation.

And here came his big, his startling suggestion in detail—the suggestion which I mentioned at the beginning of this article.

"The United States can make itself so strong," said he, "that it will be practically beyond attack by providing itself with a sufficient number of submarines of a defensive type.

"Any harbor, any coastline could be protected by comparatively inexpensive submarines, of slight radius of action, assigned to fixed posts of action off the coast or in harbor entrances.

"Provided with sufficient freeboard and buoyancy to permit them to ride at anchor comfortably in all weathers, fitted with submarine signals (which have been developed to a high state of perfection,) searchlights, sound-receiving apparatus and wireless, they would be tremendous protective agents.

We Can Make Ourselves Invincible.

"If there were enough of them to form a cordon about the city or harbor to be defended, that could not be beaten.

"Three lines of such vessels, each carrying eight Whitehead torpedoes, each torpedo capable of sinking a battleship, would make New York Harbor unapproachable to a hostile fleet.

"Every approaching ship would be subject to attack from at least three submarines. It is improbable that the inner two lines of vessels ever would be called upon to fire a shot, for it is not likely that any

vessel could pass the outer shade line of submarine defense.

"Such a defense would be tantamount to the mining of the harbor with automobile mines, capable of searching out approaching enemy ships.

"I was, I am sure, the first person to suggest the submarine sea-going cruiser. Freeboard and superstructure secure large surface buoyancy in such vessels, and a number have been built for our own and other governments.

"But again the lack of engine efficiency steps in, making it impossible to send them upon really long voyages, although otherwise they are excellent sea-going boats. I am looking to the ingenuity developed by the exigencies of the present war to furnish what is needed in this line."

"What other problems of the submarine remain unsolved?" I asked Mr. Lake.

Unsolved Problems of the Submarine.

"Depth control hampered submarine development for years," he answered. "I solved it in one way, Mr. Holland and his successors solved it in another.

"All the foreign boats are a development of his type or mine. The English, some of the Russian, some of the Austrian and most of our own boats are developments of the Holland type; all of the German boats, several of our own and all of the Italian and a majority of the Russian and Austrian boats are developments of my type.

"My patents have expired upon my even-keel submergence principle, and all the governments are now using it. Several of them also are using my method of navigating on the waterbed and my diving compartment.

"The latter forms a ready means of communicating with the surface should a boat be stalled below. It has advantages for certain work and will probably be adopted upon a large number of boats soon.

"My safety drop keel, also, which can be detached in case of an emergency, so lightening a boat that she inevitably will rise to the surface after the weight has been released, is also coming into general use."

I asked Mr. Lake to estimate the number of submarines which the United States would require in order to achieve a submarine defense which he would regard as ideal.

Number of Submarines Needed.

"I have estimated the desirable number at 100 for our east coast and fifty for our west coast," he replied. "That might need to be amplified.

"Assuming that they cost half a million each, this would mean an expenditure of \$75,000,000. This does not seem appalling, does it, when we consider that one super-dreadnaught of the type which the European submarines so successfully have bottled up, costs \$15,000,000? The cost of five super-dreadnaughts would build 150 submarines.

"In the present war the sole achievement of the surface naval vessels of the elaborate and expensive types has been to drive the Turks away from the shore line in the Dardanelles, and, up to the day of this conversation, such work has cost the allies six such craft. The big surface vessels are more imposing in appearance than the little submarines, but they are inefficient in these days."

I asked him how many of the submarines which he suggested would be harbor defense craft, and he promptly answered that they all would be, because of the engine limitations to which he already had referred.

"The largest internal combustion engines for a submarine of which I have heard were built in Italy," he continued. "They were of 1300 horse power, 2600 horse power in a twin-screw boat, and they gave the craft about eighteen knots an hour against twenty-five knots for battle-cruisers and greater speed for smaller surface craft."

"The maximum squadron speed at present possible to any navy is about twenty-five knots, and to get this in a submarine we must find an engine which will give 5000 horse power per shaft."

"I think we shall have done at least that within the next two or three years, but I wouldn't take a contract to do it. I believe the government should take up such experimentation."

It was at this point in our conversation that Mr. Lake made for the first time for publication his suggestion of a plan which he believes would render us, at a compara-

blely small cost, practically invulnerable.

An Amphibious Boat.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that if the government should take up this suggestion and develop it energetically, we would very quickly be secure against attack on either coast. That would leave only the Mexican and Canadian borders as danger lines.

"During the war between Russia and Japan, I built submarines in the United States, transported them from New York to Germany on shipboard, shipped them by barge from Germany to Petrograd, and thence transported them the 6000 miles across Siberia on the Trans-Siberian Railway, from Petrograd to Vladivostok.

"We could build small submarines of this character in large numbers, and could arrange with the railroads to send a track in to the water at each of their seaboard terminals.

"The vessels would be of a smaller type than any now under construction, and they could be built for about \$250,000 apiece. Submarines Shipped by Rail.

"They would be perfect instruments for harbor defense and could be rushed from harbor to harbor, as needed, at as high speed as railroads can make on land, although in the water they would not have a speed higher than mine to ten knots.

"But that would be sufficient. Their land mobility is what would make them valuable.

"The moment a hostile fleet appeared near any port, submarines could be rushed to that port in such numbers as were deemed necessary—and they would 'get' the hostile fleet. No doubt about it.

"Really, for coast defense, such a fleet of submarines could be more speedily mobilized than the fastest fleet of battle cruisers and super-dreadnaughts.

"If an attack threatened Charleston, submarines could proceed by rail from New York at thirty-five miles an hour in certain safety.

"One hundred and thirty tons each was the weight of the submarines taken by rail across Siberia, and the rails of the Trans-Siberian road are very light. Heavier boats could be moved at higher speed on our American railways.

Complete Preparedness a Matter of Months.

"Delivery of such boats as I refer to could begin within nine months, and three or four a month could be delivered thereafter, using only existing facilities.

"We have plenty of shops which could turn out the gasoline engines they would need. Diesel oil engines are superior, for a boat can be run twice as far on a given quantity at one-fifth the cost, and the heavy oil used in Diesel engines is non-explosive, but the disadvantages of gasoline could be largely overcome by carrying the fluid in tanks outside the boat. Thus a supply for 500 miles of cruising could be carried without danger.

"I believe this suggestion for the provision of amphibious submarines to be the most important suggestion for the defense of the United States which has been made in many years. It offers the quickest, the most effective, and the least expensive defense so far imaginable.

"Our capacity for turning out craft of this type would be enormous.

"All lake and ocean yards could build the hulls, all the automobile and boat engine building plants could build engines for them, and there are several electric appliance and storage battery plants that could build the electrical equipment.

"To my mind the day is close at hand when the only safe place for a battleship will be an interned pond closely protected against land attack.

"And let us consider the cost of maintaining such a defensive fleet in time of peace, comparing it to the cost of the conventional modern naval fleet. To man a submarine of the coast defense type will require twenty men, while the amphibious submarines which I have suggested can be manned by crews of ten men each.

"Say we had fifty of the amphibious boats. That would require a total of 500 men. Estimate the force necessary to man the coast defense type at 3000 men. Thus, less than 4000 men would give us a perfect

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

[illegible]

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.
By Mabel Herbert Usher.

***Festival of the Midnight Sun.* By Alice Harriman.**



For piggy-pot — Fairbanks' Fiesta.



One of the floats in the Mid-night Sun Festival.



Happy hours - Midnight, June 21st.



Same plays as in South

JUNE TWENTY-FIRST.

PERHAPS the most unexpected sight in Alaska is the Festival of the Midnight Sun at Fairbanks on the day that is all day—June twenty-first.

All day and kiddies' day. Every native son and daughter of the Golden North can stay up until tomorrow and never know there has been any night at all.

Do those white children, born in Alaska-land, love the bright days and sunny nights? Yea. And so do their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, to say nothing of their fathers and their uncles and their relations-in-law. So do tourists, too, if conversations like this herewith transcribed be any criterion:

"For mercy's sake, do get into your berth." Girl sighed. "Do you know," she continued, sleepily, for she was worn with weeks of sight-seeing, "it is 2 a.m.?"

"Yes," I answered, absently. The color schemes that the Lord arranges in Alaska's midnight skies were so entrancing that I entertained hope, if I looked long enough, of transferring a particularly effective combination of pale yellow, lemon green, heavenly blue and softest mauve, to black and white newspaper "stuff." "Yes," I repeated, more decisively, "It is 2 a.m. And an hour ago the sun slipped behind those willows on the north side of this boat and didn't stay down. It came right back—just where it went down. If I hadn't seen it, I'd not believe it."

The rose tint deepened, the blue grew bluer. We were taking an \$8000-mile trip in about the same time that Noah made it to the new "diggings" on Mt. Ararat. Perhaps the fact that there is so much to see in that stretch of miles that equals the axis of the earth and is far more interesting is the reason why days are stretched to accommodate the sight-seer.

"Oh," breathed Girl, jumping from her berth. We crowded together to look from our stateroom door. "I can't stay in bed—I don't mind if I do die for want of sleep."

Then we were silent as the dawn-petal unfolded over a world vibrant with green, tawny yellows, magenta-flame and sage gray. Sand-formed islands and level meadows invited dalliance. Floral hillside

haunted thousands of millions of fire-weed blossoms, each flower shouting: "Hosanna to God in the highest."

Presently eight bells sounded.
"Tomorrow's the twenty-first of June—
the longest day of the year."

"We haven't had any night for two weeks, nor seen the moon nor stars for "the brightness thereof."

"What year is it?"
 "What day of the week is it?"
 "What year is it?"

By this, experienced Alaskans will know that we were being transmuted from "Chechacos" into "Sourdoughs" by the alchemy of the sun.

Fairbanks makes much of this all-the-clock-round day. The recent children's festa in Los Angeles with its floats, its dances, exercises and drills, was a credit to those conceiving it and to those carrying it out. Considering all things, the single day of festival in Fairbanks made as good a showing.

The organization known as the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden North had its inception in the Arctic Brotherhood. Already its members, divided into junior and active, number over 500; and the Festival of the Midnight Sun, so happily carried out for several years, should be made a Territorial feature.

Watching the historical boats going separately by, admiring the rosy, healthy, flower-decked girls and the sturdy, tanned boys, appraising the fathers, neither white

handed nor trouser-creased, who looked proudly at the bonny sight; noting the mothers, smiling at their offspring in the parade, or joggling baby buggies containing the latest comer; seeing the miners from the creeks whose watiful eyes betrayed their desire for wives and kiddies; being one of the tourists, agape with astonishment and admiration at the sight—a choke came unexpectedly. As a nearby Irishman said: "It's a sight. An' the best of it is, we're all Americans."

Then came tennis, croquet, hospitality. And at midnight, baseball—oh, it was great day, the twenty-first of June! Children romped until they fell asleep as do the flowers.

Returning to the boat at 3 o'clock, I saw a group of wee tads sleeping on a door-step.

while the parents still congratulated themselves and their callers on the happy ending of a gloriously happy day. The cool air was full of life; the sunlight beginning to dim the pastel clouds. Suddenly, from some dark vault sprang a vision of the East Side of New York, as I had seen in one sweltering June midnight only the year before. Children, wan and haggard, slept on reeking sidewalks, too exhausted to climb weary flights to airless rooms. Quarreling mothers screamed in foreign tongues. Queerly garbed fathers, no doubt cheated by large promises into coming to America, stood behind hand cart shops, trying to sell enough to feed hungry mouths. Yawning policemen twirled their sticks, vainly trying to keep cool in the humid night.

Once more I looked around. Fairbanks, cruds, but wholesome, lay before me. Children happy, mothers content, fathers knowing they had a fair chance, policemen—I didn't see any. And so we went our way through the night that was day, glad to have seen the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden North in the Festival of the Midnight Sun.

Suggested Use for Aeroplane.

[Indianapolis News:] A novel use for the aeroplane is under consideration by owners of sealing vessels as a result of the failure of the seal hunt this year. It is proposed that two experienced aviators be engaged to visit the east coast and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, respectively, just before

the opening of next season and find the herds. The information thus obtained would enable the fleet to sail directly for the scene of the hunt instead of spending much time searching for the animals.

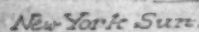
Tree Crops for Dry Lands.

[Chicago Journal:] The French colony of Tunisia is producing more than 10,000,000 gallons of olive oil per year, and expects to double that output within the next decade. A large part of the crop—more than half of it, according to some estimates—is produced on land where the average rainfall is about ten inches per year. This is the point which has an abiding interest for a country with as much semi-arid land as the United States. Only a tiny part of our dry regions is suitable for olive culture, but that is not the only tree which has proved itself able to resist drought. Why not make a systematic effort to develop the commercial value of other tree crops which can be raised in the land of little rain?

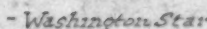
Grain lives or dies according to the moisture it receives in a single season, and two months of rainless weather may destroy a crop. The olive of Tunis has a spread and depth of roots which enable them to use the ground water stored in wet seasons for times of exceptional drought. It is not possible to develop some other useful tree or shrub which can go without rain as well as the olive, and which can stand the climate of our western plains.

Near View of Lassen. By Harold Brauntton.

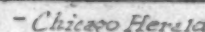
THE AMERICAN WAR DOG



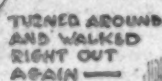
NATIONS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD



A BIG STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION



WALKED RIGHT IN AND —



PRZEMYSŁ

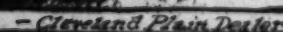
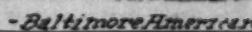
Des Moines Register & Leader

THE MEXICAN SILHOUETTE

- St Louis Republic

Duluth Herald

"GONE TO THE DOGS"





Recent Cartoons.

Near View of Lassen. By Harold Braunton.

A TWO-DAY VISIT.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 2.—I have just returned from a two-day visit to the only active volcano in the United States, having spent May 27 and 28 in exploring the country round about Lassen Peak (pronounced Lossen) and noting the havoc wrought by the flow of rocks and mud, which covered considerable areas in

cause of its great weight that the momentum gained carried it straight ahead until it struck the large tree, while the smaller stones and the mud turned to the right. There are many such large rocks along the edge of the course, usually on the higher side of some big tree.

The rock shown had split after stopping against the tree, as may be seen by the crack to the right of the tree, which is

This rock had been in its present position for a week or ten days when we came, but it was still so hot we could not bear our hands on it for a second. Yet it had never been hot enough to burn the living tree it leans against, so it has changed temperature but little, and doubtless will not get cold for thirty to sixty days yet. Heat from it is readily felt at a distance of twenty-five feet, and you may smell the mud

crack also goes far to prove that it came as a result of the settling of the huge rock into the cold mud.

I had one of "the boys" snap me when standing by a huge tree, to show the height to which the rocks and mud must have come (I am 6 feet 2 inches tall,) which shows very well in view No. 4. The rocks, being at the bottom, took the bark off the tree as shown, while the mud flow was of



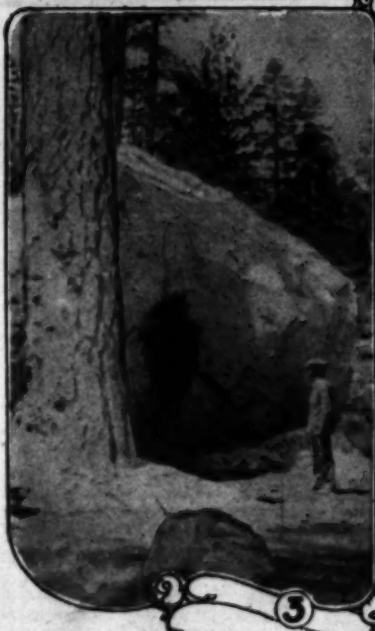
the fertile valleys situated at the foot of the range.

View No. 1 shows Lassen Peak at a distance of five miles, as it appears from the valley road leading to Manzanita Lake, which latter is two miles nearer the peak. It may easily be noted that while the snow has been melted on the main peak, it is still intact on the lesser peaks round about, which are 2000 or 3000 feet less altitude. No steam was issuing from the valley side at the time this photograph was taken, but it could be faintly seen at the extreme left of the top of the peak, and also on the right, where the snow and mud join, at least a half mile away from the other opening.

View No. 2 was taken about half-way round the mountain from point No. 1 and only a mile from the peak. The main crater is in the lower loop, or saddle, just to the left of the highest point, and the white spot seen in the center is a steam cloud.

The enormous and terrifying flow of rocks and mud came down behind the first hill or ridge on the left, and is shown at the bottom of this view, where it crossed sharply from left to right, and then turned to the right straight away from the peak, and so continued for many miles. The course shown was the bed of a small stream, a tributary of Hat Creek.

The large rock shown in view No. 3 was just outside the range of the second view, to the right, and is at least twenty feet in diameter. It went so fast, doubtless be-



widest at the bottom. The black spot was caused by throwing a hatful of water on it to see if steam, but as the steam was the same color as the rock it does not show in the photograph.



cooking when 100 feet away. The thin even coat of mud looks as though the rock rolled down with the mud, for had the mud run over the rock some would have settled on and under the lower side. The clean, open

an almost unbelievable depth, as may be seen by the mud-encased bunch of pine leaves at the extreme top of the photo. The trees in the background are farther down stream, but on higher ground, and the mud shows on their trunks only about ten feet up from the present stream bed. It may be seen that while all the bark was taken off on the stream side, where I stood, on the lower, or left, side it remains intact. This would seem to prove that the mud was thick and moving fast, giving the rocks no chance to "fool around" outside the straight run for lower levels. There is ample evidence of the former presence of thousands of smaller trees, but they were all swept away.

It is easy to tell which rocks came out of the volcano, for around even the small ones, now cold, there is a circle of dry sand, while all else, even other rocks of equal size, is still wet. Many are still warm. The water in the creek is very muddy, and in little pools where it has settled it tastes like borax. The sandy mud looks as though it would prove a fertile soil, but in the creek proper it is quicksand; elsewhere walking is good. There are no hot rocks or broken or injured trees outside the creek bed at the distance of a mile from the peak, proving conclusively that the volcano did not throw rocks very far away, though some may have soared high.

The Biggest Safes.

[London Tit-Bits:] The world's cleverest cracksmen are on their mettle. They are defied by a safe behind the doors of which lie untold treasures, which can never be blown open. Even the most powerful lyddite shell, fired from a big gun, would have little effect, so far as opening the safe was concerned. This safe, which is really an impregnable vault, has lately been built in the offices of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company of New York, and cost altogether \$200,000. Of this sum nearly half was expended on the door. The latter, circular in shape, is eleven feet, six inches in diameter and forty-five and one-half inches thick. It is made of armor plate, the same as that used in the construction of modern battleships, and will withstand any attack. In spite of its size, so delicately is the door poised that it swings as nicely adjusted in its movements as the works of the finest chronometers. When closed there is no conceivable way in which to attack it. It is proof against tool or explosive, and when the door swings into its place not even the air is able to get in. This prevents the introduction of any explosive of a liquid nature. This wonderful safe door is locked by twenty five-inch plungers or bolts, each of which is controlled by combination locks, which in turn are controlled by a time lock having four movements, any

one of which will permit the opening of the combination locks. Another remarkable vault has been completed in a bank in Toronto, Canada. It consists of a hollow cube made of hardened steel and cement, measuring thirty feet in each direction. This vault has two sections, the upper section being for the use of the public as a safety deposit vault and the lower for the storage of the bank's currency and securities. A floor of solid steel separates the two sections. The vault is guarded by a circular steel door ten feet in diameter, three and one-half feet thick and weighing forty-one tons, which is opened and closed by electric motors. When all precautionary devices are set, three different alarms are sounded by the slightest tampering with the doors.

Color Music is Noted.

[Popular Mechanics:] During a recent rendition of the Russian composer Scriabine's "Prometheus," which is described as a futuristic tonal poem, by an eastern orchestra in Carnegie hall at New York, a "color organ" was employed to utilize the author's chromatic score with the orchestration.

Various color hues and tints merging and blending with each other appeared in a maze of diaphanous gauze, forming a screen on the stage before the audience.

Queer Names of Streams of Iowa.

[Geological Survey Bulletin:] That Iowa is a farming State is reflected in the names of many of the streams that flow through it. First there is a Farm Creek, so that Farmers Creek is not out of place; then there is a Chicken Creek, a Duck Creek, a Goose Creek, a number of Turkey creeks, as well as Pigeon Creek. There are Fox, Hawk, and Rat creeks to devour the domestic animals, and some Crow creeks, while there is also a Fly Creek and Mosquito Creek to worry the summer boarders. Milk and Cold Water creeks are present, likewise a Hog Run and a Mud Creek, so that Bacon Creek is not strange. It is fitting that with a Bee Creek and a Bee Branch there should also be a Honey Creek. There are a couple of Cherry creeks, a Crabapple Creek, and plenty of Plum creeks, and for wild animals we have Bear, Beaver, Buck, Crane, Deer, Doe, Elk, Otter, Panther, Raccoon, Skunk, and Wolf creeks. With a Keg Creek there is a Whiskey Creek and a Whisky Run. Finally there is a Pur-gatory Creek.

These names appear in a "Gazetteer of Surface Waters of Iowa," by W. G. Hoyt and H. J. Ryan, just published by the United States Geological Survey as Water Supply Paper 345-I. This gazetteer contains descriptions not only of these, but of all the other streams named on the best

available maps of Iowa, including the Geological Survey's base map of the State, county maps published in the annual reports of the Iowa Geological Survey, and the topographic atlas sheets of the Federal Survey. For the general public the gazetteer is valuable because it affords ready reference to the facts concerning any of the streams of the State and also a means of identification.

Crusoe in Thirty-three Languages.

Every nation has found delight in the story of Robinson Crusoe. An article in the Strand Magazine tells that W. S. Lloyd of Philadelphia has spent years in hunting for rare and curious editions of the immortal work.

His agents, it appears, have had standing orders to buy up all editions that may be found, and he even possesses examples of the story in Latin and Greek. Thirty-three languages are represented in Mr. Lloyd's collection, and these include Arabic, Persian, Turkish and Hebrew.

The variety and curious illustrations in these manifold editions are a striking feature. There is a first folio of Defoe's great book, however, which has not found its way into Mr. Lloyd's collection, and that is a valued exhibit in Sir John Soane's very interesting museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with which every Londoner is not familiar.

to leave the group of young people and have me go with him.

Theront had kindled a desire to visit the before we were shown to our rooms, Mrs. Lyndall ushered us into her own boudoir.

The room was one of those spacious Louis XV boudoirs opening from a wide corridor on the second floor. Vincent proceeded immediately to examine the room, then the wall safe occupied his attention.

It was one of those steel affairs about eighteen inches square, concealed behind a picture. Vincent opened it and examined it

The Point of View. By Miriam Dunn.

Helen Warner of the Sneed Detective Force.

By Vlasia A. Hungerford.

THE BETTER WAY.

ALTHOUGH it was yet early in the day, the tenement district was already suffering with the heat. The sun beat down mercilessly upon the dusty streets and the pavements burned hot to the touch. Half-naked children swarmed after the ice wagon and flocked after the street sprinkler that was making its way down the street. Unkempt mothers stood on battered doorsteps with grimy babies in their arms and shouted unheeded admonitions to unkempt offspring playing in the gutters.

Helen Warner of the Sneed Detective Agency, standing in the doorway of Peterson's grocery, took a long survey of this scene of dirt and rowdiness and confusion.

"It's a tough bunch, Miss," said Peterson at her elbow, "an' I don't see why they sent a woman. It seems to me a man could do better in a job like this!"

Helen didn't reply. Instead she stood watching a fight that had started between two small boys in the middle of the street.

"Of course, you know your own business," went on Peterson, "better'n I do—"

"Yes," answered Helen, "I know my own business. And now, Mr. Peterson, if you will kindly tell me just what has happened here and whom you suspect, I'll see what I can do."

"It's them little toughs," Peterson began. "I know it's the tough kids in this neighborhood. They've been swiping from me right along, but last night they bruk in my store and tuk \$25 worth of gum an' candy an' tobacco. Nobody but kids 'ud make a haul like that. The police can't do nothing. But it'll take a man to handle them kids, Miss. I didn't expect they'd send a woman—"

Peterson's dissatisfaction was obvious. Helen's first step was to reassure him.

"Mr. Peterson," she began, "don't complain until you have reason to. The company had its own reasons for sending me, and if the Grocers' Protective Association, who have called upon our office to help stop the various depredations occurring to you small grocers all over the lower end of the city, is satisfied with what I have been doing, you ought to be. At least, wait until you really have something to complain about. I'll do the very best I can with the situation here."

"Cert'nly, Miss, cert'nly—only I wisht they'd sent a man!"

Helen had never once taken her eyes off the brawl in the middle of the street, and now one of the boys was getting decidedly the worst of it.

"Who is that boy?" she pointed to the winning one.

"That's Micky Flynn, whose mother keeps boarders. He's the worst boy in the neighborhood. I think he is the leader o' the gang that bruk in last night. The other is Joe Polinsky, an' they're always fightin'."

Mickey had Joe down on his back by this time, and was sitting on his stomach. Helen walked out into the middle of the street.

"Here you, Joe and Mickey—how would you like an ice cream soda?"

Mickey appraised her with a sudden grin. He was used to settlement ladies. Under his dirt he was a handsome lad and had been favored by many a silken dispenser of charity.

"Ye ain't kiddin'?" he asked half doubtfully.

"Indeed I'm not," Helen replied. "Are you coming?"

"Sure Mike!" The fight was forgotten in visions of ice cream and fizzy soda water, and the boys followed her eagerly until she paused at Peterson's doorway. Here they hesitated.

"Aw, come on!" whispered Mickey to Joe and they followed Helen inside.

Peterson directed them to a little table in the corner, disapprovingly.

"Chocolate, I presume?" said Helen interrogatively. Both boys nodded eagerly.

"How'd you know—chocolate?" asked Mickey.

"I've fed lots of boys ice cream soda," replied Helen smiling, "and they all take chocolate."

Mickey and Joe pondered this bit of information in silence, while Peterson, preparing the sodas at the little fountain, re-

peated to himself. "They'd ought of sent a man!"

Then, over the glasses, Helen leaned toward Mickey.

asked in a stagey whisper. Both boys tilted in a stagey whisper. Both boys tilted.

"Easy!" said Mickey with a broad grin. "Ye're a settlement lady!"

Helen shook her head mysteriously. Mickey plainly didn't believe the denial.

"Has your mother room for another boarder, Mickey?" she asked again.

He was plainly taken aback. "Ma don't keep lady boarders—at least fine ones like you—I don't know—"

"Leave it to me, Mickey. Now I want you to go with me to the flower store on the corner, will you? We'll take her a bouquet."

Mickey was entirely surprised. "Wat do you want to buy flowers fer me ma fer?"

"Well, frankly, Mickey, you don't suppose she can turn us down with a big bunch of Killarney roses, do you?"

Mickey's Irish eyes began to dance. "Say," he drawled, "Ye're a funny sort o' settlement lady! They usually gives ma old clothes an' other things they don't want. None o' 'em ever give her any roses—yet!"

Helen assumed an air of doubt. "Don't you believe she'll like it?"

"Like it? You jus' try her! She'll give ye 10 o'clock breakfasts fer that—an' that's sayin' a lot fer ma!"

"All right, then," said Helen; "and now, let's go!"

And as she handed Peterson his change across the cigar counter, she casually looked over his stock and, noting the brand of cigarettes, sighed regretfully.

On the way to the flower store Mickey felt in his pocket and missed something. He looked worried. Helen watched him surreptitiously. She knew what it was that he missed. She had picked it up where it had fallen from his pocket in the struggle with Joe Polinsky, and it now reposed in her handbag. It was a package of Peterson's cigarettes.

That afternoon Helen, having been welcomed by Mother Flynn with open arms, left her hot, stuffy, little room and went straight to police headquarters. A plan had been forming in her mind and it depended on the police department whether or not she could carry it through. She knew the Chief personally and he granted her an immediate audience.

She found him seated at his desk in his shirt sleeves, trying to keep cool with a palm-leaf fan in one hand and a chocolate soda in the other. She glanced at the soda and smiled whimsically.

"Men and boys—you're all alike when it comes to ice cream chocolate soda," she told him.

He smiled boyishly at her. "I sometimes think we're alike in a great many other ways, Miss Warner."

Helen saw in his remark a graceful way to open her subject and took immediate advantage of it.

"Yes," she replied, seriously, "you are. And being so much alike, I'll expect you to see what I am going to say, from a boy's viewpoint!"

The Chief put down his soda glass and sighed. "I thought so," he said resignedly. "You're always asking leniency for some little rascal that ought to be sent to the reformatory, and you know that wholesale probation isn't doing much good—the kid knows that he'll be let off, and turns around and does the same thing over. You'll have to abide by what the judge says."

"I'm not asking for leniency for any boy today, Chief. I'm going to ask for something for a whole lot of boys—for all the boys in the tougher part of the city!"

Chief O'Brien looked at her quizzically. "That's a big order!" he finally replied.

"Now, honestly, Chief," Helen went on, "just how much trouble have the tough boys of the lower part of the city given you—a great big lot of trouble, haven't they? And they hate the police, don't they? And they perpetrate a hundred acts of hostility and annoyance every day, don't they?"

The Chief looked at her with widening eyes. "I thought you came here in behalf of these little toughs—"

"I did!" she interrupted him, "and my plan is to save you and your force all this annoyance and trouble and hostility; I want to make you friends—"

It was Chief O'Brien's turn to interrupt. He threw up his hands and shook his head. "It is impossible, Miss Warner. I admit that you have accomplished remarkable things in reform work, even if you are a detective, but this time you've underestimated your job. The toughs and the police always have been enemies, and always will be. You can't do it!"

"But it has been done!" Helen replied triumphantly. "Just read this, Chief!" She handed him a clipping from a daily newspaper which gave a brief outline of the success of the plan in the New York City slums.

The Chief perused it slowly, then sat wrapped in meditation. "Kid Cops," he said musingly. "Gee! When I was a boy we used to play police-captain lots of times, and I had a lieutenant and two sergeants and the criminals we used to lock up in the old woodshed! Chalk lines on the floor divided the cells, and each prisoner would stay within his boundary line and pretend to try to get out and howl and snarl and threaten the others, and sometimes they would all break jail and such a time we had to put them back again! I never thought then that I'd ever be a real Chief!" Chief O'Brien's eyes softened with these boyhood memories, and Helen, realizing her chance, brought all the argument possible to bear upon the question.

"Of course, it is going to cost the department something," she concluded, rising to go, "but it is not going to cost as much as it does the way matters stand, and it is going to make it easier on the beat, and best of all, Chief," her voice softened, "it is going to save a lot of boys from crime and the penitentiary! It's going to make men of a lot of boys who would otherwise become thieves and outcasts!"

The Chief was troubled. "I haven't promised anything yet, Miss Warner; don't figure on it too much. I want time to think and talk it over with others."

"That's all right, Chief," said Helen confidently, "I know you'll decide right—and I have a little fellow of about 13, by the name of Mickey Flynn, whom I want appointed captain of his precinct. He's a natural-born leader and a good-hearted lad. But just now he's headed straight for the penitentiary."

The Chief threw back his head and laughed. "Mickey Flynn! That's a good name to add to the police force!" he told her, and promising an early decision in the matter, bowed her out.

Helen, with that inward sense that told her she would win, went back to Mother Flynn's and rested until evening. After supper, she called Mickey in off the street and invited him to a moving-picture show. Mickey had a previous engagement with the "gang," but Charley Chaplin was on the programme, and he couldn't resist. So he went to the trouble of combing his hair and washing his face and putting on a red necktie, all of which Helen duly appreciated, and accompanied her to the show.

On the way home, Helen introduced the subject uppermost in her mind. She was quite chummy with Mickey by this time.

"You remember, Mickey," she said, "I asked you this morning if you knew who I was. You didn't believe me when I told you I was not a settlement lady."

Mickey looked respectfully inquiring.

"This is who I am, Mickey." She threw back the front of her coat and revealed a silver star. Mickey stared hard at the emblem, and paled a little, then he gulped and essayed a smile.

"A real detective! Whaddayuh know about that!"

"Yes," continued Helen gravely. "I've been sent down here by Headquarters. There has been a great deal of petty thieving in the neighborhood, and the Grocers' Protective Association is trying to get to the bottom of it."

Mickey was painfully silent.

"The reason I am telling you this, Mickey," she continued, "is because you've got to help me. I was up to see Chief O'Brien today, about organizing a Junior Police force in the city. If it goes through, Mickey, I'm going to have you appointed

police captain of your precinct—how would you like that?"

Mickey's eyes were round as saucers. "You'd have a force under you, of boys of your own choosing, and you'd have a badge and drill three times a week, and you'd co-operate with the regular police force. How would you like that, Mickey?"

The idea appealed to him. His eyes began to sparkle. "I'd have Tommy Hogan for a sergeant, an' Joe Polinsky fer a lieutenant an' the other kids fer regular cops, an' we'd have lots of fun!"

"It wouldn't be all fun, Mickey," Helen told him gravely. "In fact, Mickey, fun isn't the main thing in consideration. The primary object of the organization would be to improve the neighborhood. Your badge would be one of honor, and it would be taken away from you if you didn't comply with, or broke any of the rules. You boys would have to bind yourselves not to swear or steal or smoke cigarettes or shoot craps. It wouldn't be fun in the sense that you mean, but it would be splendid for all of you."

They had reached Mother Flynn's doorstep by this time. "This is not settled, yet, Mickey, but if you want to you may let your best friends in on the secret."

"Thanks, Miss Warner," replied Mickey respectfully, "I'd like to tell Joe Polinsky an' me other pals, if ye don't mind."

"Not a bit. Good-night!" Helen entered the tenement while Mickey went to hunt up his "gang" and discuss the news.

The next day he questioned Helen further on the subject, and she went into details, telling him of the "Kid Cops" of New York City, and the work they were doing. Mickey was intensely impressed, and Helen saw the subject appealed to him, even more than she had dared to hope.

The next three or four days passed peacefully enough down in the tenement district. Mickey and his gang were possessed by this new idea, and as ready to embrace it as they would have been some new scheme for deviltry. Helen, feeling that the movement would simply direct into good channels the same instincts, tendencies and capabilities that would have turned many of the boys into criminals and outcasts, prayed that the big-hearted boyish Chief would consider the matter in its true light. Then came a telephone message from Chief O'Brien himself. Could she come over to see him at once? Helen lost no time in going, and she remained to a long discussion of the pros and cons and ins and outs, dealing with the subject on which she had set her heart.

When she got back to Mother Flynn's, her face was radiant with triumph, and she called Mickey off the street into the parlor. Mickey, sensing some tremendous change about to take place in his life, was big-eyed and a little breathless.

"Mickey!" exclaimed Helen. "The Chief says it's all right, and for us to consider the matter settled!"

Mickey gasped with excitement. Helen unpinched the silver star from her jacket and fastening it to Mickey's gingham shirt, swung him around, facing the mirror.

"There, Mickey, how does that look to you? Yours is going to be prettier than even that!"

And Mickey, staring at the badge of honor and law and order, planned above his lawless little heart, drew a deep breath, and the tip of his blunt, boyish nose reddened with emotion, and his eyes grew misty.

"It's—it's fine, Miss Warner—an' you're a—brick! I—I—"

Helen caught his hand in a firm grip. "You're sworn in, right now, Mickey! I depend on you, right from this very minute, to help me push this thing through! There is going to be lots of work to do, and it's going to take time. But to me, you're captain of this precinct right now!"

Mickey was too overcome to say a word. Helen unpinched the silver star and fastened it back on her coat.

"Now, run along and tell all the other boys about it, and think it all over. There are lots of things you boys will have to discuss among yourselves, and perhaps some of you won't want to join, and you must try to make them, Mickey!"

Mickey nodded vigorously and sped from the room like a rocket to spread the news. In a few minutes Mother Flynn came from

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY.)

Brief Anecdotes Gathered
From Many Sources

Compiled for the Times

Good Short Stories

"There's Nothing Half So Sweet."

By Eleanor Sickler.

TWO SCENES.

THE Senor Francisco Castillo lay upon his deathbed. The doctor had departed, sadly shaking his head. Father Ybarra, lifelong friend and counsellor, had heard his last confession, administered to him the sacrament, and bestowing upon him a final word of blessing and farewell, had gone away with tears in his eyes, for the old man was dear to the old priest. In his large parish there were others who needed his spiritual ministrations that night, and he might not allow himself nor the house of Castillo the comfort of his continued presence at the side of his dying friend.

He, having settled all his earthly affairs and made his peace with heaven, now lay very still among the cool dusky shadows of his whitewashed room, suffering not at all, scarcely conscious of the ebbing of his tide of life, and one who had done forever with things temporal, and desired nothing more than a quiet and peaceful passing.

Beside the bedside sat his wife, immense, impassive, almost stolid in her silence. The only sign of emotion in her heavy countenance was mirrored in the misery of the eyes that never left her husband's face.

Years had passed since these two had given words to the love that had made their young days together so full of joy. Loving none the less, they had settled contentedly into the deep and unspoken assurance that is the harvest of love's latter days, and if the senora had ever felt a lack, she had hardly known of it herself. But now, at the last, the woman's heart in the massive bosom ached intolerably for some spoken word out of the store of their life together, some assurance that Francisco, too, remembered their love time, and found the memory sweet.

Another woman might have cried out to him; laid claim upon these last moments that were her only hope. No so the Senora Castillo; Francisco's comfort had been her chief concern for fifty years, and should be so to the end, so she only watched and prayed, and waited, with yearning eyes that were deep wells of pain, while the shadows deepened and the sweetness of early twilight stole into the room.

It was a still spring evening. Now and then the ghost of a breeze just stirred the white curtains at the deep windows and died away, as though fearing to intrude upon the deathlike hush within. Up the canyon a turtle dove was cooing with low insistent note. Little familiar sounds of evening—the mooing of cows in the pasture, the twilight song of birds under the rafters, the rattle of a wagon on the road—drifted in upon the quiet night air.

A sharper sound broke upon the stillness; the rhythmic beat of a horse's galloping feet. The man upon the bed roused, tried to lift his head, and laid it back feebly. His wife laid a soothing hand upon his brow and made haste to answer the question in his eyes.

"'Tis but young Jim, Francisco," she told him. "He goes, as always, to see the little Maestra." She spoke wistfully. Youth—their own—so far away. Youth—that of young Jim and the little teacher—so near!

A spark of life, affectionate interest, gentle and incurious, shone for a moment in

old Francisco's eyes. He roused somewhat from the lethargic calm of the last hour.

"They love each other well—those two—I think," he said feebly, "but they do not yet understand how it is with them." He lapsed again into silence with the look of one who communes with some inner vision. Silently the senora sat beside him, and prayed again, and watched and waited—waited with her full heart that would not let her speak to disturb his peace, and with haunted eyes of pain. Memories poignant with joy and sorrow filled her mind; tender regret for imagined neglect and impatience—imagined, indeed, for the senora was the most thoughtful and patient of women.

Someone came to the door, but she waved the well-meaning intruder away. From without, in the long hall, came the whisper of murmured prayers, the soft click of beads. Those lesser ones who had shared his love might pray without the door, but none should share with her this last vigil. An hour slipped by.

Suddenly, she knew not whence, the room was filled with a sense of mystery impending. Even as her heartbeat increased with the rapid acceleration of terror, she hushed it to gather all the pregnant moment might yield to her.

Slowly, as it were, with regret, Francisco Castillo withdrew his soul from those inner communings wherein he had been so wrapt. The tenderness of old memories was in his face, oddly mixed with a hint of gentle laughter—the look of one who has seen what rouses pleasant and tender thought. He regarded Francisca with a look that comforted and caressed, a look fraught with all the days of tenderness that lay behind them. Slowly, upon his face dawned the ineffable smile of the love that never dies. He reached out weakly and laid a thin cold hand upon his old wife's, so soft and warm. Leaning forward with breathless interest, she caught his broken whisper—

"Upon a time—we, too—were young—Francisca, mia—wife of my heart! We, too, were young!" And with that smile still lingering upon his lips, he was gone.

One thrill of exquisite happiness trembled in old Francisca's breast, saving from utter despair the load of grief that settled down upon her spirit, and mingling a draught of triumphant sweetness with the bitter waters of renunciation which death now held to her lips. Francisco had not forgotten, and therein, and in her memories, henceforth her solace lay.

In a little cottage up the valley young Jim Andrews and the little school teacher were spending Saturday evening together, a custom of old standing. It was with them as the Senor Castillo had stated—they loved, but they did not yet understand. So they rode and read together, arguing about everything and nothing, and unconsciously playing the old, old game.

She was much too strong-minded, too opinionated, young Jim told himself. He liked girls that looked up to a fellow and who were not always setting him right. He only went to see her because she was such an odd little thing; had queer ideas, you know, not at all like other girls. Really, though, she had pretty ways when it

pleased her—dear little ways. Young Jim lost himself in smiling retrospect.

The little teacher privately thought Jim was dictatorial and over-important—he should not dictate to her—she should think not! Later, when young Jim forgot to dictate, and his voice grew dangerously soft and gentle, and he began to look at her in that new way of which he was himself unconscious, she fixed her gaze steadily on the shadow of his profile on the wall and assured herself passionately that she could not possibly be in love with a man who had a nose like that! And yet, in itself, it was a good nose!

Tonight they quarreled less than usual. Perhaps there was nothing left to quarrel about; perhaps young Jim, who was unusually silent, was finding that a month was a long, long time. The little teacher was going away tomorrow on a vacation of just that length, and for some reason she, too, was distraught and silent.

Presently she came and sat upon a footstool beside young Jim's chair, with a pretense of better light upon her embroidery. The boy was reading, aloud, one of Tennyson's sweetest poems, "The Miller's Daughter." Poetry and romance—and youth! An old combination, truly, but one that makes for harmony.

Presently the reading ceased. The girl bent closer to her work. A breathless silence reigned in the room. Then, soft as thistledown, she felt the touch of his lips upon her hair. A beautiful new thrill of happiness swept over her—and then that strange wave of caution which is the feminine heritage of the sorrowful ages. She might have been mistaken; she must not say a word; perhaps she only imagined.

Meanwhile, the boy, quivering at his own daring and at the strange impulse that had prompted it, sat motionless, as she, like one watching some exquisite butterfly that flutters upon his hand, fearful lest a breath may affright the lovely thing.

In their mutual preoccupation they had not noticed that the light in the room was growing dimmer until the lamp began to flicker and sputter. Then, the spell broken, the girl jumped nervously to her feet, striving to speak in commonplace fashion.

"Why, Jim, that lamp is going out. It must be late. We had better say good night, and—good-by, Jim!" she held out her hand to him in cheerful bravado. The boy took it in his own, and, at the steady look in his eyes, she turned away in confusion.

"You are going away," said young Jim, as though a weight of loneliness settled over him with the words.

"Only for a month, Silly!" answered the girl trying in vain to keep up the pretense of not noticing anything unusual.

"Only a month," echoed young Jim. "But a month will be like a year—when you are gone!" Was this young Jim, this stranger whose voice was so pleading and wistful?

"Quick, little teacher, before I have to go—kiss me good-by, this once when you are going away!" This was young Jim, and dictating to her—and she liked it! Following some delicate instinct he loosed her hand and she stood trembling in a tumult of emotions she did not try to understand. The lamp had been sputtering more and

more violently, and now it gave one last despairing flicker and went out, leaving them standing in total darkness. They stood so for a long, tense moment, and then—oh, miracle! Through the engulfing dark, with a common impulsive movement that was instinct, they found each other's lips and Paradise.

Only they who have not known it attempt to describe that first kiss of newly-awakened love. It is a sacrament.

And, oh, it is sweet—love's young dream—and comes but once—but once!

Presently, with a reluctant movement, the girl stirred in the arms that held her. Young Jim, thus awakened from the spell that held him, felt a sweep of emotion across his heart. He was, in that moment, no more a boy. Responsibility was his and the right to lead. He bent over her until his breath fanned her pink ear.

"Sweetheart!" he whispered experimentally. A low, inarticulate murmur answered him, and, emboldened, he went on. "Sweetheart, now do you know what you must be?"

"What I must be—I must be? Oh, Jim, you tell me!"

"You must be my wife," he said, awe and solemnity in his young voice.

The girl's mother had taught her that her lips were for him alone whom she should call husband, and more old-fashioned still, in these unregenerate days, the girl believed her mother.

So it was all beautifully simple. She had kissed young Jim. Therefore she must be his wife. For this she was also glad, and she told him so with shy womanliness.

Thus they were betrothed, and she walked out to the gate with him in the odorous night air, heavy with the perfume of the lady Banksias over the porch.

Down the valley a light was shining, where the house of Castillo kept sorrowful vigil.

The girl drew a quick breath of self-accusation. "Oh, Jim, I meant to tell you—Senor Castillo is dying tonight. They say he cannot live till morning. Isn't it sad? Jim, I wonder, I wonder if it is wrong for us to be so happy when the poor old senor is dying?"

Young Jim looked down from his horse. "I don't see why not, my little love," he answered. "Old Francisco has been a good man, but he is very old, and this is our love time. He has had his."

"But not like ours?" the girl questioned shyly. And, "No, my darling, not like ours, I think! No man ever loved a woman before as I love you!" answered young Jim after the manner of lovers from old time.

Who shall say that the dying have not some strange prescience, some sort of secondary vision that sees things hidden from other eyes? It was at this very moment when young Jim, parting from his betrothed, whispered to her the world-old Litany of Love, that old Francisco, turning in his bed, laid his hand upon that of his old wife and murmured brokenly with what might have been almost a hint of tender laughter in his dying voice—

"Upon a time—we, too—were young—Francisca, mia—we, too, were young!" and smiled ineffably in parting.

High-speed Stars.

[Baltimore American:] In order to obtain more exact figures in connection with the sun's motion through space and other similar problems, astronomers are measuring the velocity and direction of a great number of stars, which, like the telegraph poles along a railroad track, seem to go rapidly backward as we move forward.

The fact that these stars have motions of their own complicates the case considerably, for the "fixed stars" are known to be moving in great streams and change their positions not only in relation to our solar system, but also in relation to each other.

The motion of the star naturally resolves itself into two parts; one measured along the line of sight representing its amount of approach towards us or its retreat, the other measured at right angles to a line drawn from the star to the observer.

The first of these motions is measured

by a study of changes in the star's spectrum, the second by comparing its position as measured accurately at dates many years apart.

The velocity of a star seems to be a factor of its effective age. Unlike our ordinary human experience, the speed of a star increases with its advancing years, and in the whirl of spheres above us it is the young who cannot keep the pace.

The average velocity of stars ranges from about 5 kilometers, or between three and four miles, per second for "young" stars to about 30 kilometers per second for "old" ones. But notable exceptions occur. At Mount Wilson Solar Observatory of the Carnegie Institution some stars have been found to move with velocities of 141, 150, 179, 233, 316 and even 325 kilometers per second, the highest speed yet known.

These high velocity stars are sometimes described as runaways, because they seem to be quite beyond the control of the gravi-

tational power of the universe. At their speed the attraction of the entire known stellar system would be wholly insufficient to check the star's career through space.

The astronomer, Simon Newcomb, once calculated that the maximum velocity attained by a body starting with velocity zero at an infinite distance and passing through a stellar system containing 100,000,000 stars each five times as massive as our sun and distributed throughout a disk-like spheroid of certain extent cannot exceed 40 kilometers per second. Yet the star "Groombridge 1880" has a speed nearly nine times this value, and the massive star Arcturus has a speed probably four times this value.

If existing velocities owe their magnitudes to the gravitation of the system, the quantity of attracting matter in the whole stellar system would have to be at least eighty times that assumed by the calculations of Prof. Newcomb.

Earliest English Guide Book.

The earliest guide book written in the English language is "Instructions for Foraine Travell," a duodecimo published in 1642 by James Howell.

"As was natural in those days," says the London Chronicle, "Howell assumes that any one traveling on the Continent for pleasure was able to 'entertaine a Cooke, a Laquay and some young youth for his Page to parley and chide withal, whereof he shall have occasion enough, and to get some faire lodgings to keep house of himself; but sometimes he may frequent Ordinaries, for it will much breake and embolden him.'"

The instructions to provide for a tour through France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Belgium and Holland, "all which may be done completely in three years and four months, which four months I allow for itinerary removals and journeys, and the years for residences in places." In those days "foraine travell" meant something more than a month's skip through Europe.

THE BETTER WAY.
ALTHOUGH it was yet early in the day,
the pavement beneath her feet was
marked with the dust of the streets
and the pavement beneath her feet was
marked with the dust of the streets

Helen Warner of the Sneed Detective Force.

By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

The Point of View. By Miriam Dunn.

IN THE LIBRARY.

HALF THE staff of the Santa Maria library was seated around the long table in the library lunch room. They were discussing the reference department's new first assistant, who was to come on duty in the morning. Men were a scarcity in the Santa Maria library, and as this one was reported both young and unmarried, many of the younger members of the staff were much interested, though some of them affected indifference.

Barbara Joyce of the circulation department, her blue-gray eyes beaming amusement, was frankly interested.

"You people might just as well give up hope. I intend to fall desperately in love with him," she laughed.

"That doesn't mean that he will, of necessity, fall in love with you, my dear," swung back Alberta McDonald from across the table. "Just the same, I think it would be lovely if he and one of the library girls were attracted to each other. They would have congenial tastes, and all that kind of thing, you know." The laugh that followed her statement did not bother Alberta a bit. She was of a romantic temperament and she did not care who knew it.

Lucile Coulter was saying nothing. She was making no effort either to appear unconcerned, or to ascertain more facts about the young man whom no one present had as yet seen. Barbara wondered of what she was thinking. She valued highly this girl's opinion on matters. To her mind Lucile, who possessed intellectual qualities above the average, was one of the best balanced girls on the staff. She was an athlete, also, brown eyed, brown haired, and brown skinned. To the library workers she typified the out-of-doors, the robust health, the communion with nature, toward which many of them looked with longing. Confined to their books, with hours of the kind of labor that fags one both mentally and physically, most of them had not the strength to devote their leisure to strenuous, out-door pastimes.

Barbara had come nearer to Lucile than anyone else. They had tramped long, healthy miles together, and beneath shading, friendly trees in out-of-the-way places they had read aloud Thoreau and Wordsworth, or just sat and talked in a general way of the big things of life, of big people and big ideals. Sometimes they spoke of the men they knew, or of the types of men they hoped to meet. Barbara believed in the "one particular man made for one particular maid," idea, and she had a habit of telling her intimates just what type of man she had decided was created for each of them.

"The man you will marry must be big, and fine and different, Lucile," she would say. "There will be nothing ordinary about him, and you are going to be desperately in love with him, and he will be desperately in love with you." Lucile usually smiled at this statement, but she never amended it.

Next morning she and Barbara did not have long to wait for a sight of Graham Phelps, the recently appointed reference assistant. The circulation department where they worked was on the same floor of the new Carnegie building as the reference room, and a few minutes after nine the principal of that department brought him into their division and introduced him to the head of the circulation department. For five seconds not a girl in circulation did a bit of work. Simultaneously each took a surreptitious glance at the spot where their superior chatted with the young man, then they glanced at one another, disappointment and amusement depicted on almost every face.

Most of them had had a half-formed idea as to the appearance of their recently-acquired associate. They knew that he was a college man, and a graduate of an eastern library school. Though their ideas differed in detail, they had all expected to see a superior-looking individual, athletic in appearance, probably, brilliant in conversation, no doubt; at the very least, well-poised. But, oh, the difference!

Before them, his face beet-red with embarrassment, was a small, flaxen-haired, faded young man, who, conscious of the eyes upon him, changed his weight from one foot to the other and stuttered frightened answers to their superior's remarks. Evidently, in spite of his course at library school, he was not used to girls. Evidently, too, he was very much afraid of them.

Ursula Young, the thoughtless, snickered.

The young man heard her. In an agony of confusion, and a wild desire to get his hands where they would seem less in the way, he reached too far in back of him and knocked a book from the shelf. In trying to pick up the volume he overturned a book truck, thereby dashing a dozen bound magazines to the floor. This was too much for the equanimity of the circulation department. The principal of the department, realizing the situation, summoned a page to refill the truck and invited the poor fellow into her office to finish the conversation.

At noon in the lunch room he went through an even greater ordeal. There he was introduced by one of the members of the staff who lunched at 12 o'clock. Barbara held out her hand as she was presented and she noticed that the hand he gave her was wet with perspiration and that his face, strained and pale now, looked almost middle-aged under its thin mat of whitish-yellow hair. Yet somehow he reminded her of an awkward boy who had come late in the term to a dancing school that she had once attended, and who had been introduced, perspiring with fright and blushing with embarrassment, to each member of the class in turn.

During the meal that followed, he did not say a half-dozen words, although Ursula Young, who was very pretty, and who thought herself even more beautiful than she was, did her best, in spite of the morning's incident, to attract his attention. Several of the other girls also tried very tactfully to draw him into the conversation. There was a considerable effort made to make him feel at home. Nevertheless, it was probably one of the most trying half-hours in the young man's life. To be the center of fourteen pairs of feminine eyes, some amused, some pitying, all for the moment interested to know just what he is going to do next, is not a comfortable feeling for even the most well-poised of masculine minds. Evidently to Graham Phelps it was martyrdom. Though he soon came to feel at home in the library, and to be at ease with its staff, he never entered the lunch room again, but always went to a near-by restaurant for his meals.

Barbara, who was somewhat intolerant of any temperament that she did not understand, sat silent during the luncheon and mentally criticized him. It seemed to her that he had been given advantages above that of many young men, and that he had come out wanting. During the two years that followed his advent into her world, though she saw him quietly and efficiently at work in the reference room, a boon particularly to scientific men and others running down infinite details, and though later she knew him to be the most gentle and the most courteous of the few men on the staff, yet unfortunately she never allowed herself to forget that first meeting and the bad impression it had left with her. When she was with him, she "made conversation," and always with the thought uppermost in her mind that she must say nothing that might embarrass him. She liked him, but it was in a condescending, tolerant sort of way.

When he began showing Lucile marked attention, Barbara was more amused than anything else. It did not surprise her that even he should appreciate the friend who to Barbara represented a high type of womanhood. That Lucile could possibly be attracted to him she did not, at first, consider for a minute. "He is away out here far from home, and lonesome," she thought. "Lucile realizes that and is willing to sacrifice some of her time for him. It is just like her," Barbara added when she saw them out together.

One evening, however, Barbara, accompanied by a college boy from the boarding house where she lived, sat two seats back of Lucile and Graham at the theater, and something happened that put into her mind a decidedly new and to her disagreeable thought. While she and her escort chatted volubly during intermissions, criticizing the actors and the music, and giving their ideas about everything that had gone on during the evening, Lucile and Graham sat and quietly listened to the music.

"Lucile must be dreadfully bored. She hasn't said a dozen words to Graham all evening," Barbara remarked to her companion.

"By the side of the man she loved above all else, June sat in silent ecstasy," he

quoted facetiously from the latest, trashy best-seller.

Barbara laughed, but the frivolous remark suggested something that annoyed her. Suppose Lucile should fall in love with Graham? It was the first time the idea had ever occurred to her. Even now she repudiated it immediately. Her wonderful friend fall in love with that silent, colorless little man? It was impossible.

When she saw Lucile's face the next morning, however, she knew that the seemingly impossible had happened. It bore the radiant look that she had seen before only on the faces of girls who were leaving the staff for a happy marriage. At noon, in a vacant corner of the juvenile department where the two girls knew that they would be undisturbed, Lucile announced her engagement.

"The most wonderful thing has happened, Bab," she said. "Graham and I love each other. We are going to be married."

Barbara put her arm around her friend and kissed her.

"I wanted you to be the first one to know about it," Lucile went on. "You always said that the man I would marry would be manly and splendid and out of the ordinary. I knew how glad you would be to know that your prophecy has come true."

Barbara could say nothing for a minute. All morning she had been crying to herself, "How can she do it? How can she do it?" Lucile's words startled her from her critical attitude and put the matter in a new light. Evidently Lucile thought him above the average. She was in love with him. One had only to glance at her face to know that she was very happy.

While saying the usual platitudes and trying to make them sound sincere, Barbara's mind was thronged with questions. "What could attract Lucile? What was there to a man like Graham Phelps that could attract Lucile? What was there about him that she found so splendid and out of the ordinary?"

Later, finding the rest room unoccupied, she sat down on a couch to work out the problem. She recalled to mind his first day in the library when the new assistant had disappointed the staff by his lack of poise. She had to acknowledge that his attitude toward the reference-room public, self-possessed and helpful, and his quiet, courteous manner to all the staff, young and old, should long ago have redeemed that first impression. It was the not-unusual case of one day's actions overshadowing that of years.

She placed him mentally beside some of the men she knew and liked, and compared them. There was Jack Summers, who had taken her to the theater the night before. Jack—big and blonde and curly-haired—as handsome as a young Scandinavian Viking, and as impractical and irresponsible as a high school sophomore. She smiled at the thought of Jack as a husband for anybody. Barbara liked the irresponsible type because they represented to her youth, which she loved, and the joyful side of life, which was the only side she wanted to acknowledge. However, she would as soon have wilfully opened Pandora's box of troubles as to have married one. By the side of Jack Summers, Graham Phelps, with his quiet dependability, loomed high in favor as a husband for Lucile.

Then, too, she admired Ford Houston as much as she liked Jack Summers. He was dark and quiet and unobtrusive, and he had the high forehead and the large hazel eyes of the dreamer, combined with the firm chin and the straight, thin lips of the man who does things. There was something about those straight, thin lips, however, with their touch of cynicism, that had made her admiration of him continue stronger than her liking. For the first time it occurred to her that Graham Phelps was in some ways the parallel of the big, dark man whom she admired. Both were efficient in the profession they had chosen. Both were well thought of in business life. Graham's face was formed on a softer mold than Ford's, however. He would do nothing that might cause pain to others; Ford Houston might.

She began to realize that Graham had held his own very well when compared with the men she had chosen for her friends. A realization of this brought her down somewhat from the intolerant attitude that she had assumed about him to herself. Because he had not pleased her did not necessarily mean that he had not the qualities that could make him worthy of Lucile.

This analytical treatment of the subject was doing Barbara good. Henceforth she would look at matters from a broader point of view.

Going down the hall from the restroom a little later, she met Alberta McDonald, who worked in the juvenile department. Next to Lucile she was Barbara's best friend. They were somewhat alike in form and coloring. Both were slender and dark complexioned. Strangers took them for sisters, and it was not until one saw them together that he realized Barbara's hair was darker and her features more clear-cut. Alberta reveled in stories of love and chivalry. She wrote some rather good poetry, which the local papers published occasionally. One of her many ambitious dreams was to become a second Mrs. Browning.

"I've been looking everywhere for you, Bab," she exclaimed breathlessly. "Lucile has told me. I want to talk with you about it." Back in the restroom they sat down together. Barbara did not want to talk, but Alberta, the romantic, was full of the subject.

"Have you noticed the look on Lucile's face?" she asked. "Isn't it lovely to see her so happy?"

"You think it an ideal match?" Barbara asked severely. Evidently her recent meditation had not entirely convinced her of the wisdom in Lucile's choice. "I know positively that Lucile last year refused to marry one of the biggest men in the city," she went on. "Now she is going to marry Graham Phelps from the reference-room." Her eyes, that usually sparkled good-naturedly, were downcast and sober.

"Yes, I know, Bab; but she is in love with him. That makes all the difference. Graham isn't the type of man that I would have picked out for Lucile, but she is satisfied, and that is all that is required. After all, what does it matter just what type a man is, Bab, as long as he is good, and you are in love with him and he with you?" This was a new philosophy for Barbara. She was seeing things from many sides today.

The poet in Alberta was holding sway. "True love is the greatest thing in the world," she declared. "Where marriage is one's real vocation there is only one thing better than being betrothed—and it is to be free—free—free, with work still to do, and a positive faith that just the right man—a mysterious, wonderful being—is waiting for you away out somewhere in the future."

This last statement was within Barbara's understanding. "But can you feel that Graham Phelps, the bashful, the colorless, the perfectly ordinary, is that wonderful being who has been waiting for Lucile?" she asked.

"It doesn't matter what type a man is; if you love him he is the most wonderful man in the world."

Barbara got up and looked out of the window. There was a deep furrow between her eyes. It was several minutes before she came back and sat down beside her friend.

"I believe you are right, Alberta," was her only remark, but as the little dreamer from juvenile looked at the idealist from circulation she saw that the furrow was gone and that the blue-gray eyes were smiling.

How the Flow of a River is Measured.

[Geological Survey Bulletin:] If you see a man leaning over the railing of a bridge intently watching the river, with a telephone receiver at his ear do not think that the man is trying to talk to the fishes or to a diver below the surface. He is probably one of the government's engineers measuring the amount of water passing under the bridge. This is done by lowering an instrument, known as a current meter, into the water at several points under the bridge to determine the speed of the water and by measuring the depths of the water at the same points. From such information the flow of the river at that particular time and height can be computed, and when such measurements have been made at a number of different heights the flow of the stream at any height can be determined. Then if a record of the height of the river is obtained each day from a river gauge, the flow for each day can be computed. It was in this way that the information in Water-Supply Paper 353 was obtained.

del. Through the engulfing dark, with a long, tense moment, and then—oh, mir- stood in total darkness. They stood so for them standing in total darkness. They depar- tinger and went out, leaving more violently, and now it gave one last

not later, when young Jim forgot to dic- should not dictate to her—she should think The little teacher privately thought Jim lost himself in smiling retrospect. pleased her—dear little wife. Young Jim

He speeded again into silence with the look of not understanding how it is with them. He I think," he said feebly, "but they do not was dictatorial and over-important—he The little teacher privately thought Jim lost himself in smiling retrospect. pleased her—dear little wife. Young Jim

old Francisco's eyes. He roused somewhat from the lethargic calm of the last hour. "They love each other well—those two— I think," he said feebly, "but they do not was dictatorial and over-important—he The little teacher privately thought Jim lost himself in smiling retrospect. pleased her—dear little wife. Young Jim

TWO SCENES

"There's Nothing Half So Sweet."

By Eleanor Slicker.

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources

Exhausting for Everyone.

A CASE in which Sir Edward Clarke, the eminent barrister, was employed came up for a hearing late in the afternoon, says the Tatler, and Sir Edward asked the judge to allow it to stand over until the following day.

"I have been speaking all day in another court," he said, "and I am rather exhausted."

His request was granted. The clerk called the next case, and immediately a young barrister rose, who, for some reason of his own, did not want the case to be tried at that time. He also requested that his case might be postponed.

"Why?" asked the judge coldly. "May I please your lordship," the barrister replied, "I, too, am in a state of exhaustion, for I have been listening the whole day to Sir Edward Clarke."

According to Orders.

THE following unusual interpretation of a common command appears in Tit-Bits: The mistress came downstairs and tried the door of the sitting-room, only to find it locked against her, while the key, which was usually in the lock, was missing. "Bridget, I can't get into the sitting-room!" she cried.

"Sure, it's meself knows that; and ye won't, fur I hev the key in me pocket."

"Open the door immediately."

"Will ye go in if I do?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then ye won't get the key."

"Open the door, I say! What do you mean?"

"Sure, it's by your own orders. Just yesterday ye said, 'Don't let me come downstairs in the morning and see any dust on the sitting-room furniture.' So I just puts the key in me pocket and, says I, 'Then she shan't!'"

Is This a Compliment?

HE WAS very fond of playing jokes on his wife, and this time he thought he had got a winner.

"My dear," he said, as they sat at supper, "just heard such a sad story of a young girl today. They thought she was going blind, and so a surgeon operated on her, and found—"

"Yes?" gasped his wife breathlessly.

"That she'd got a young man in her eye!" ended the husband with a chuckle.

For a moment there was silence. Then the lady remarked slowly:

"Well, it would all depend on what sort of a man it was. Some of them she could have seen through easily enough!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

A Wise Precaution.

VERY few people are ambidextrous; that is, able to use the left hand as readily and skillfully as the right. But there is an amusing story of one Irishman who was careful to cultivate that art. When he was signing articles on board a ship he began to sign his name with his right hand, and then changed the pen to his left hand, and finished it.

"So you can write with either hand, Pat?" asked the officer.

"Yis, sorr," replied Pat. "Whin I was a bboy me father (rest his soul!) always said to me, 'Pat, learn to cut ye finger nails wid yer left hand, for some day ye might lose yer right!'"—[Youth's Companion.]

Satisfactory Substitutes.

TWO Scotsmen were staying at the commercial hotel in a Welsh town, when they discovered that the washstand in their room was innocent of soap. They rang the bell, and the attendant arrived to ask what they wanted.

"Ben up sape, lad; a wee bit sape, quick!" said one. The attendant gazed at the two men of strange tongue and muttered to himself.

"They're not French, nor Dutch, nor Russian. What can they want?"

One of the Scots grew impatient.

"Mon," he thundered, "can ye no understand plain Scotch?"

The attendant promptly withdrew and returned with a bottle of Highland dew and two glasses.—[Cardiff Western Mail.]

The Scientific Child.

ROBERT, the 4-year-old son of a scientific man, had lived in the country most of his short life. One day a caller, wishing to make friends with the little fellow, took him on his knee and asked, "Are there any fairies in your woods here, Robert?"

"No," replied Robert promptly, "but there are plenty of edible fungi."—[Youth's Companion.]

Willie's Bravery.

THE conversation in the lobby of a hotel turned to bravery the other night, when Congressman William G. Brown of West Virginia recalled an incident that occurred in the South.

Not long since little 8-year-old Willie went to visit his aunt, and among other things told her that he had been to see the dentist that morning.

"And so you went to the dentist's?" responded auntie, with a proud smile. "Of course, you were very brave."

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt rejoinder of Willie. "I wasn't a bit frightened at any time."

"I am very glad to hear it," said auntie, generously opening her pocketbook for the usual nickel. "What did the dentist do to you?"

"He didn't do nothing to me," was Willie's startling reply. "He pulled two of Brother Johnny's teeth."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

The Lucky Fellow.

DR. HARVEY L. LITTLEWOOD of the Denver Anti-Vivisection League, said in an interview on typhoid inoculation: "Typhoid inoculation is lucky; very lucky, I don't think. Yes, it is lucky like Smith."

"Smith always was a lucky chap," said a friend. "It's no wonder his luck has stuck to him to the last."

"Yes," said another friend.

"Yes, said the first. 'Smith was operated on last week for the removal of a pearl he had swallowed while eating oysters, and the pearl proved to be valuable enough to pay for both the operation and the funeral.'—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Repairing an Inadvertence.

IT was an action against an insurance company in an Arizona court, to recover the value of a quartz mill that had been burned. The defendant introduced the former foreman of the mill, who testified that the plaintiff had admitted to him that he had set fire to the mill in order to get the insurance money.

The presiding judge knew the witness, and had a very low opinion of his veracity. He also knew the plaintiff to be an honorable and upright man, wherefore he burst forth with the remark, "Everybody knows that to be a lie."

Whereupon the counsel for the insurance company sprang to his feet in a rage, "I object to the language of the court," said he, "and I demand that it be taken down and my objection entered in the record."

"Certainly," Colonel Brown," said the court, "You are quite right, and the court was altogether wrong in making such a remark. The court will endeavor to correct the effects of its inadvertence. Gentlemen of the jury, I instruct you that you must disregard my remark. You are the exclusive judges of the evidence and of the credibility of the witnesses, and it must have no weight with you that I commented as I did upon the fact that the witness told one of the damndest lies that was ever uttered in a court room."—[Case and Comment.]

An Oral Affidavit.

JUSTICE of the Peace Murphy, of Treasure City, Nevada, was renowned for what Tom Cox called "the strenuousness of his good opinion of himself." The attorney

for the plaintiff appeared at 10:15 a. m. on the day assigned by the judge for the trial of a case, and was informed that the defendant's counsel had been there at 10 o'clock and moved for a continuance for a month, and he had granted it. "But, Your Honor," said the counsel, "the law is that in a justice's court it is always 10 o'clock until it is 11."

"Will you please point out to me," said His Honor, "that section of the statutes of Nevada which requires me to sit idle for an hour like a bump on a log, while a lazy lawyer is sleeping off his last night's drunk?"

"On what ground did Your Honor continue the case?" said the lawyer.

"The defendant made an affidavit that his witnesses were absent," replied the court.

"Will Your Honor please let me see the affidavit?" said the lawyer.

"I cannot do that," replied the court. "He made the affidavit orally, and I filed it verbally."

"But an affidavit must be written," said the lawyer.

"There you go again interruptin' the deliberations of the court with a lot of fool technicalities," said the justice. "Here, show me, if you can, that section of the statutes of Nevada which requires an affidavit to be in writing."

"I give it up," said the lawyer, "I will dismiss the case here and bring it before the justice of the peace in Allentown, where I can get justice."

"You will not," said Judge Murphy. "You will be here this day a month to try it. If you attempt to maliciously and corruptly deprive me of my business because you cannot bulldoze me, I'll find you to joll for thirty days for contempt. Be off wid you now, vamoose."—[Case and Comment.]

Two Hours' Delay.

EX-FIRE Chief Edward F. Croker, of New York, at his recent house-warming—where he set a roomful of furniture alight in order to prove how perfectly fireproof his new home was—said:

"When fireproof houses become the rule fires will stop, and arson will stop also. There is as much arson, almost, as the other thing."

"They tell a story about a manufacturer in a loft building who insured his stock one morning and, by a remarkable coincidence, had a fire that same afternoon."

"The insurance company found nothing suspicious about the fire, but, in sending on its check, it wrote:

"We see that your policy was issued at 11 Monday morning, and your fire did not occur till 1 that afternoon. Why this delay?"—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The Hopeless Pessimist.

ELIHU ROOT, just after his great Philadelphia speech, said to a Philadelphia reporter:

"Despondent about our business future? Why, young man, nobody could be despondent about that except a confirmed pessimist."

"A cheery, brave fellow said to a pessimist:

"At last, at last, I'm at the end of my troubles."

"Which end?" said the pessimist, frowning.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Jealously Was Aroused.

WHEN flag lieutenant to Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, commander in chief at Plymouth, Lord Charles Beresford used to hunt a good deal with the Dartmoor hounds. One day when there was no run, and everyone was bored, one of the ladies present begged young Beresford to provide some kind of sport. Lord Charles tells the story in his "Memoirs."

"You must do something to amuse us," the lady said.

"Very well, I will," said I.

Among the officers there were an elderly admiral and an elderly general, and I pointed them out to the lady.

"I will get up a race between them," I said.

She said I could not. I began with the

soldier. Ambling alongside the general, I asked him if he had ridden much in his life.

"Of course I have!" he answered irrefably. "What do you mean sir?"

"Nothing at all," said I. "I thought I would ask. The admiral—"

"What about the admiral?" cried the general, staring suspiciously at that unconscious officer.

"He said he didn't think you knew much about a horse."

The general lost his temper. He said he would show the admiral what he knew about a horse.

"You can easily prove it," said I; and before the general quite understood what was happening, he had agreed to ride a race. Then I went over to the admiral.

"Do you know what the general says? He says you look like a monkey on a horse," said I.

"Cursed impertinence!" said the admiral. "I'll race him and beat him any day in the week."

"If you really want a race, I'll arrange the whole thing," said I. And I brought the two wrathful old gentlemen together, rode with them to the starting point, gave the word, and off they went as hard as they could pelt. The general was drawing ahead when his horse balked at a soft place. The admiral's horse did the same, and threw his rider forward on his neck.

"Get back into the saddle and he'll go through," I shouted, for I knew the horse. The admiral hove himself into his seat, and won the race.

Not a Cough Cure.

ALITTLE girl sitting next me in church was coughing," said Mrs. Jones at the card club. "So I whispered to her mother for permission to slip her a cough drop. The child had it in her mouth a moment and then swallowed it."

"Would you kindly give her another?" the mother whispered.

"I'm sorry, but I had only the one," I answered.

"Coming out of church I felt in my pocket and was horrified to fish out the cough drop. You see, I had had a cough drop and a button in my pocket."

"And what did you do?" chorused the women at the table. "Did you tell her mother?"

"No, I didn't. I was mad. It was a very unusual button from my new suit."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Business Education.

EX-FIRE Chief Croker, of New York, apropos of his wonderful fireproof house, said to a reporter:

"Houses like mine, where you can start bonfires in every room without danger, are going to do away with fire as a business."

"Fire as a business?" said the reporter, with a puzzled frown.

"Fire as a business," said Mr. Croker.

"You've heard the story, perhaps, of the business man who was educating his son?"

"Two bankruptcies equal one failure."

So the business man began the little fellow's training. Two failures equal one fire.

Two—

"But the boy interrupted here."

"Pa," he said, "Is marriage a failure?"

"Well, my son, the business man answered, 'If you marry a really wealthy girl it is almost as good as a failure.'"

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

She Was No Labor Saver.

A TRAVELLING man was eating in a stuffy little restaurant one very hot summer day. There were no screens at the windows or the door. The proprietress herself waited on her customers and shooed flies from the table at the same time. Her energetic but vain efforts attracted the attention and roused the sympathy of the travelling man, who said:

"Would it not be better to have your windows and the door screened?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose that would help some," replied the woman, after thinking a moment, "but 'twould look mighty lazy like."

—[Youth's Companion.]

